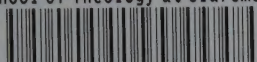


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FOURSQUARE REVIVAL SONGS



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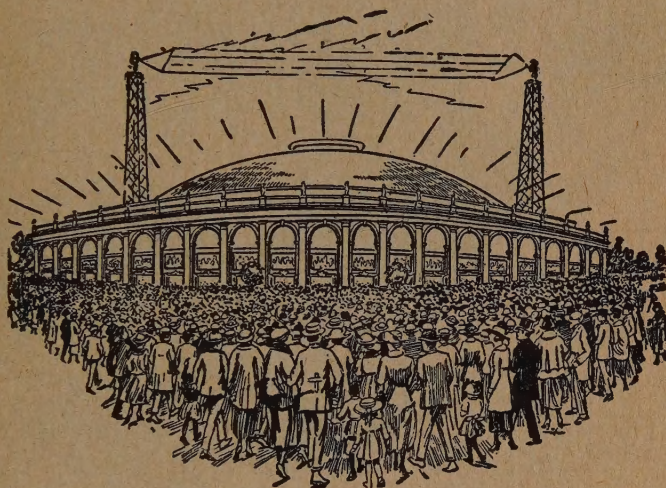
WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

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FOURSQUARE REVIVAL SONGS



BEAUTIFUL ANGELUS TEMPLE
AT ECHO PARK



AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON
Echo Park Evangelistic Association, Inc.
1100 Glendale Boulevard Los Angeles, California



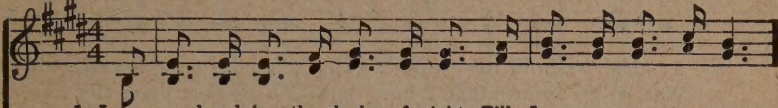
AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

Sunlight, Sunlight.

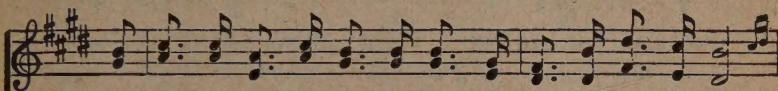
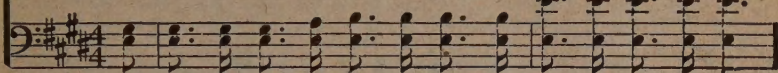
J. W. Van De Venter.

Copyright, 1897, by Weeden & Van De Venter.
Used by per.

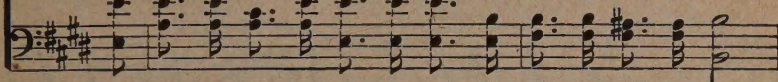
W. S. Weeden.



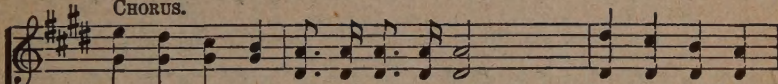
1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows 'round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet com - munion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plains,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;



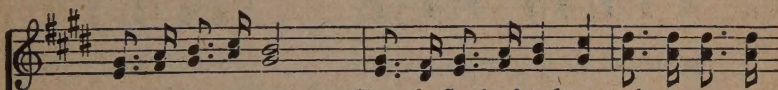
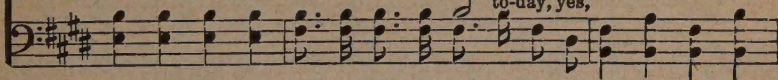
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



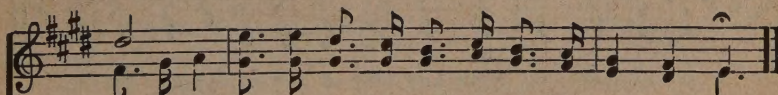
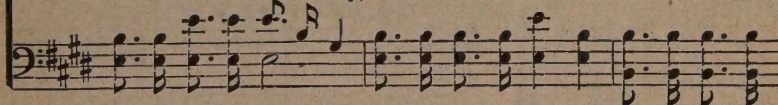
CHORUS.



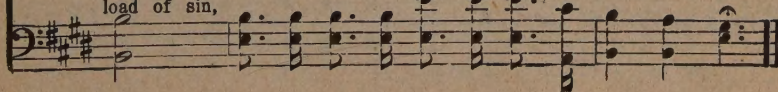
Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light
 to - day, yes,



all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me, took a - way my
 nar - row way;



sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.
 load of sin,

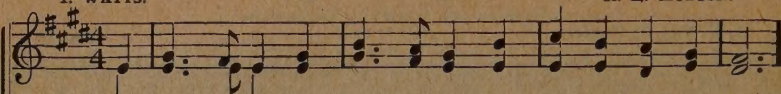


No. 2.

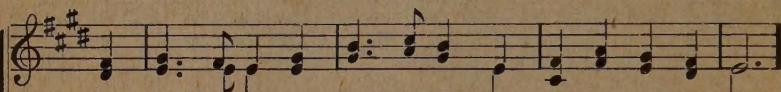
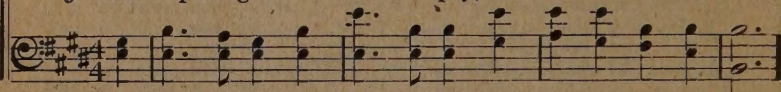
At the Cross.

I. WATTS.

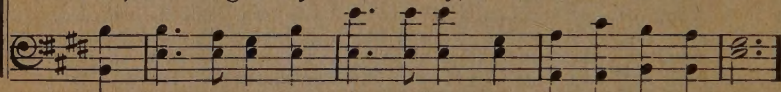
R. E. HUDSON.



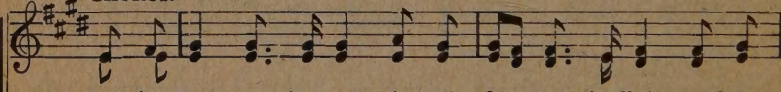
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;



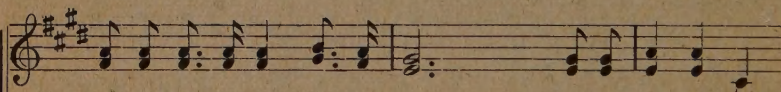
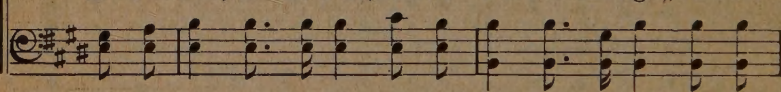
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree!
 Here, Lord I give my - self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!



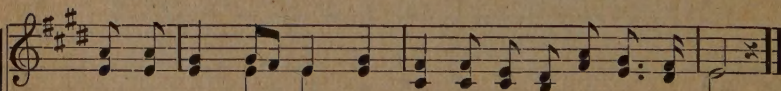
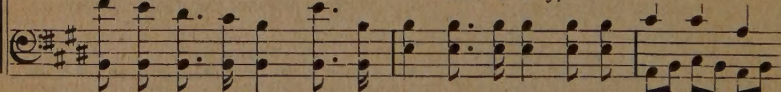
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled a - way— It was there by faith
 rolled a - way,



I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

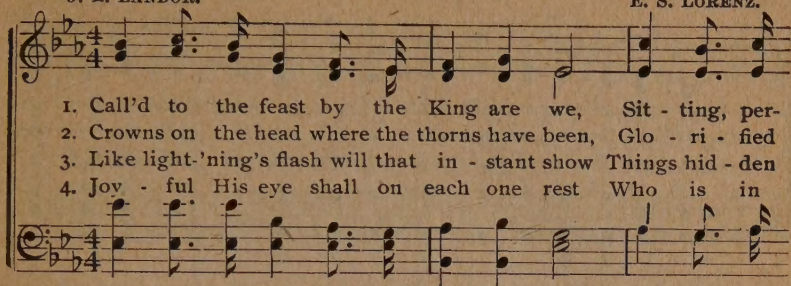


No. 3

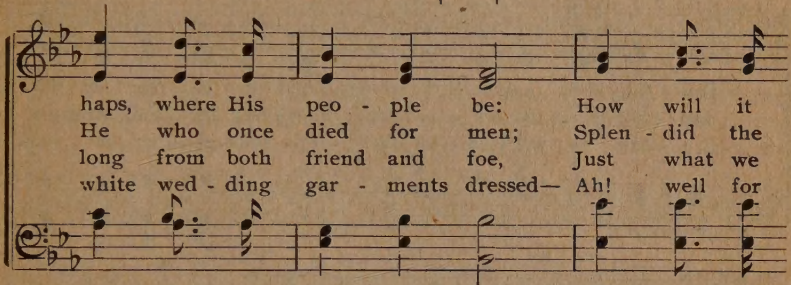
When the King Comes In.

J. E. LANDOR.

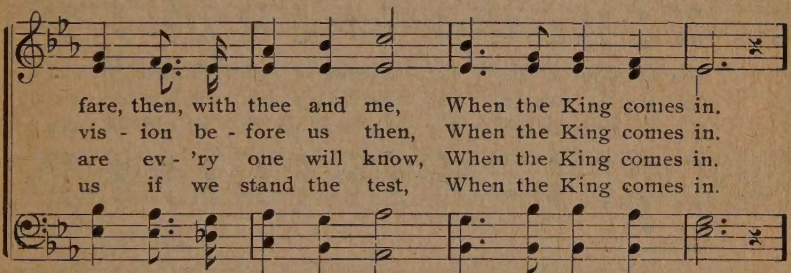
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, per -
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied
 3. Like light - ning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid - den
 4. Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in

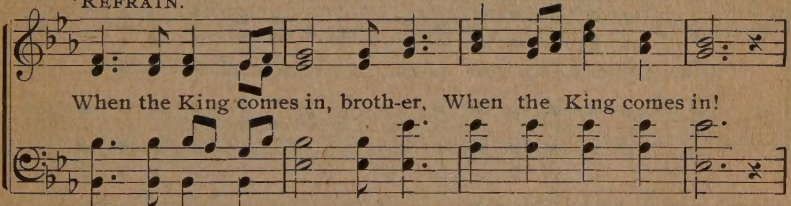


haps, where His peo - ple be; How will it
 He who once died for men; Splen - did the
 long from both friend and foe, Just what we
 white wed - ding gar - ments dressed— Ah! well for

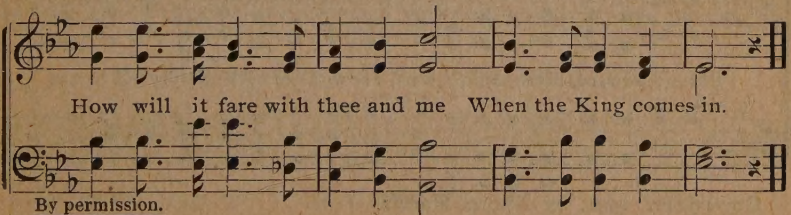


fare, then, with thee and me, When the King comes in.
 vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
 are ev - 'ry one will know, When the King comes in.
 us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.

REFRAIN.



When the King comes in, broth - er, When the King comes in!



How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in.

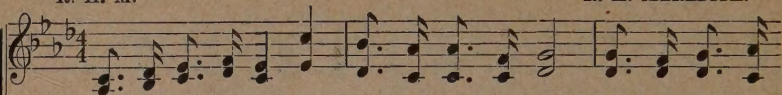
By permission.

No. 4.

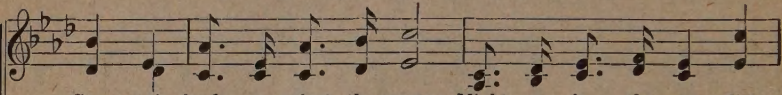
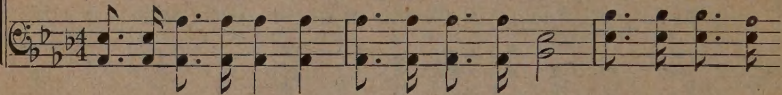
Onward, Forward.

R. H. M.

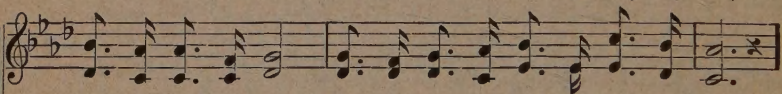
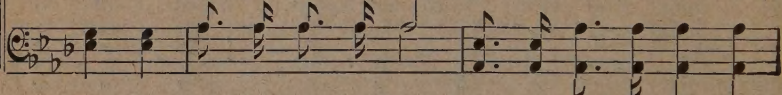
R. H. MEREDITH.



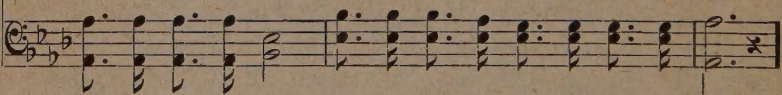
1. On-ward, pressing on, with faith and cour-age strong; Christ our Roy - al
2. On-ward, pressing on, where du - ty bids us go, With our great Com-
3. On-ward, pressing on to - geth - er, firm and true, With our migh - ty



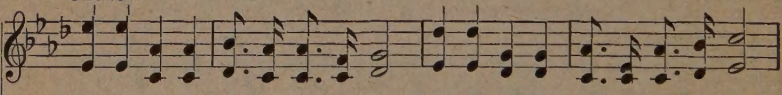
Cap - tain, leads a - gainst the wrong; Might - y is the con - flict
 man - der 'gainst the cru - el foe; Fierce may be the strug - gle,
 Cap - tain, He will lead us thro'; On - ward ev - er on - ward,



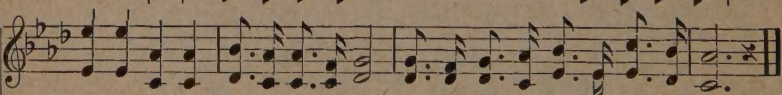
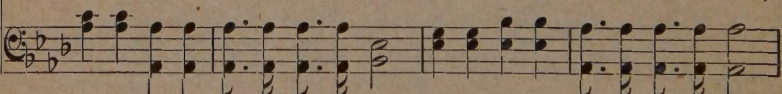
with the hosts of sin, But the cause of right will sure - ly win.
 loud the bat - tle's din, But the vic - try we will sure - ly win.
 till the strife is done, For with Christ the vic - 'try will be won.



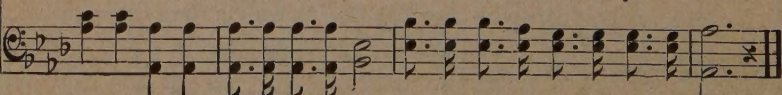
CHORUS.



Onward, forward, singing as we go, Onward, forward, fear we do not know;



Onward, forward, till the strife is done, For with Christ the vic - 'try will be won.



No. 5.

Sowing for the Master.

O. S. G.

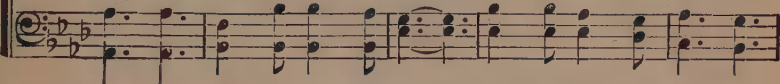
O. S. GRINNELL.



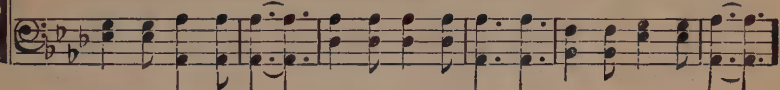
1. Sow-ing seeds of kindness, Scatt'ring far and wide, Sow-ing for the
2. Sow-ing seeds of kindness Sow-ing day by day, Soothing pain and
3. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, In the ev-en-tide, Sow-ing for the



Mas-ter— In His love a-bide; Ma-n'y hearts are wait-ing
 sor-row, All a-long the way; Go-ing forth in weak-ness
 har-vest, And in Him con-fide; Go-ing forth tho' weep-ing



For the pre-cious seed, Many hearts are sigh-ing For the Friend they need;
 Lov-ing with His love, Sow-ing till He calls us To His home a-bove.
 Bearing pre-cious seed, We will come re-joic-ing In the Lord, in-deed.



CHORUS.



Sow-ing for the Mas-ter, For His home on high;



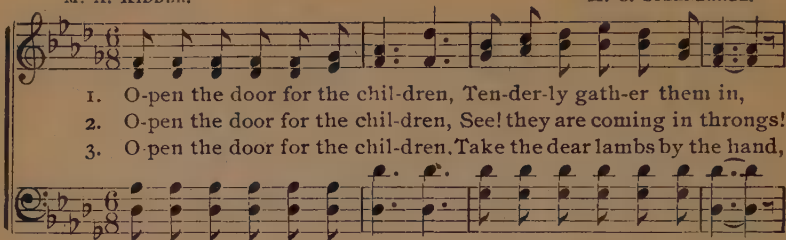
Sow-ing for the har-vest, Reap-ing by and by.



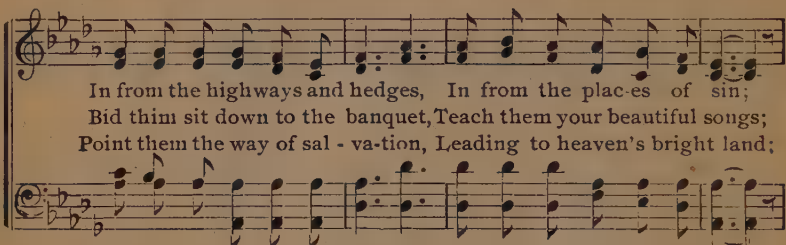
No. 6. Gather Them into the Fold.

M. A. KIDDER.

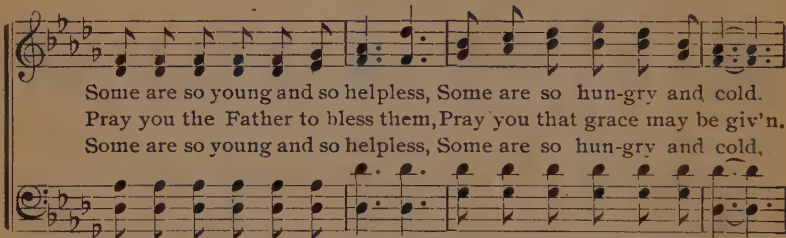
M. C. STEENBERGE.



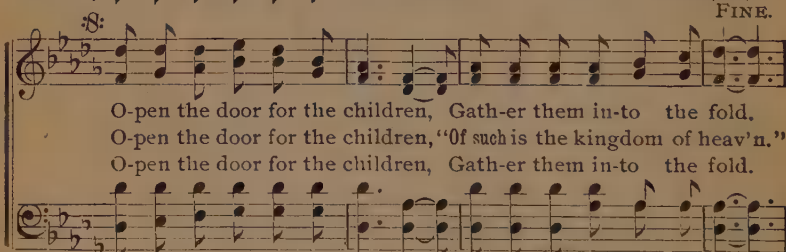
1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,
 2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See! they are coming in throngs!
 3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,



In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of sin;
 Bid them sit down to the banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs;
 Point them the way of sal - va - tion, Leading to heaven's bright land;



Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hun - gry and cold.
 Pray you the Father to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n.
 Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hun - gry and cold,

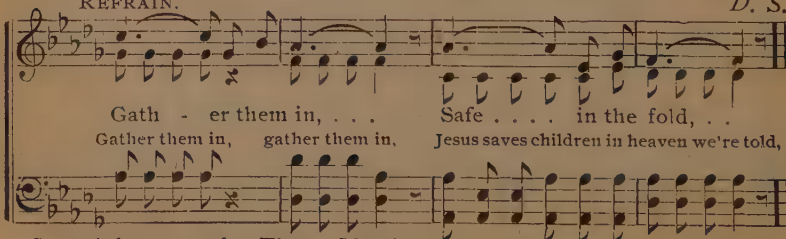


Open the door for the children, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
 Open the door for the children, "Of such is the kingdom of heav'n."
 Open the door for the children, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

D. S. — *Open the door for the chil - dren, Gather them in - to the fold.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.



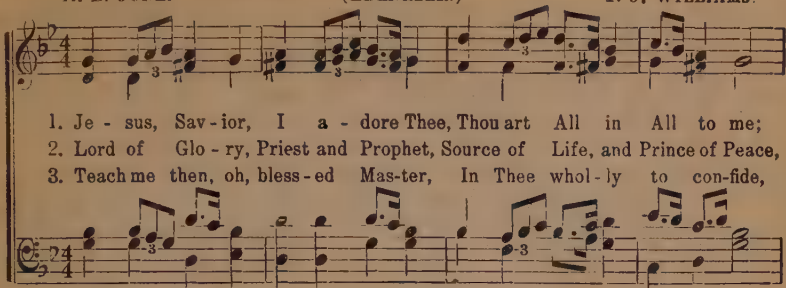
Gath - er them in, . . . Safe . . . in the fold, . . .
 Gather them in, gather them in, Jesus saves children in heaven we're told,

No. 7. Jesus, Savior, I Adore Thee.

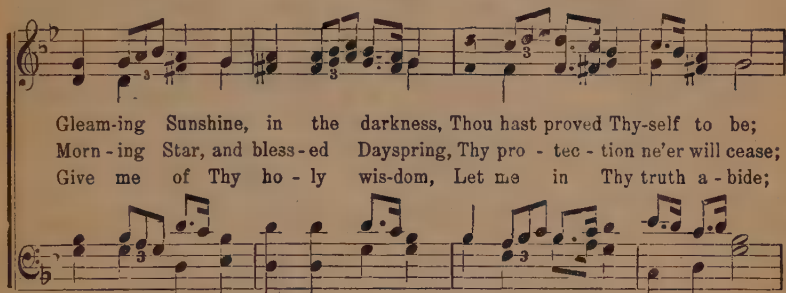
H. B. JONES

(EBENEZER.)

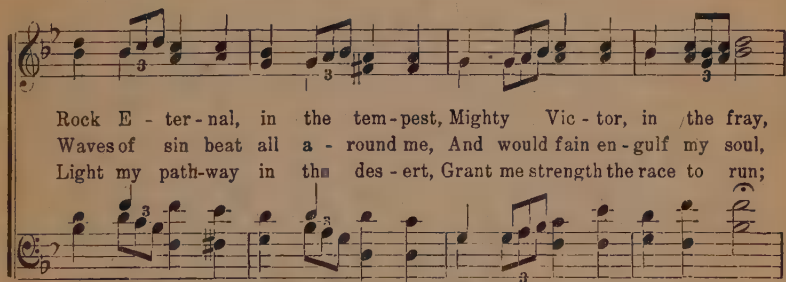
T. J. WILLIAMS.



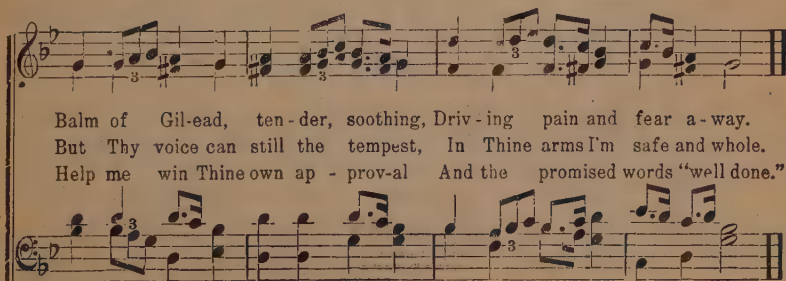
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee, Thou art All in All to me;
 2. Lord of Glo - ry, Priest and Prophet, Source of Life, and Prince of Peace,
 3. Teach me then, oh, bless - ed Mas - ter, In Thee whol - ly to con - fide,



Gleam - ing Sun - shine, in the dark - ness, Thou hast proved Thy - self to be;
 Morn - ing Star, and bless - ed Dayspring, Thy pro - tec - tion ne'er will cease;
 Give me of Thy ho - ly wis - dom, Let me in Thy truth a - bide;



Rock E - ter - nal, in the tem - pest, Mighty Vic - tor, in the fray,
 Waves of sin beat all a - round me, And would fain en - gulf my soul,
 Light my path - way in the des - ert, Grant me strength the race to run;



Balm of Gil - ead, ten - der, soothing, Driv - ing pain and fear a - way.
 But Thy voice can still the tempest, In Thine arms I'm safe and whole.
 Help me win Thine own ap - pro - val And the promised words "well done."

No. 8. Working Out Your Own Salvation.

PROCESSIONAL

Phil. 2: 12, 13.

T. H

THORO HARRIS.

The image shows a musical score for the song "The British Grenadiers". It consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is a guitar accompaniment, also in G major and 4/4 time, featuring a simple bass line and chords. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

1. On-ward move, ye fol-l'wers of the Lord, Trust-ing in his pow'r,
 2. See be-fore, a crown of glo-ry lies, Run the heav'n-ly race,
 3. Marching on as sol-diers of the King, Let the hills and plains
 4. To yon cit-y bathed in gold-en light, Cit-y of the King,

hark'ning to his word; Gird ye on the Spir-it's might-y sword,
reaching for the prize; For - ward fac - ing, mount the star-ry skies,
with re - joic-ing ring; Ye shall tri - umph as ye shout and sing,
climb the pathway bright; Faith shall van - ish, turned to bliss-ful sight,

CHORUS.

Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion. God is faith - ful,
 God is true and faith - ful,

he is work-ing too, Of His pleas-ure, both to will and do;
Of His own good pleas-ure,

Now your vow of dil - i - gence re - new, Work - ing out your own sal - va - tion.
Now your ho - ly vow

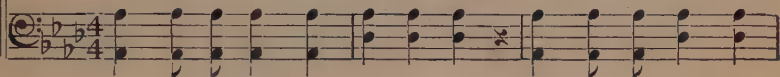
No. 9. Hark! 'Tis the Voice.

O. S. G

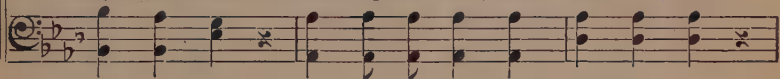
O. S. GRINNELL.



1. Hark! 'tis the voice of Je - sus near, Speak - ing in words of
2. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice we hear, Call - ing the ones He
3. Out in the highways we must go, Walk - ing in paths we



lov - ing cheer, Show - ing the way to Cal - va - ry:—
 loves so dear, Seek - ing for those who've gone a - stray
 may not know; Seek - ing them out, those lost in sin,



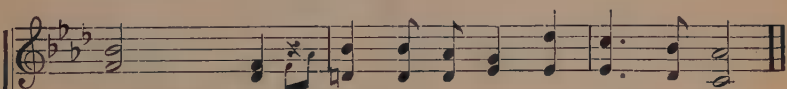
CHORUS,



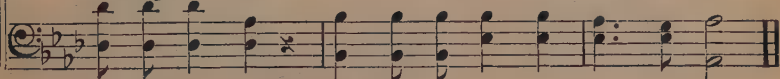
"Come wea - ry ones, oh, come to me." Call - - ing,
 Out on the mountains far a - way.
 Call - ing the wand'ers to come in. Call - ing to - day.



call - ing, Calling to those who've gone astray, Call - ing
 Call - ing to - day, Call - ing to - day,



call - - ing: "Come wea - ry ones, oh, come to me."
 call - ing to - day

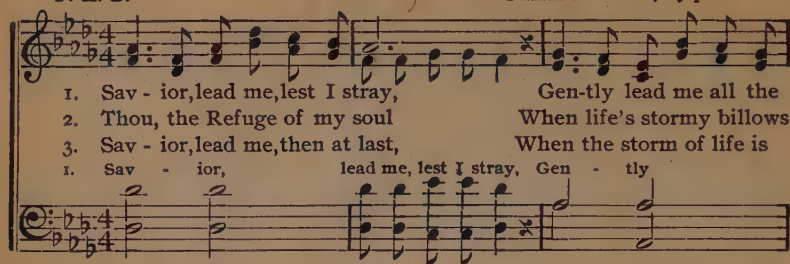


No. 10

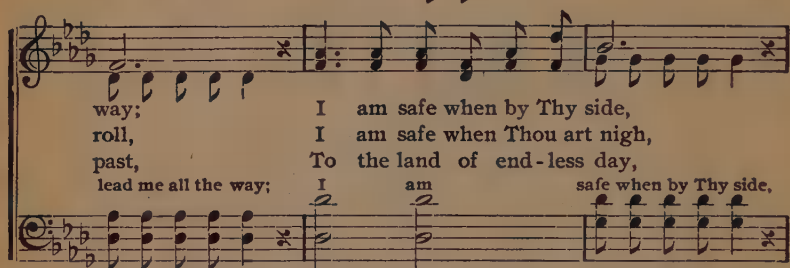
Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

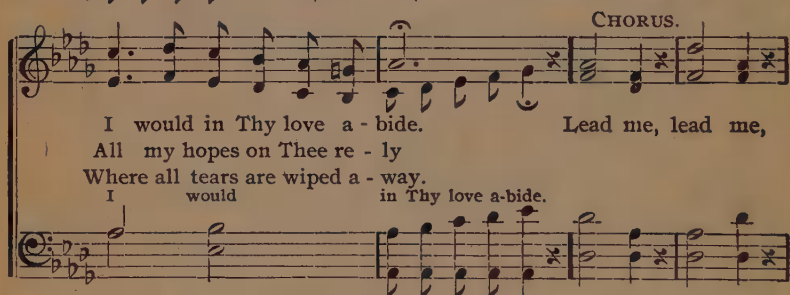
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



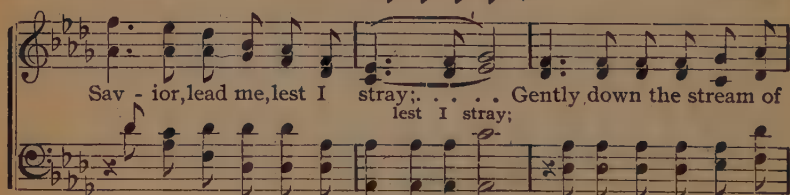
1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the
 2. Thou, the Refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows
 3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is
 1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly



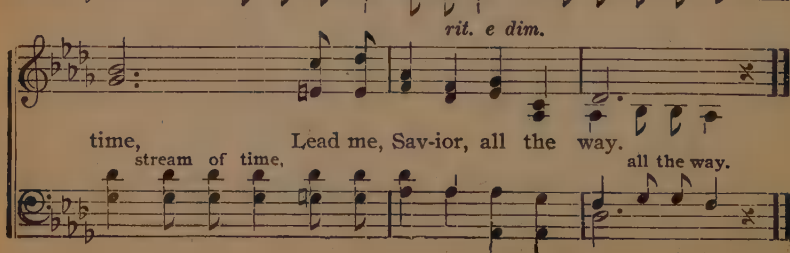
way; I am safe when by Thy side,
 roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 past, To the land of end - less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,



CHORUS.
 I would in Thy love a - bide. Lead me, lead me,
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly
 Where all tears are wiped a - way.
 I would in Thy love a-bide.



Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray; Gently, down the stream of
 lest I stray;



rit. e dim.
 time, Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.

No. 11. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
- Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-

last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms! I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

The first system of the musical score for 'Marche des Nations' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

REFRAIN.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), indicated by a sharp sign and the letter 'F' on the first line. The melody consists of several measures of music, primarily using quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The notation is in a standard musical style with a clear staff and notes.

Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms! Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,

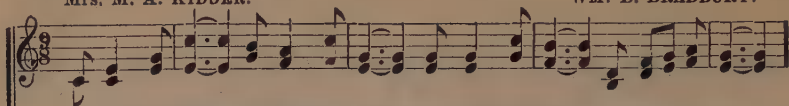
lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,

Lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus,

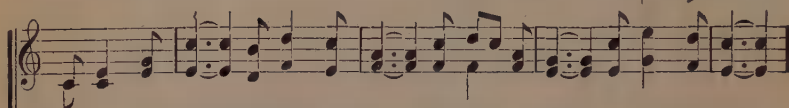
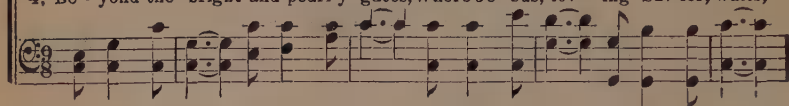
No. 12. My Home is There.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



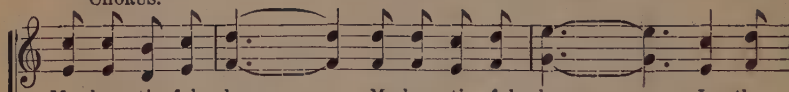
1. A - bove the waves of earth-ly strife, A - bove the ills and cares of life,
2. Where liv-ing fount-ains sweetly flow, Where buds and flow'rs im - mor-tal grow,
3. A - way from sor - row,doubt and pain, A - way from world - ly loss and gain,
4. Be - yond the bright and pearly gates, Where Je - sus, lov - ing Sav-ior, waits,



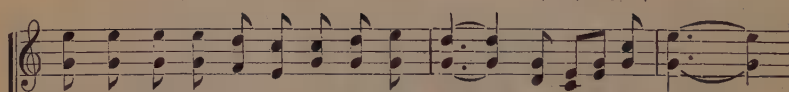
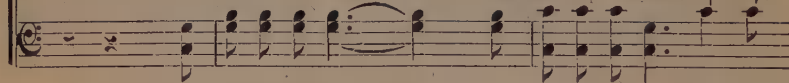
Where all is peaceful,bright, and fair; My home is there, my home is there.
Where trees their fruits ce - les - tial bear; My home is there, my home is there.
From all temp - ta - tion, tears and care; My home is there, my home is there.
Where all is peace-ful,bright and fair; My home is there, my home is there.



CHORUS.



My beau-ti - ful home, My beau-ti - ful home, In the
My beau-ti - ful home, My beau-ti - ful home,



land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall roam, Where an - gels bright



an - gels bright,



wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.



wear crowns, wear crowns of light,

No. 13

A Sweet Message.

O. S. G.

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. A sweet mes - sage from Je - sus was flung to the breeze, By
 2. I was long - ing and wait - ing tho' knowing it not, For
 3. Then my soul felt a thrill from the life giv - en words, I
 4. 'Tis a won - der - ful peace and a won - der - ful love, Like

voic - es in song one day, And it came like a
 some one to speak to me, Who would tell me of
 felt that the Lord was mine And the wings of my
 bil - lows, they on - ward roll, And they come to my

balm to my poor troubled breast, My an - guish was driv'n a - way.
 Je - sus, His won - der - ful love, The sto - ry of Cal - va - ry.
 faith bore me up to the throne Of mer - cy and peace di - vine.
 heart like the whispers of heav'n And thrilling my waiting soul.

CHORUS.

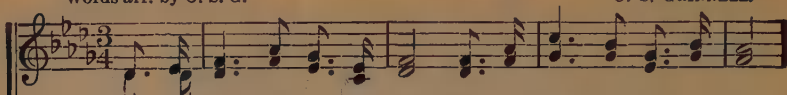
Peace! peace! sweet peace! The won - der - ful peace of God's love;

Peace! peace! sweet peace, The won - der - ful peace from a - bove.

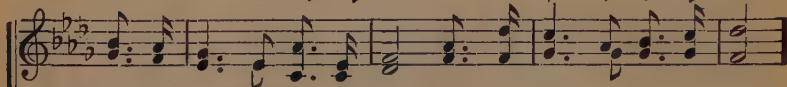
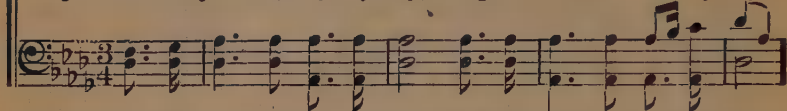
No. 14. Blessed Jesus, Thou Art Mine.

Words arr. by O. S. G.

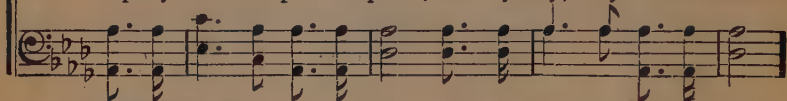
O. S. GRINNELL.



1. Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine,
2. I am safe with-in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd,
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way,



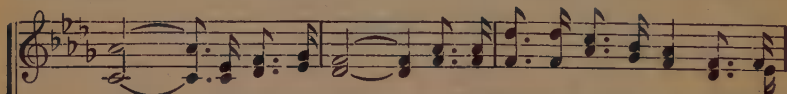
Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, Make me clean in ev - 'ry part.
I en - joy the sweetest rest Lean-ing on Thy loving breast.
Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day, my faith increase.



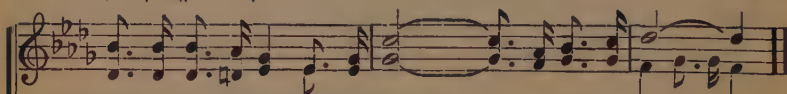
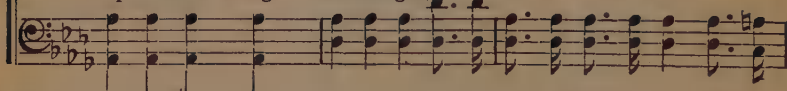
CHORUS.



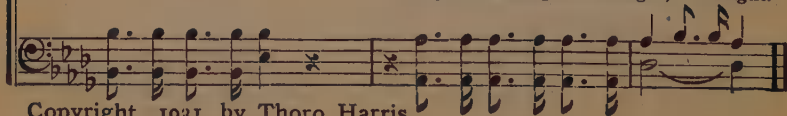
Bless - ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, . . . Keep me
Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me white,



walk - ing in the light, All I have is wholly Thine, Bless-ed
Keep me walk - ing in the light,



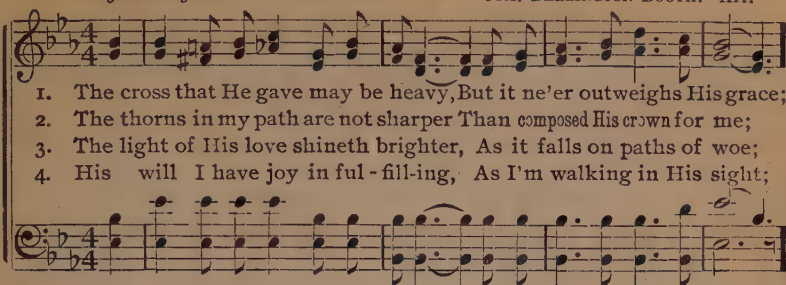
Jesus, Thou art mine, Keep me walk - ing in the light . . .
Keep me walking in the light, in the light.



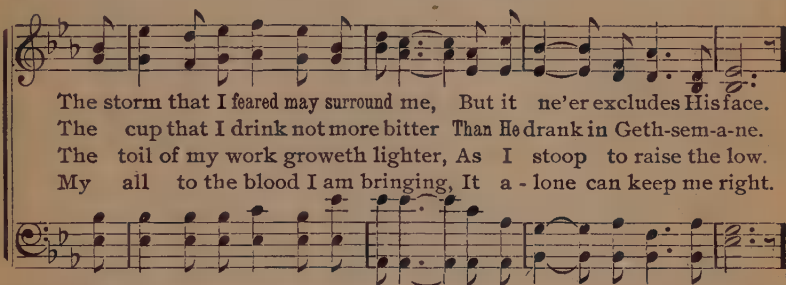
No. 15. The Cross that He Gave.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH. ART.

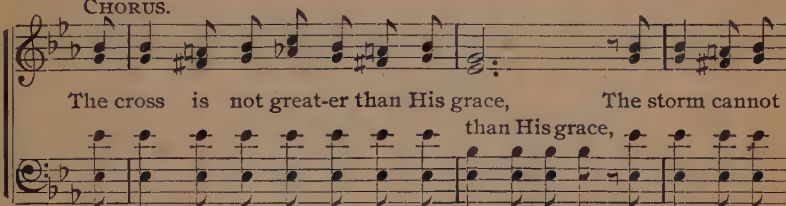


1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
 3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
 4. His will I have joy in full-ing, As I'm walking in His sight;

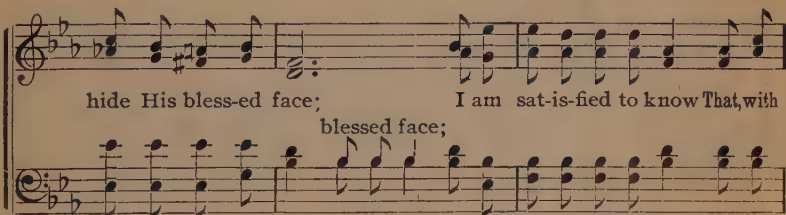


The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bitter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It alone can keep me right.

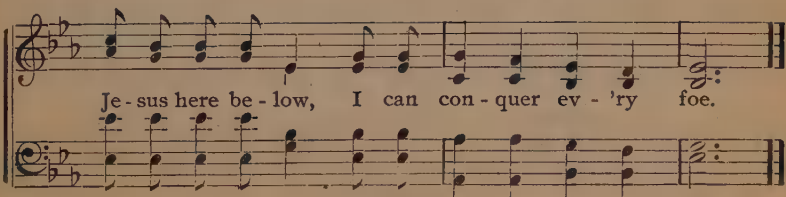
CHORUS.



The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm cannot
 than His grace,



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That, with
 blessed face;

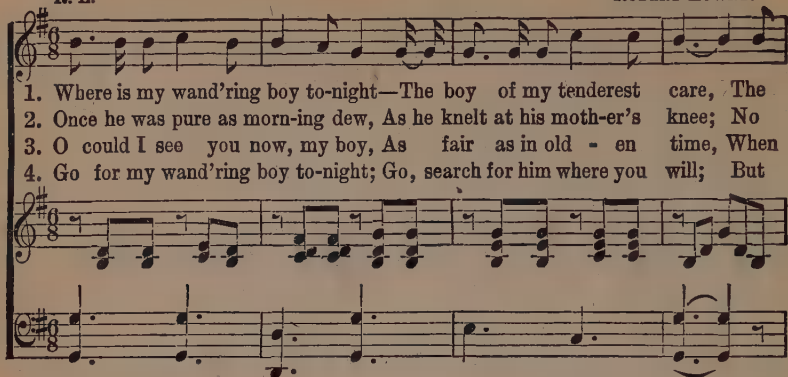


Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

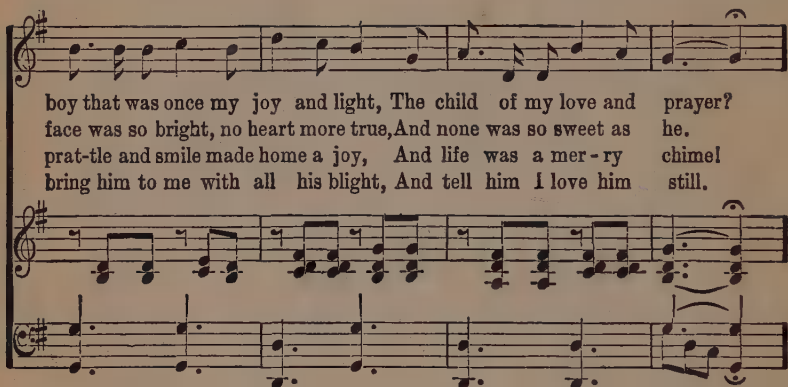
No. 16. Where Is My Boy To-night?

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

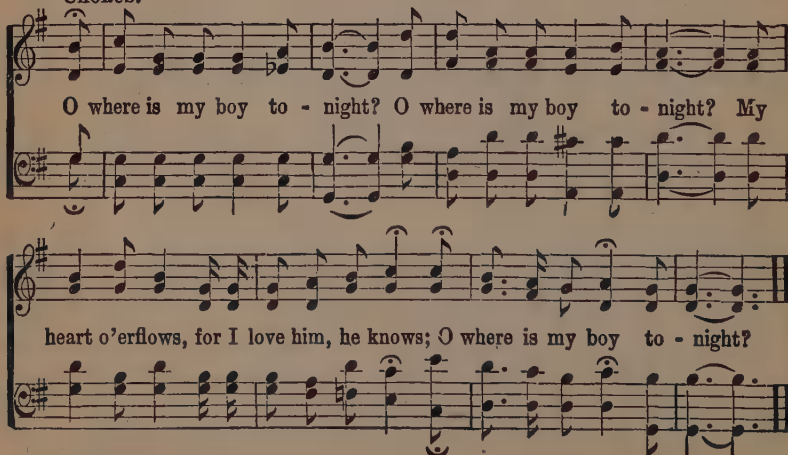


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, The
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
 3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
 4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But



boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
 prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chimel
 bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS.



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My
 heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

No. 17 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

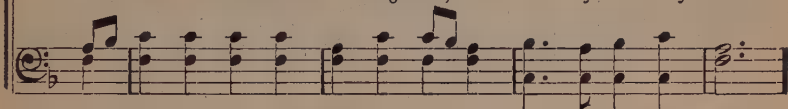
Dr. WM. MILLER.



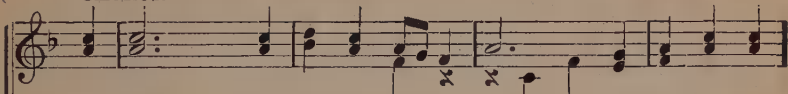
1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful,shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam;
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;



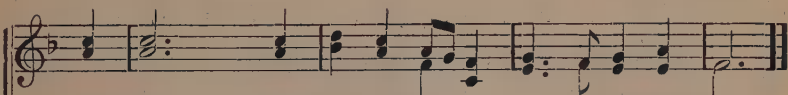
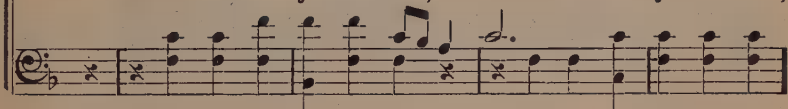
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woë, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He conduct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'nly home.



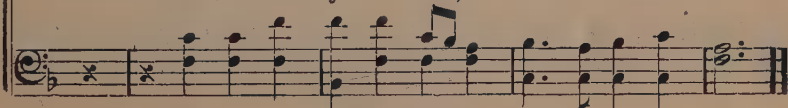
CHORUS.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,



We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work till Je-sus comes,

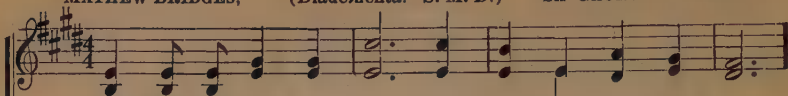


No. 18 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

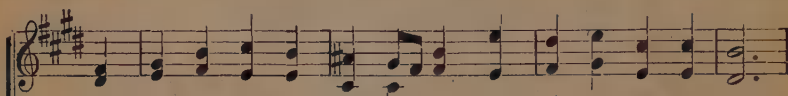
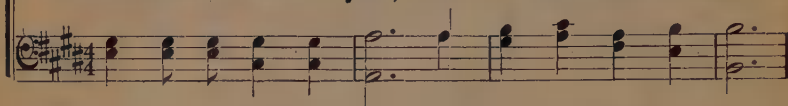
MATHEW BRIDGES,

(Diadementa. S. M. D.)

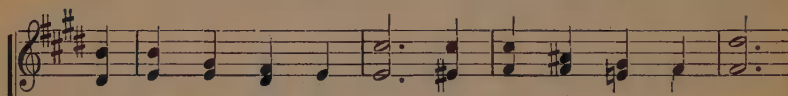
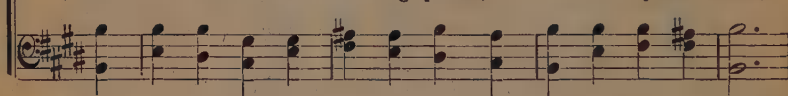
Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.



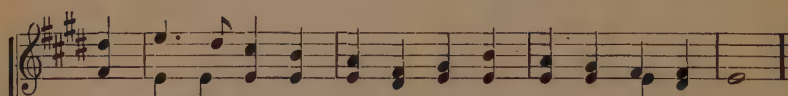
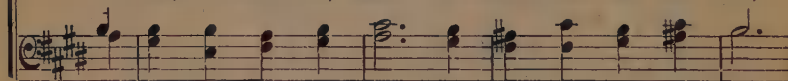
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love, Be - hold His hands and side,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace; Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time;



Hark, how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied;
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, Ab - sorbed in pray'r and praise;
Cre - a - tor of all roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime;



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end; Who died and rose on high,
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me,



And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring And lives that death may die.
Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

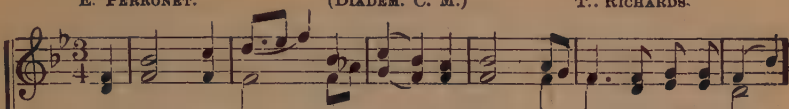


No.19. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

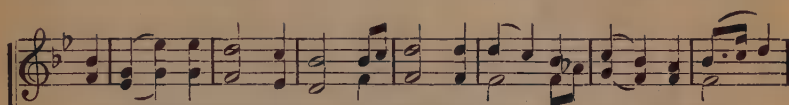
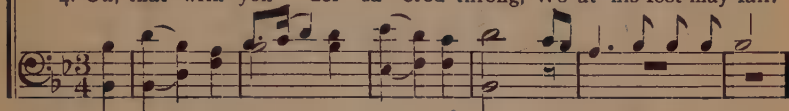
E. PERRONET.

(DIADEM. C. M.)

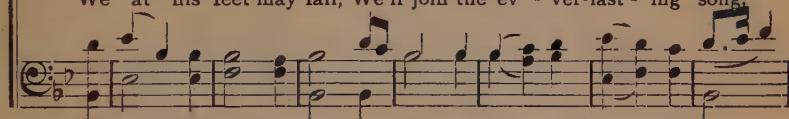
T. RICHARDS.



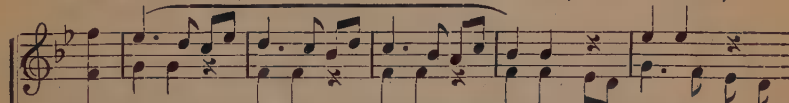
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall:



Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al dia - a - dem,
The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe,
We at his feet may fall, We'll join the ev - ver - last - ing song.



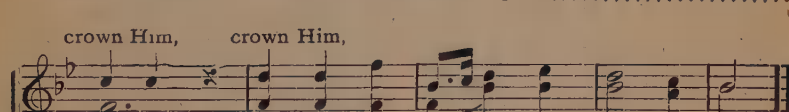
And crown..... Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown..... Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....



crown Him, crown Him,

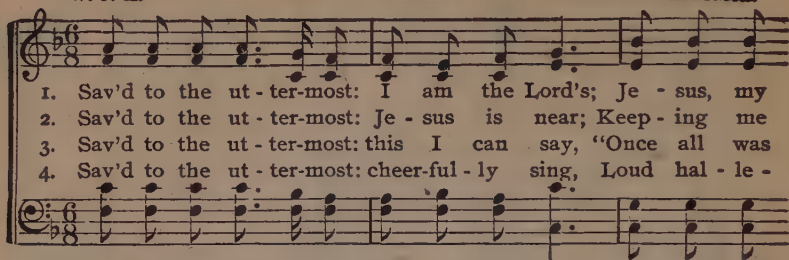
all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown..... Him,



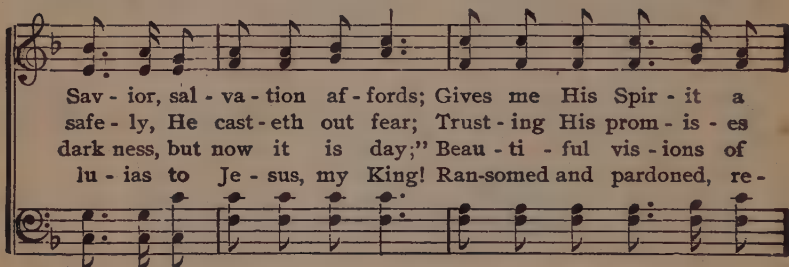
..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

W. J. K.

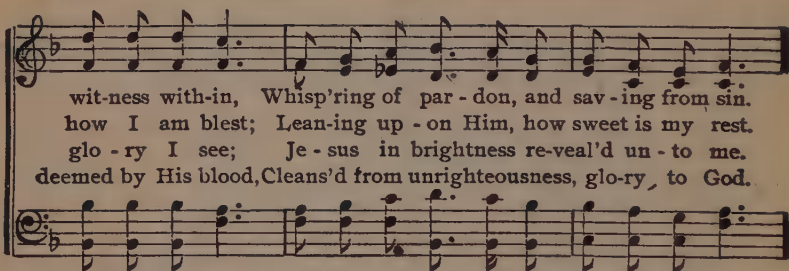
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sav'd to the ut - ter - most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter - most: this I can say, "Once all was
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter - most: cheer - ful - ly sing, Loud hal - le -

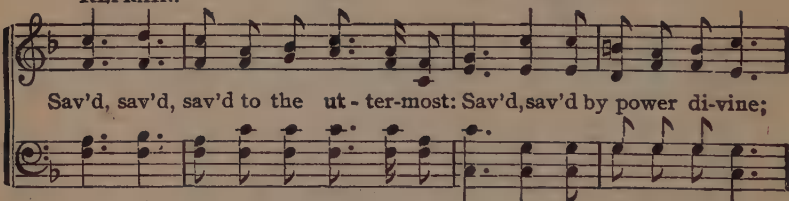


Sav - ior, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a
 safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es
 dark ness, but now it is day;" Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
 lu - ias to Je - sus, my King! Ran - somed and pardoned, re -

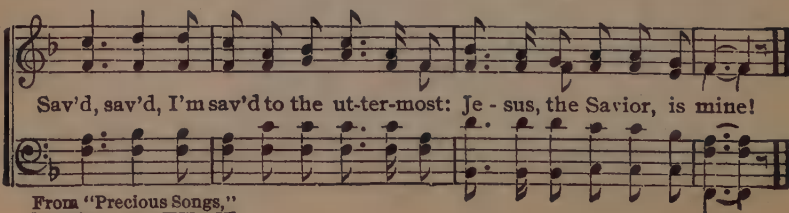


wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
 how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
 glo - ry I see; Je - sus in brightness re - veal'd un - to me.
 deemed by His blood, Cleans'd from unrighteousness, glo - ry, to God.

REFRAIN.



Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter - most: Sav'd, sav'd by power di - vine;



Sav'd, sav'd, I'm sav'd to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus, the Savior, is mine!

I'm Going Through.

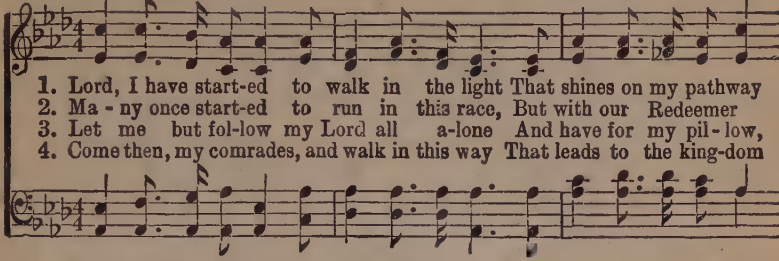
H. B.

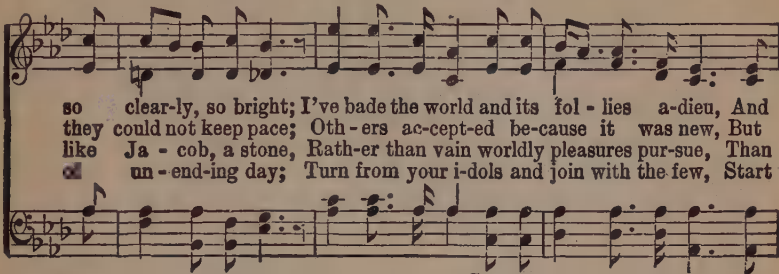
Arr. by Thoro Harris.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

Herbert Buffum.

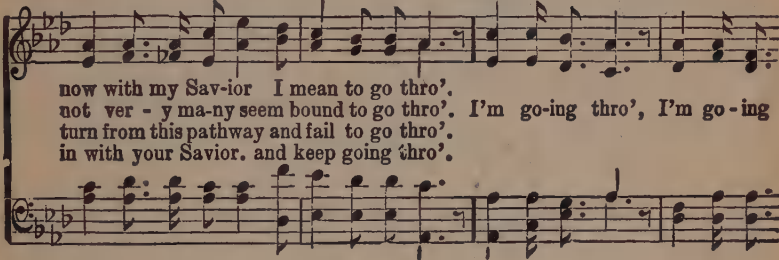
Arr. by Wm. B. Olmstead.

- 
1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light That shines on my pathway
 2. Ma - ny once start-ed to run in this race, But with our Redeemer
 3. Let me but fol-low my Lord all a-lone And have for my pil-low,
 4. Come then, my comrades, and walk in this way That leads to the king-dom

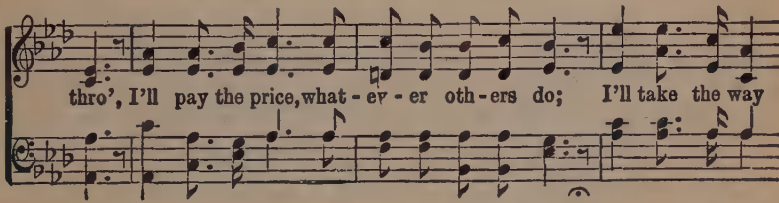


so clear-ly, so bright; I've bade the world and its fol - lies a-dieu, And they could not keep pace; Oth - ers ac-cept-ed be-cause it was new, But like Ja - cob, a stone, Rath-er than vain worldly pleasures pur-sue, Than un - end - ing day; Turn from your i-dols and join with the few, Start

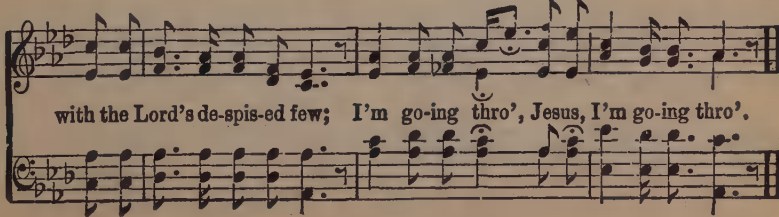
CHORUS.



now with my Sav-ior I mean to go thro'.
not ver - y ma - ny seem bound to go thro'. I'm go-ing thro', I'm go-ing
turn from this pathway and fail to go thro'.
in with your Savior. and keep going thro'.



thro', I'll pay the price, what - ev - er oth - ers do; I'll take the way



with the Lord's de-spis-ed few; I'm go-ing thro', Jesus, I'm go-ing thro'.

No. 22.

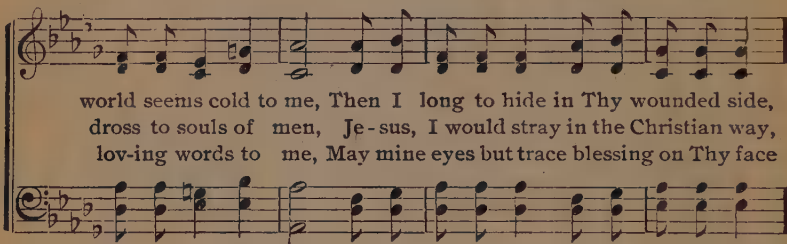
None but Thee.

CHAS. H. FREER.

O. S. GRINNELL.

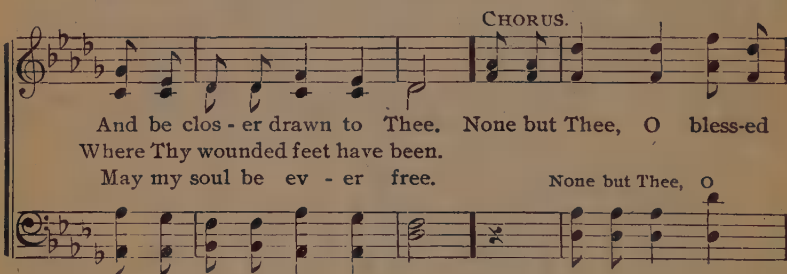


1. When the twi - light fades on the path I tread, And the
 2. Pleas - ures of the earth with their i - dle worth, Are as
 3. Draw me near, O Lord, to, Thy throne of grace, Whisper

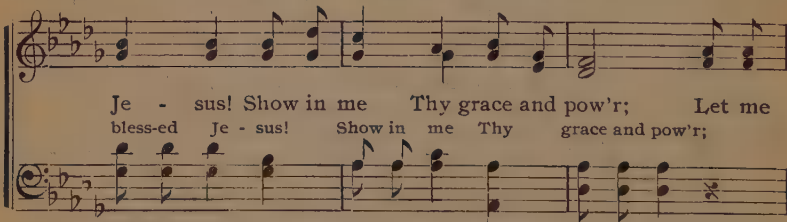


world seems cold to me, Then I long to hide in Thy wounded side,
 dross to souls of men, Je - sus, I would stray in the Christian way,
 lov - ing words to me, May mine eyes but trace blessing on Thy face

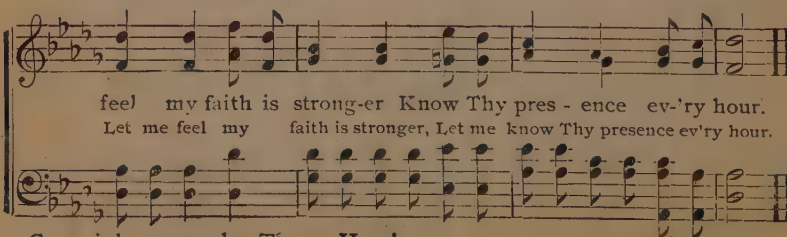
CHORUS.



And be clos - er drawn to Thee. None but Thee, O bless - ed
 Where Thy wounded feet have been.
 May my soul be ev - er free. None but Thee, O



Je - sus! Show in me Thy grace and pow'r; Let me
 bless - ed Je - sus! Show in me Thy grace and pow'r;

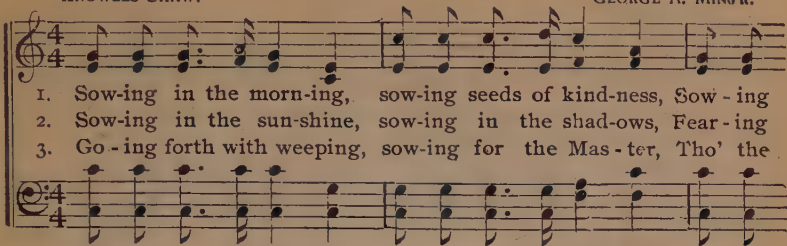


feel my faith is strong - er Know Thy pres - ence ev - ry hour.
 Let me feel my faith is stronger, Let me know Thy presence ev - ry hour.

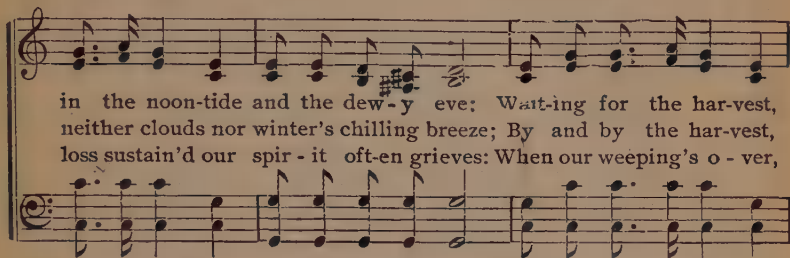
No. 23. Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

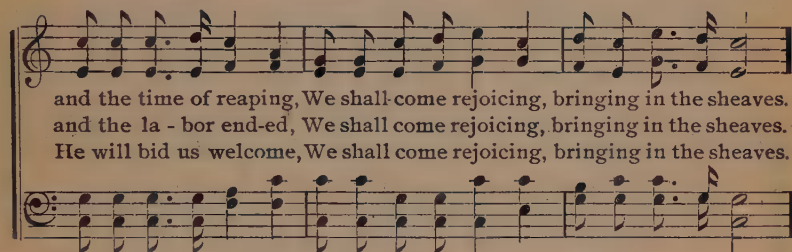
GEORGE A. MINOR.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing
 3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the

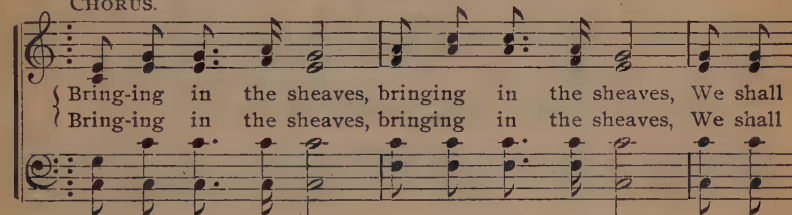


in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve: Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 loss sustain'd our spir-it oft-en grieves: When our weeping's o-ver,

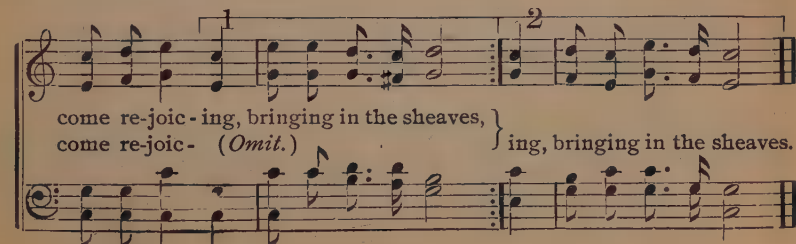


and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.



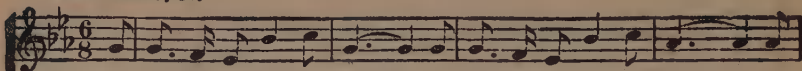
{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall
 { Bring-ing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall



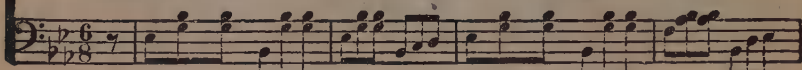
come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves, }
 come re-joic- (Omit.) } ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

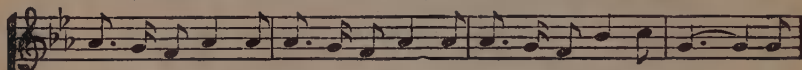
Thoro Harris, Tr.



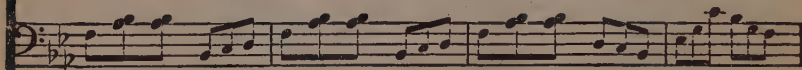
1. They come from the East and West, They come from the lands a - far,.... To
2. I look on the great white throne, Be - fore it the ran-som'd stand;.. No
3. The gates of that ho - ly place Stand o - pen by night and day;.... O



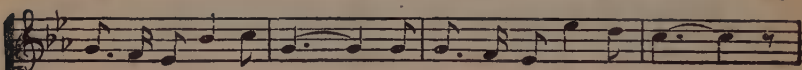
CHO.—They come from the thorn-y way, From re-gions be-yond the sea,.... They
Since Jesus has set me free, I'm happy as heart can be. No



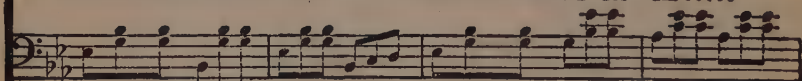
feast with the King, to dine as His guest: How blessed these pilgrims are! Be-
lon - ger are tears, no sor-row is known Nor death in that good-ly land. My
look to the Lord who "giveth more grace," Whose love has prepar'd the way. A



come from the vale, from mountain and dale, O Shepherd of men, to thee. They
longer I bear The burden of care, His yoke is so sweet to me. My



hold-ing His hal-low'd face.... A - glow with a light di - vine;....
Sav-ior has gone be - fore,.... Pre - par - ing the way for me;....
home in those mansions fair... His hand hath reserv'd for all.....

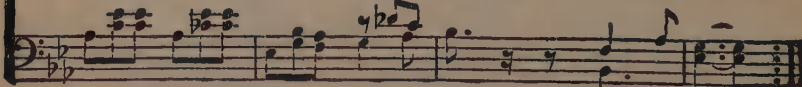


soar to the mount of God,.... Be - hold - ing the Bridegroom fair;....
soul was as bleak as night, But darkness has taken flight;

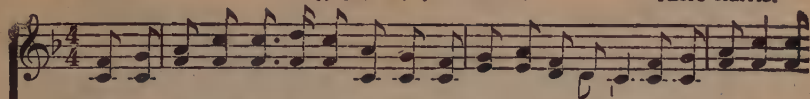


FINE

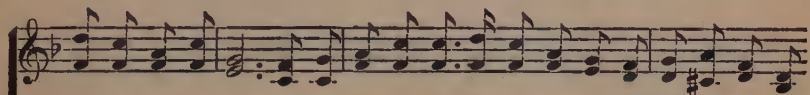
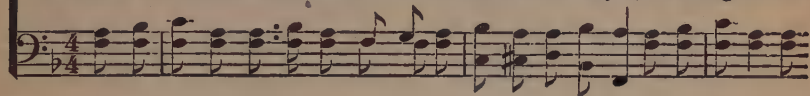
Blest par-tak - ers of His grace, As gems in His crown to shine.
Soon we'll meet to part no more Thru time or e - ter - ni - ty.
For the wed-ding feast pre-pare, O - bey - ing the gra - cious call.



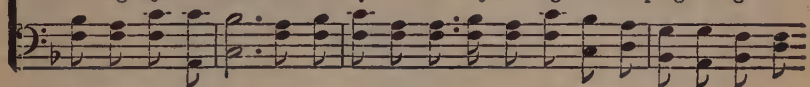
He who trod our earth - ly sod Will wel - come each pil - grim there,
Now I have the vic-to-ry, For Je-sus has set me free.



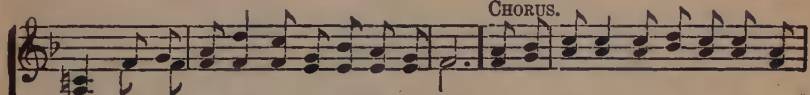
1. Tho' we may not know the moment when our blessed Lord shall come To receive us to
2. There are times when we are call'd to wade thru wa-ters deep and wide, And the sorrows of
3. Then e-ter-nal years in glo-ry with our Sav-ior we will spend; O we long for that



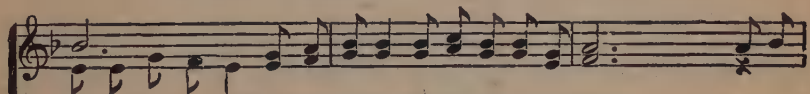
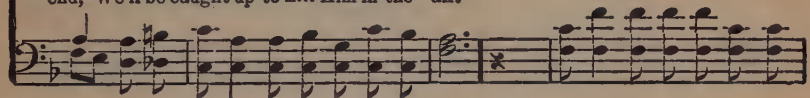
man-sions "o - ver there," Yet we know 'twill not be long be-fore He takes His lov'd ones
Christ him-self to share; We re-mem-ber He has promis'd to be ev - er at our
morn - ing bright and fair! When the days of our so-journ-ing and our pil-grim-age shall



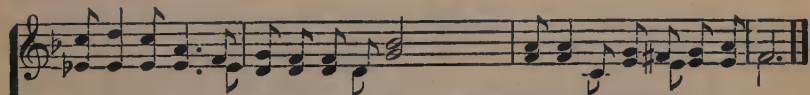
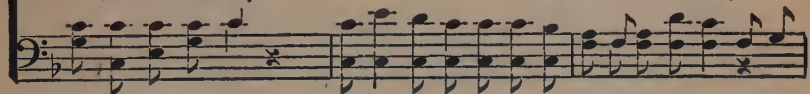
CHORUS.



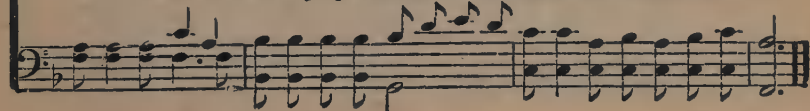
home, And we're caught up to meet Him in the air.
side Till we're caught up to meet Him in the air. We'll be caught up to meet Him in the
end, We'll be caught up to meet Him in the air.



air, We'll be caught up His blessedness to share; Ver-y
the am-bient air; for - ev-er-mo-re to share;



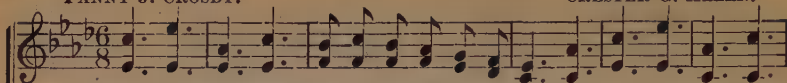
soon He will come To take His people home (and we'll be) Caught up to meet Him in the air.



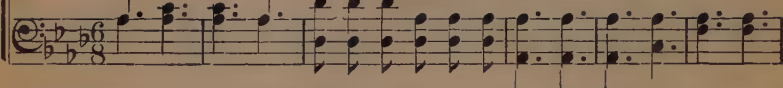
No. 26. Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

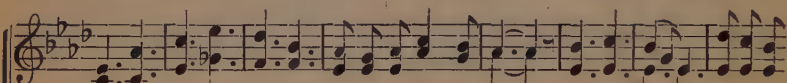
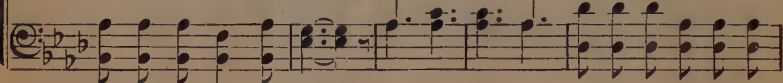
CRESTER G. ALLEN.



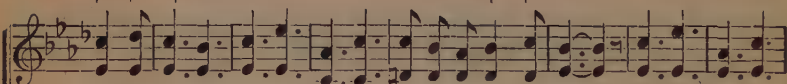
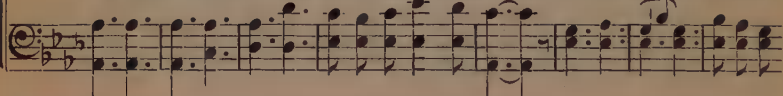
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als



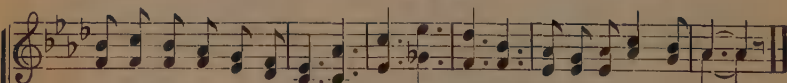
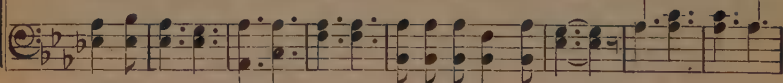
won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
 suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-
 loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and



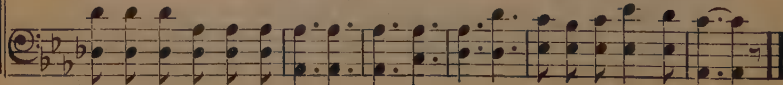
glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will
 va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who
 ev-er; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the



guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
 bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him
 world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;



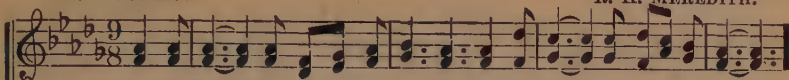
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.



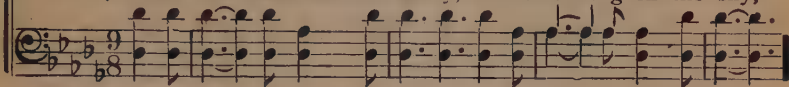
No. 27. I'll Tell the Wondrous Story.

R. J. JONES.

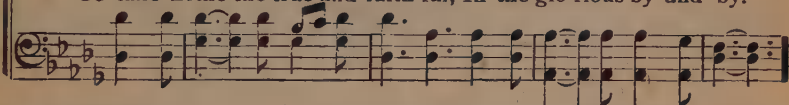
R. H. MEREDITH.



1. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, Of the Savior's love for me;
2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How the Savior from the grave
3. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How He left this earthly shore,
4. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, Of His com-ing in the sky,



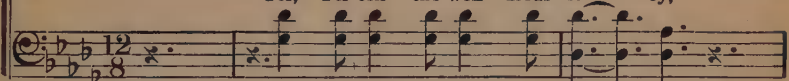
How He came on earth and suffered, On the cross to make me free.
 Rose in tri - umph and in glo-ry— Of His wondrous pow'r to save!
 And as - cend - ed up to heav-en, There to reign for-ev - er - more.
 To take home the true and faith-ful, In the glo-rious by and by.



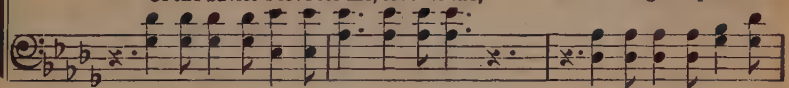
CHORUS.



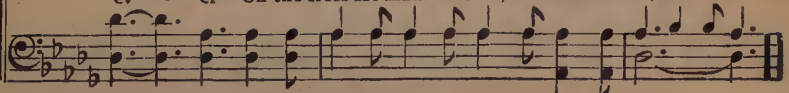
Yes, I'll tell..... the won-drous sto - ry, Of the
 Yes, I'll tell the won - drous sto - ry,



Sav - ior's love for me; . . . And I'll sing.....His praise for-
 Of the Savior's love for me, love for me; And I'll sing His praise for-



ev - er—On the cross He made me free. . . .
 ev - er— On the cross He made me free, He made me free, made me free.



The Banquet of Love.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. O speed with the ti-dings from cit - y to cit - y: The King has pro-
 2. In hedg - es and high-ways, in lanes and in by-ways, Are some who de-
 2. O see them re - turn - ing, their glad spir - its yearning To pub - lish the

vid - ed a feast; He calls to the ban-quet the poor and the
 spair - ing - ly roam; Go, tell them that Je - sus will heal their dis-
 mes - sage a - broad; This blest in - vi - ta - tion to life and sal-

REFRAIN.

need - y, The sin-ful, the out-cast, the least.
 eas - es And wel-come the wan-der - er home. "O come to the ban-quet, for
 va - tion Came forth from the bosom of God!

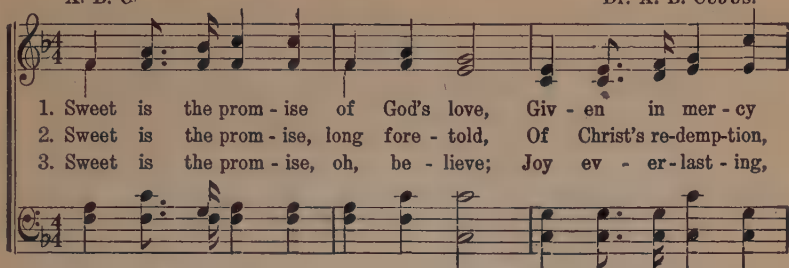
yet there is room," The message peals forth from above; For all things are
 from a - bove;

read-y: We bid you to come, And feast at the ban-quet of love.

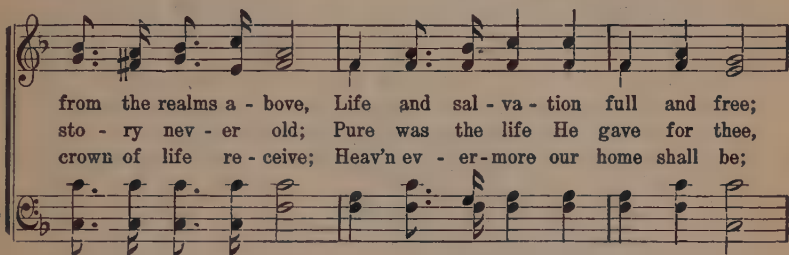
No. 29. Sweet is the Promise.

A. B. C.

Dr. A. B. CUNY.

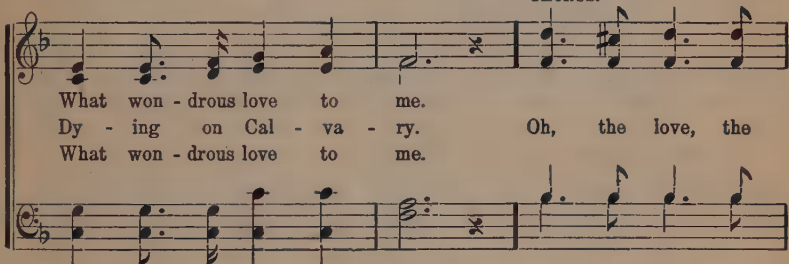


1. Sweet is the prom - ise of God's love, Giv - en in mer - cy
 2. Sweet is the prom - ise, long fore - told, Of Christ's re-demp-tion,
 3. Sweet is the prom - ise, oh, be - lieve; Joy ev - er - last - ing,

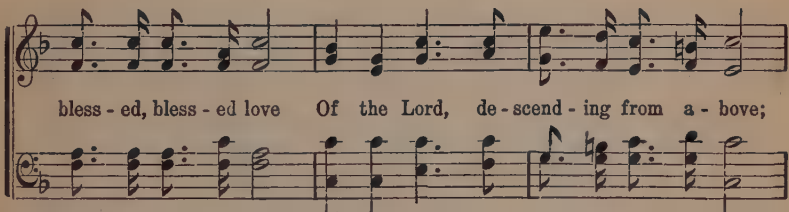


from the realms a - bove, Life and sal - va - tion full and free;
 sto - ry nev - er old; Pure was the life He gave for thee,
 crown of life re - ceive; Heav'n ev - er - more our home shall be;

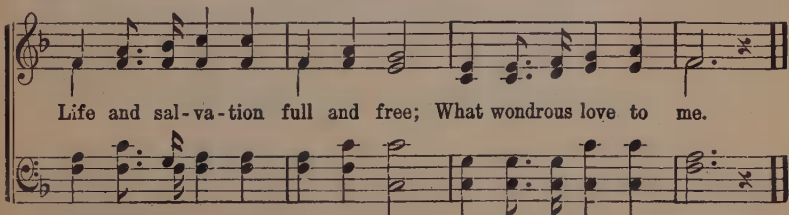
CHORUS.



What won - drous love to me.
 Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry. Oh, the love, the
 What won - drous love to me.



bles - ed, bles - ed love Of the Lord, de - scend - ing from a - bove;

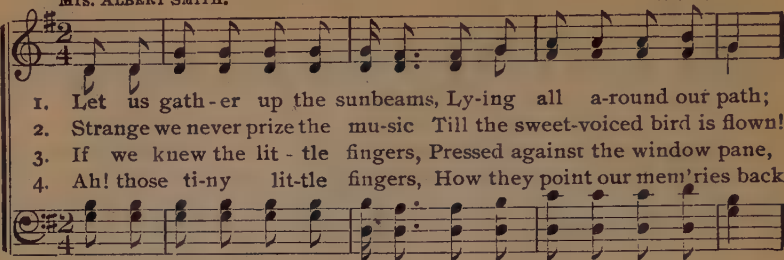


Life and sal - va - tion full and free; What wondrous love to me.

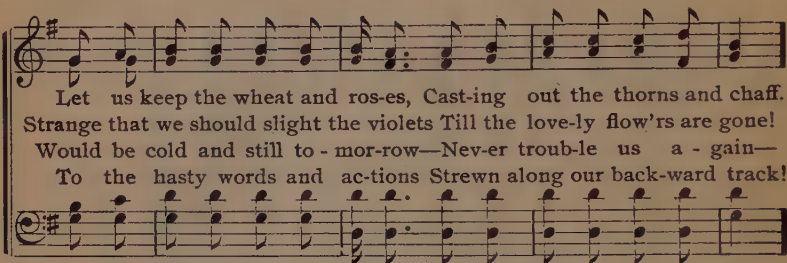
No. 30. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

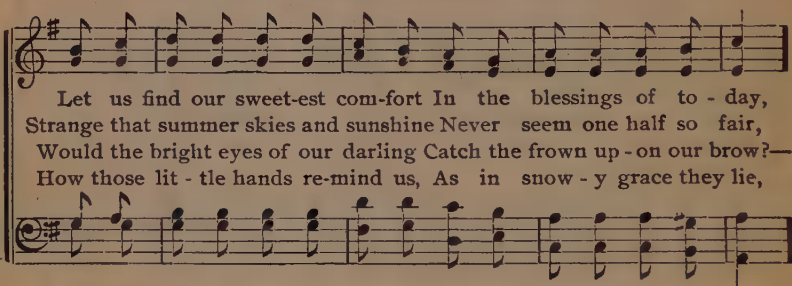
S. J. VAIL.



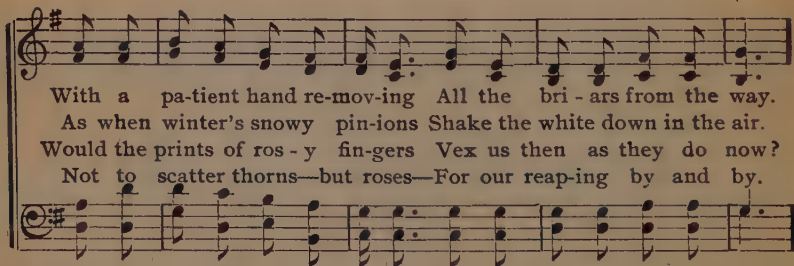
1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path;
2. Strange we never prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
3. If we knew the lit-tle fingers, Pressed against the window pane,
4. Ah! those ti-ny lit-tle fingers, How they point our mem'ries back



Let us keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff.
Strange that we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and still to-mor-row—Never troub-le us a-gain—
To the hasty words and ac-tions Strewn along our back-ward track!

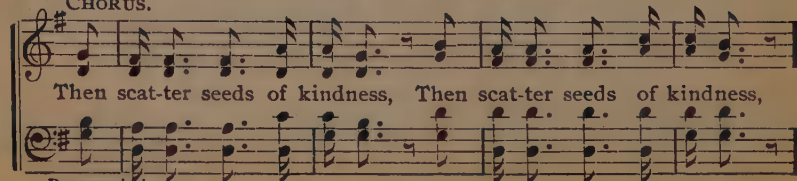


Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the blessings of to-day,
Strange that summer skies and sunshine Never seem one half so fair,
Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown up-on our brow?—
How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,



With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.
As when winter's snowy pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ros-y fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat-ter thorns—but roses—For our reap-ing by and by.

CHORUS.



Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness,

By permission.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness. Concluded.

ad lib.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

No. 31.

Dare to do Right.

GEO. L. TAYLOR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no
 2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth-er men's fail-ures can
 3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre-a-ted you,
 4. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Je-sus, your Sav-ior, will

oth-er can do; Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well,
 nev-er save you; Stand by your con-science, your hon-or and faith;
 cares for you too, Treas-ures the tears that his striv-ing ones shed,
 car-ry you thro'; Cit-y and man-sion and throne all in sight,

CHORUS.

An-gels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell.
 Stand like a he-ro, and bat-tle to death. Dare, dare, dare to do right,
 Counts and protects ev'ry hair of your head.
 Can you not dare to be true and do right?

Dare, dare, dare to be true!..... Dare to do right, dare to be true!
 Dare.

No. 32.

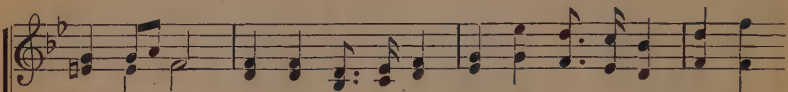
Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. S.

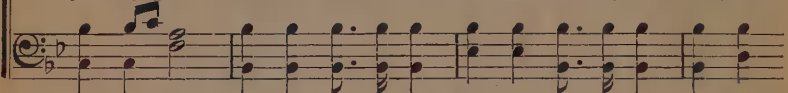
WM. F. SHERWIN.



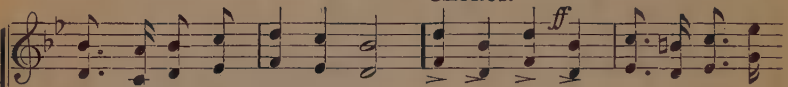
1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know,
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all



For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev'ry one; Rest your
Must pre-vail; Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light; Bat-tling
By Thy grace; When the battle's done, And the vic-t'ry won, May we

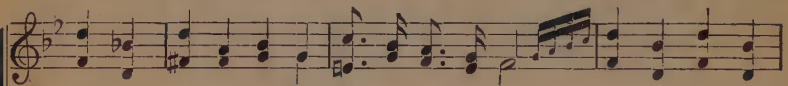
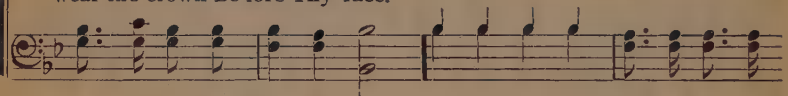


CHORUS.



cause up-on His ho - ly word.

for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers, ral-ly round the
wear the crown Be-fore Thy face.



ban-ner, Read-y, steady, pass the word a-long; On-ward, forward,



Shout a-loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap - tain of the mighty throng.



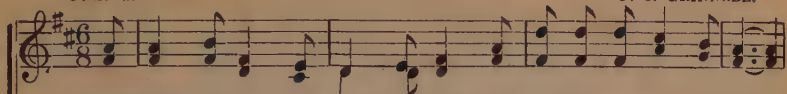
Used by per.

No. 33.

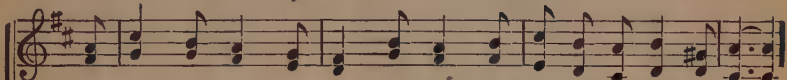
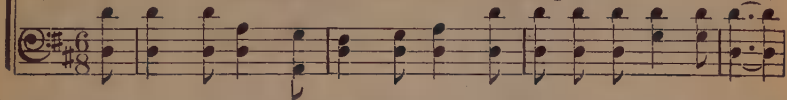
Cling to the Word of God.

O. S. G.

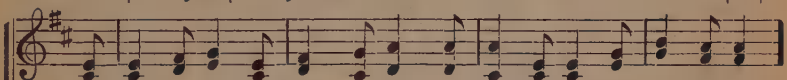
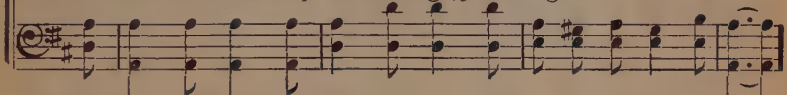
O. S. GRINNELL.



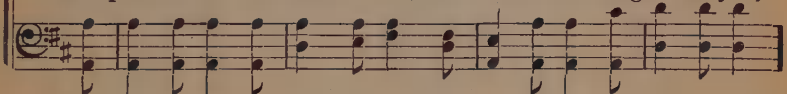
1. A - midst the cares and toils of life, Just cling to the word of God,
2. If friends forsake, they sure - ly may, Just cling to the word of God,
3. The winds of doubt may fiercely blow, Just cling to the word of God,



If oth - ers fal - ter in the strife, Just cling to the word of God.
 'Twill guide you safe - ly night and day, Just cling to the word of God.
 And doctrines false may come and go, Just cling to the word of God.

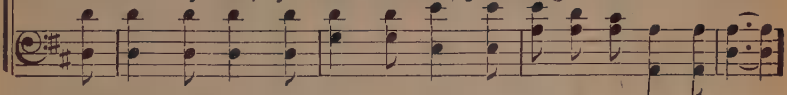


There is no book as good as this, It shows the way of righteousness,
 The mind of God is there inwrought, Inspired with love in ev'ry tho't,
 The prom-is-es of God are true, Sal - va-tion's message is for you,



FINE.

D. s.—It o - pens wide the door of bliss, Just cling to the word of God.
 D. s.—The way of life can there be sought, Just cling to the word of God.
 D. s.—The sto - ry old, yet ev - er new, Just cling to the word of God.



REFRAIN.

D. S.



Just cling to the word of God, Just cling to the word of God;
 the bless-ed word, the bless-ed word;



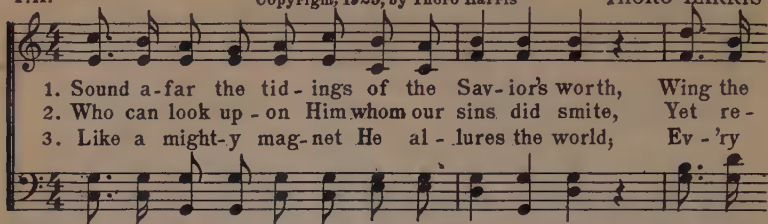
The Irresistible Christ

T.H.

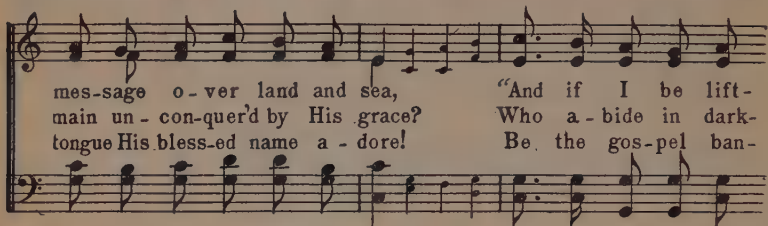
Dying words of Dr. I.N. Albright, who passed away triumphantly March 22, 1925.

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

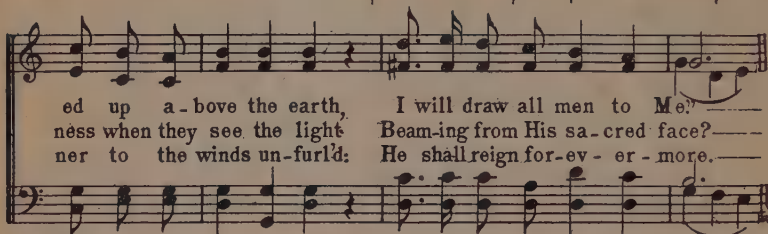
THORO HARRIS



1. Sound a-far the tid-ings of the Sav-i-or's worth, Wing the
 2. Who can look up-on Him whom our sins did smite, Yet re-
 3. Like a might-y mag-net He al-lures the world, Ev-'ry

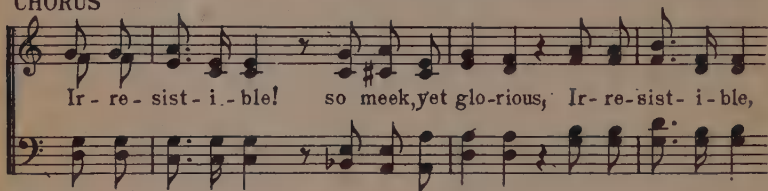


mes-sage o-ver land and sea, "And if I be lift-
 main un-con-quer'd by His grace? Who a-bide in dark-
 tongue His bless-ed name a-dore! Be the gos-pel ban-

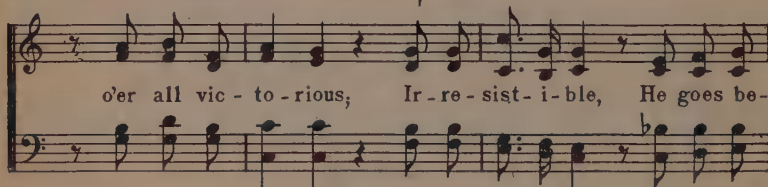


ed up a-bove the earth, I will draw all men to Me"
 ness when they see the light Beam-ing from His sa-cred face?—
 ner to the winds un-furl'd: He shall reign for-ev-er-more.—

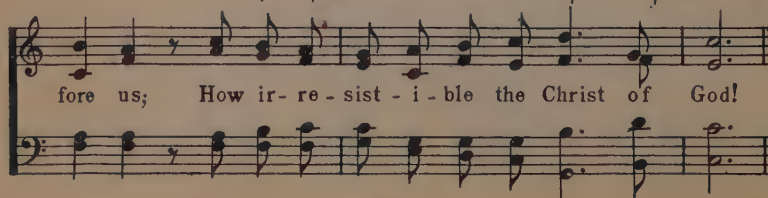
CHORUS



Ir-re-sist-i-ble! so meek, yet glo-ri-ous, Ir-re-sist-i-ble,



o'er all vic-to-ri-ous; Ir-re-sist-i-ble, He goes be-



fore us; How ir-re-sist-i-ble the Christ of God!

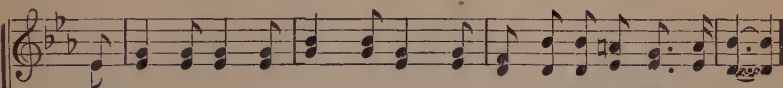
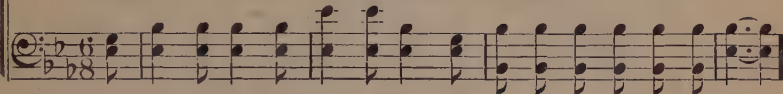
No. 35. There's Room at the Fountain.

JAMES CONNOLLY. Evangelist.

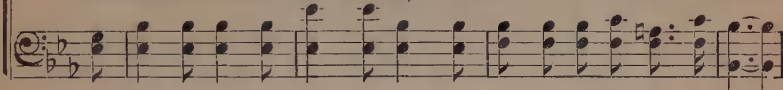
T. E. JONES.



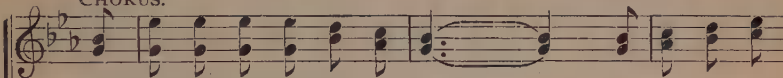
1. Oh, do you want your sins forgiv'n? There's room at the fountain for thee;
2. The blessed tide will cleanse your sin; There's room at the fountain for thee;
3. The crimson stream I've found; I know There's room at the fountain for thee;
4. Oh, don't re-ject His lov-ing call, There's room at the fountain for thee;



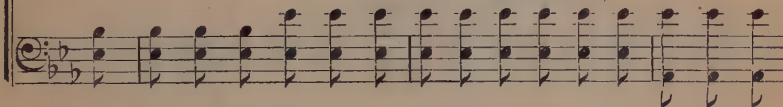
Oh, do you want a home in heav'n? There's room at the fountain for thee.
And peace and joy will reign with-in; There's room at the fountain for thee.
It's flood has made me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood was shed for one and all, There's room at the fountain for thee.



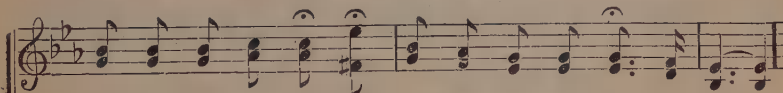
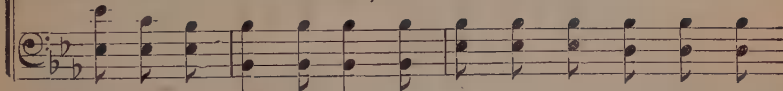
CHORUS.



There's room at the fount-ain for thee There's room at the
there's room at the fount-ain,



fount-ain for thee; Your sins now con-fess-ing, Re-
for thee;



ceive there a bless-ing, There's room at the fount-ain for thee.



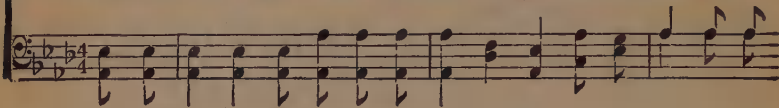
36 Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

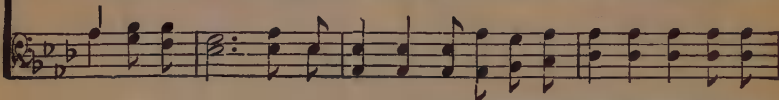
E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

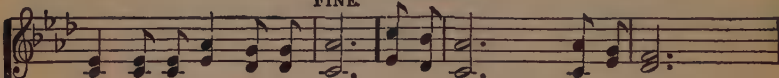


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci-fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

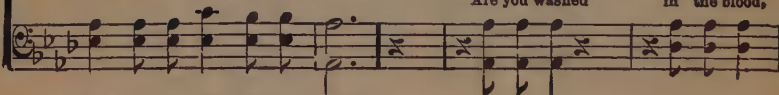


D. S.—Are they white as snow? Are you

FINE CHORUS.

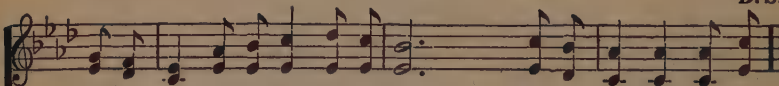


washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
Are you washed in the blood,

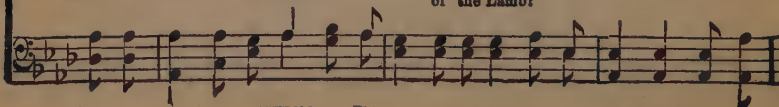


washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. S.



In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?
of the Lamb?



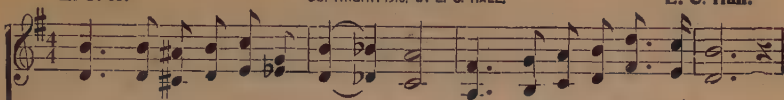
Deeper.

L. C. H.

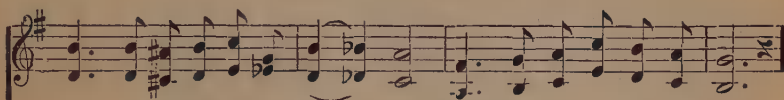
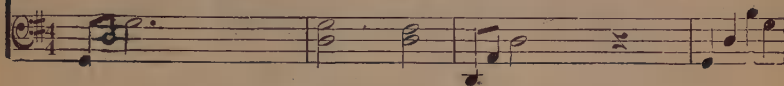
DUET.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY L. C. HALL.

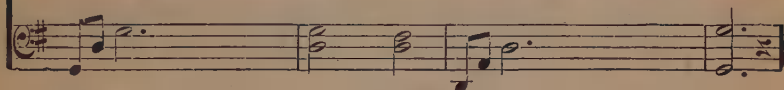
L. C. Hall.



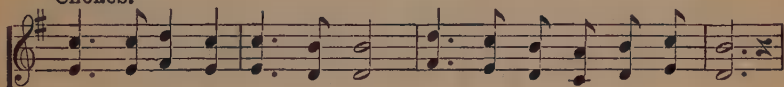
1. Deep - er in Thy love, O, Je - sus, Doth my spir - it cry to go,
2. Hum-bly must I walk with Je - sus In the paths that He doth lead,
3. Dai - ly must I seek to please Him, Wheth - er it bring joy or pain;
4. Deep - er, till at last in glo - ry, In His like-ness I shall come,



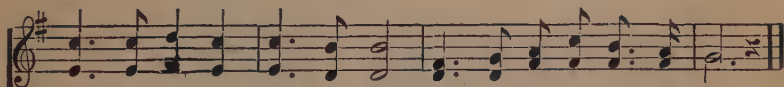
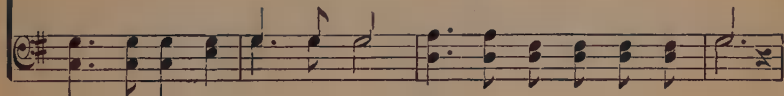
Un - til all my life is hid - den Deep with-in the cleans-ing flow.
 Nev - er fal-ter, nev-er mur - mur, Al - ways to His voice give heed.
 I shall know then just how bless - ed is the worth of heav'n-ly gain.
 Where the saints of all the a - ges Shall re-ceive their welcome home.



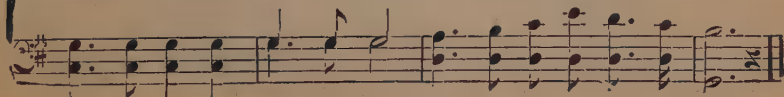
CHORUS.



Deep - er in that ho - ly life, Till I'm lost with Christ in God;



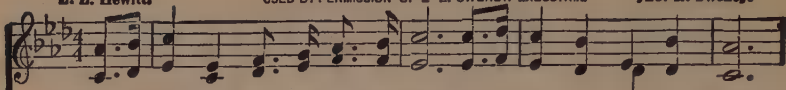
Hid - den with my bless - ed Lord, While I walk this earth-ly sod.



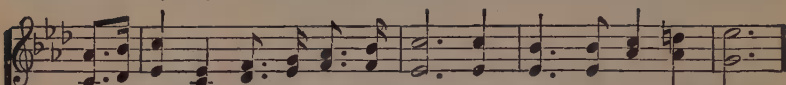
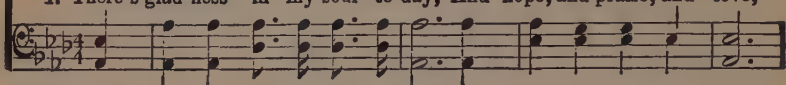
E. B. Hewitt.

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USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

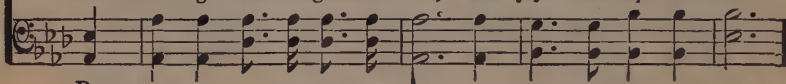
Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



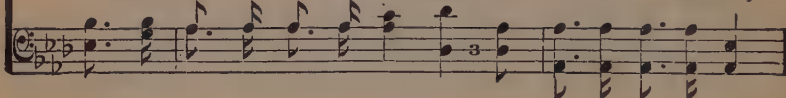
Than glows in an - y earth-ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



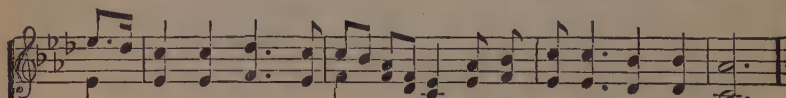
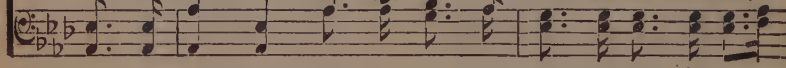
REFRAIN.



O there's sun - - shine, bless - ed sun - - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.

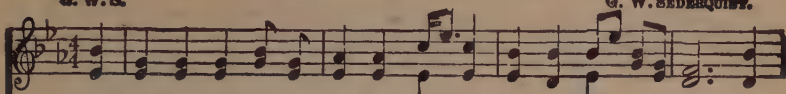


The Breaking of the Day.

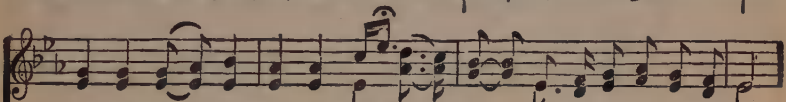
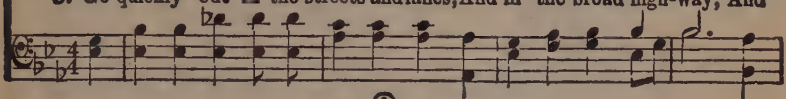
G. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

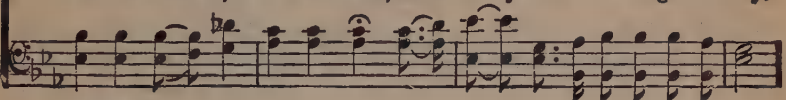
G. W. SEDERQUIST.



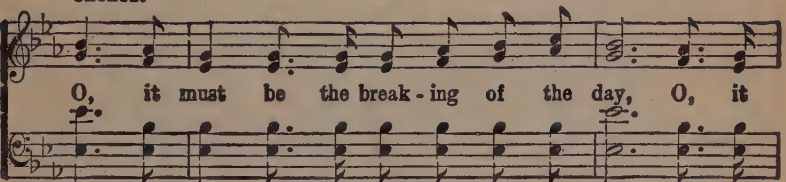
1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A-
3. It must be time for the wait-ing church To cast her pride a - way, With
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a - stray, Who
5. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad high-way, And



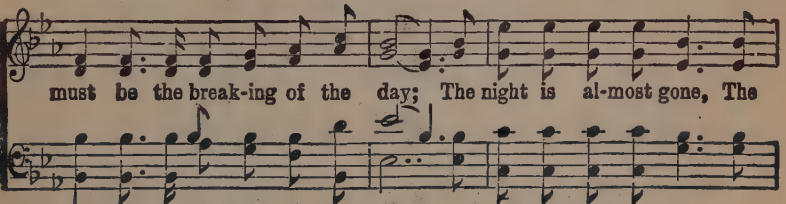
stars of heav'n are grow-ing dim: It must be the breaking of the day.
 loud pro - claim to mor - tal men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh
 gird - ed loins and burn-ing lamps To look for the breaking of the day.
 once were happy in Je - sus' love, And look-ing for the breaking of the day.
 call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.



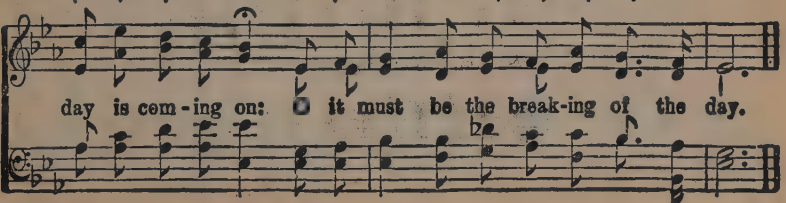
CHORUS.



O, it must be the break - ing of the day, O, it



must be the break-ing of the day; The night is al-most gone, The



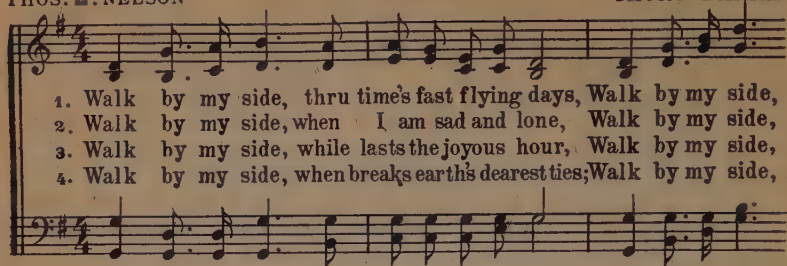
day is com-ing on: O it must be the break-ing of the day.

Walk By My Side

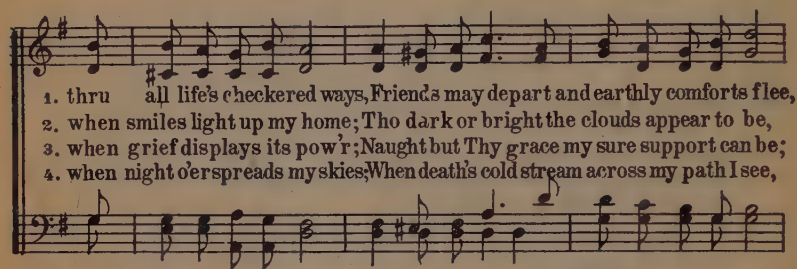
THOS. ■. NELSON

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THORO HARRIS

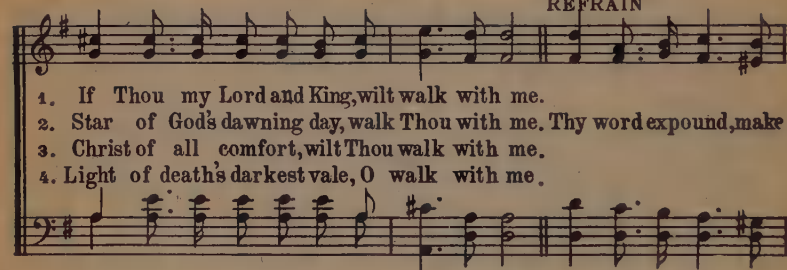


1. Walk by my side, thru time's fast flying days, Walk by my side,
 2. Walk by my side, when I am sad and lone, Walk by my side,
 3. Walk by my side, while lasts the joyous hour, Walk by my side,
 4. Walk by my side, when breaks earth's dearest ties; Walk by my side,

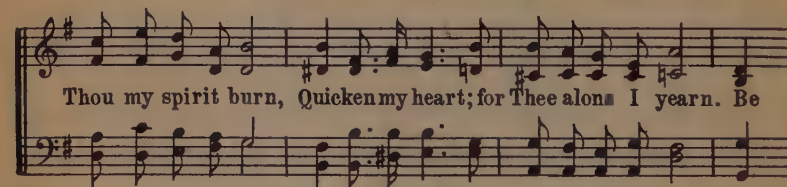


1. thru all life's checkered ways, Friends may depart and earthly comforts flee,
 2. when smiles light up my home; Tho dark or bright the clouds appear to be,
 3. when grief displays its pow'r; Naught but Thy grace my sure support can be;
 4. when night o'erspreads my skies; When death's cold stream across my path I see,

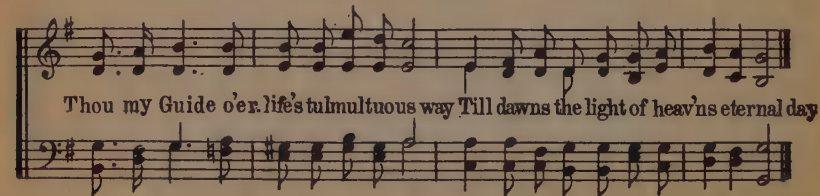
REFRAIN



1. If Thou my Lord and King, wilt walk with me.
 2. Star of God's dawning day, walk Thou with me. Thy word expound, make
 3. Christ of all comfort, wilt Thou walk with me.
 4. Light of death's darkest vale, O walk with me.



Thou my spirit burn, Quicken my heart; for Thee alone I yearn. Be



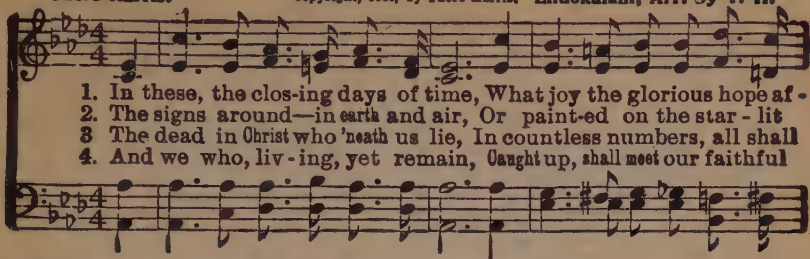
Thou my Guide o'er life's tumultuous way Till dawns the light of heav'n's eternal day

He's Coming Soon,

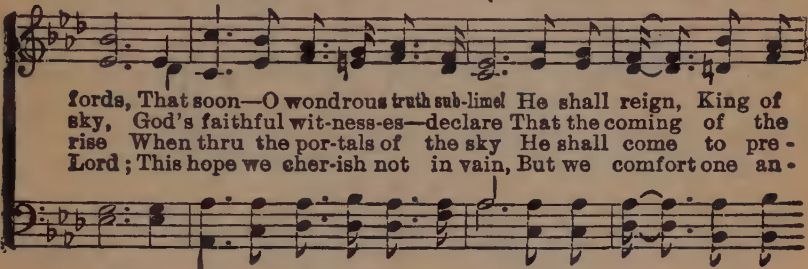
Hawaiian Melody.

Thoro Harris.

Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. Liliuokalani, Arr. by T. H.

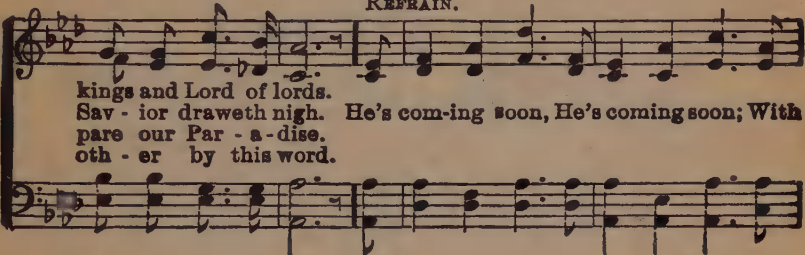


1. In these, the clos-ing days of time, What joy the glorious hope af-
 2. The signs around—in earth and air, Or paint-ed on the star-lit
 3. The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie, In count-ess num-bers, all shall
 4. And we who, liv-ing, yet remain, Caught up, shall meet our faithful

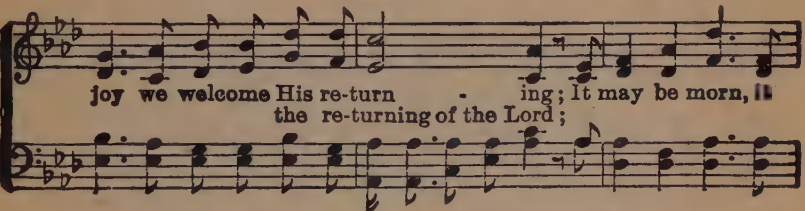


lords, That soon—O wondrous truth sub-lime! He shall reign, King of
 sky, God's faithful wit-ness-es—declare That the coming of the
 rise When thru the por-tals of the sky He shall come to pre-
 Lord; This hope we cher-ish not in vain, But we comfort one an-

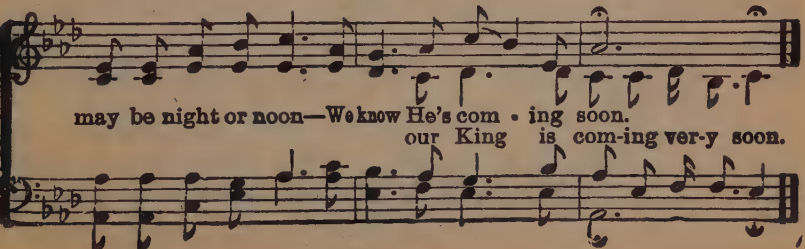
REFRAIN.



kings and Lord of lords.
 Sav-ior draweth nigh. He's com-ing soon, He's coming soon; With
 pare our Par-a-dise.
 oth-er by this word.



joy we welcome His re-turn - ing; It may be morn, or
 the re-turning of the Lord;



may be night or noon—We know He's com-ing soon.
 our King is com-ing ver-y soon.

No. 42.

Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by - and -
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the
 by-and-by, by-and-by,

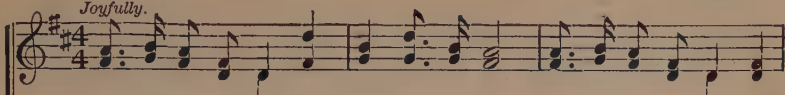
sweet by - and-by We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 by-and-by, by - and - by, by-and - by

No. 43.

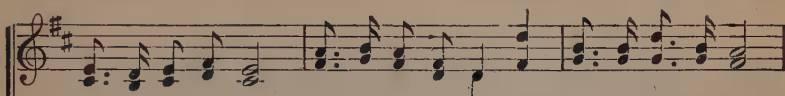
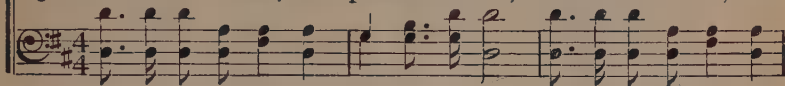
"Whosoever Will."

P. P. BLISS.

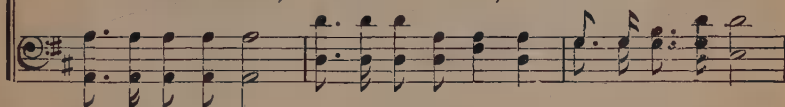
P. P. BLISS.

Joyfully.

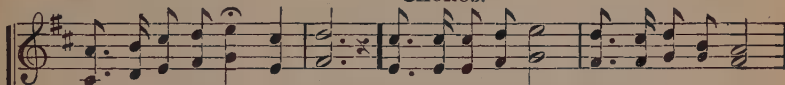
1. "Who-so-ev-er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth, need not de-lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the promise se-ure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-



all the world a-round; Spread the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
 en-ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv-ing Way:
 ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for-ev - er-more:



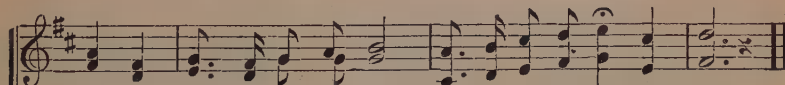
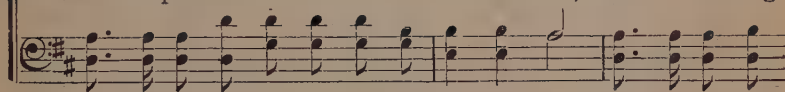
CHORUS.



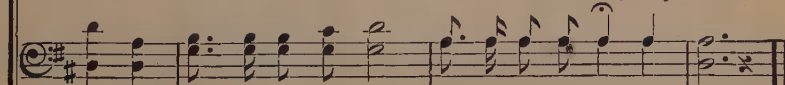
"Who-so-ev-er will, may come." "Whosoever will, who-so-ev-er will,"



Send the proc-la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing



Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."



By permission.

Joy Unspeakable.

Copyright owned by R. E. WINSETT, East Chattanooga, Tenn.

B. E. W.

1 Pet. 1: 8.

B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. I have found His grace ■ all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;
 2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It ■ joy and peace with - in;
 3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;
 4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!

While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....
 What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw - ful gulf of sin....
 Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil - ing face....
 ■ ■ like a great o'er - flow - ing well, Springing up with - in my soul....

CHORUS.

It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of

glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and

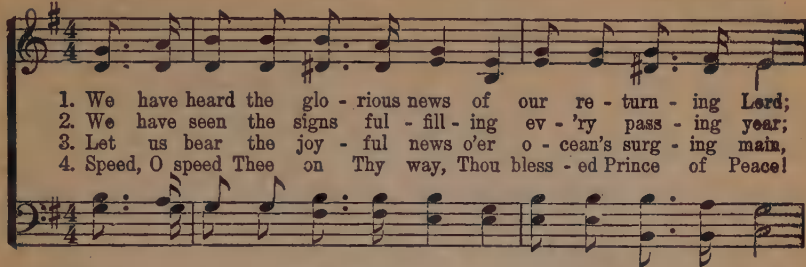
full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

Jesus Is Coming, Hallelujah!

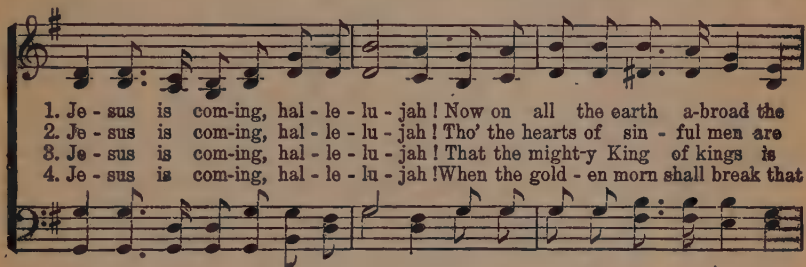
Thoro Harris.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

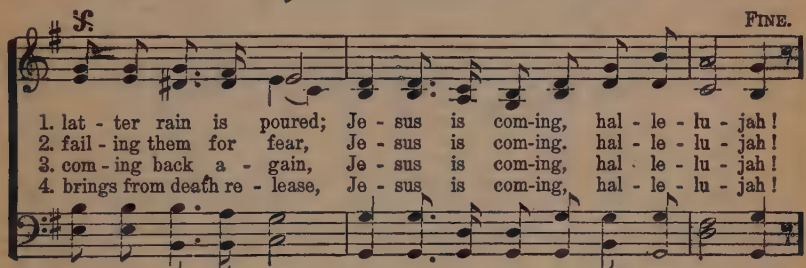
Geo. F. Root.



1. We have heard the glo - rious news of our re - turn - ing Lord;
 2. We have seen the signs ful - fill - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing year;
 3. Let us bear the joy - ful news o'er o - cean's surg - ing main,
 4. Speed, O speed Thee on Thy way, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace!



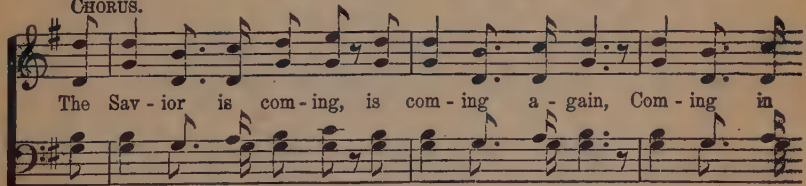
1. Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Now on all the earth a - broad the
 2. Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Tho' the hearts of sin - ful men are
 3. Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! That the might - y King of kings is
 4. Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! When the gold - en morn shall break that



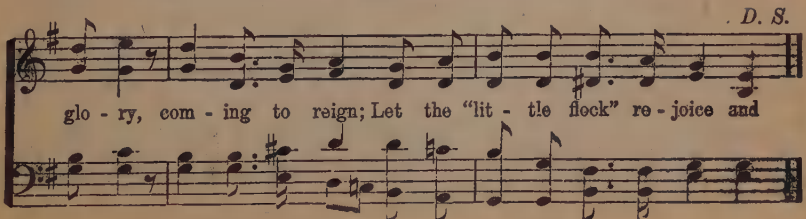
1. lat - ter rain is poured; Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. fail - ing them for fear, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. com - ing back a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. brings from death re - lease, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S. - sing the glad re - frain, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.



The Sav - ior is com - ing, is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing in



D. S.
 glo - ry, com - ing to reign; Let the "lit - tle flock" re - joice and

No. 46.

So Near to the Savior.

R. J. JONES.
With expression.

Duet.

HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. So near to the Sav-ior; what keeps thee a-way? So near to the
 2. So near that thou hearest His wel-come of love,—His promise of
 3. Oh, why dost thou wan-der in sin ev-er-more, While Je-sus is

Sav-ior, yet, why thus de-lay? Give up ev-ry i-dol, what-glo-ry,—a king-dom a-bove; So near to sal-va-tion, from pleading? "Come, en-ter the door; Oh, come out of dark-ness, oh,

e'er it may be, And come un-to Je-sus, He's wait-ing for thee.
 sin to be free, The Sav-ior is wait-ing,—is wait-ing for thee.
 come out of sin, I'm wait-ing, I'm wait-ing to wel-come you in."

CHORUS.

Wait-ing for thee,..... Wait-ing for thee,.....
 Wait-ing for thee, Wait-ing for thee, Wait-ing for thee,

The Sav-ior is wait-ing. Is wait-ing for thee.

No. 47.

For You and for Me.

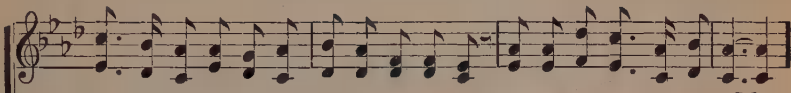
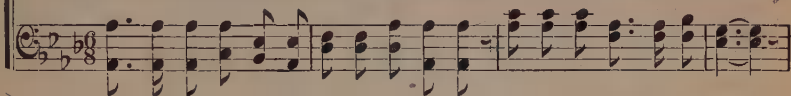
W. L. T.

pp *Very Slow.*

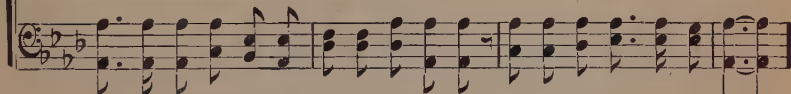
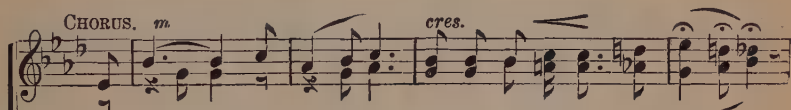
WILL L. THOMPSON.

m

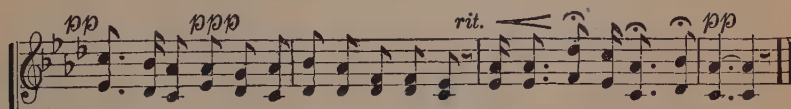
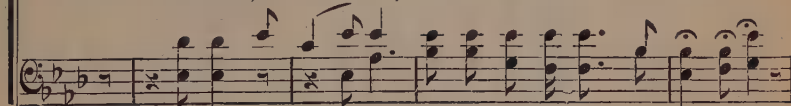
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead - ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonder - ful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;



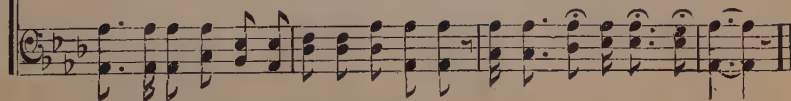
See on the por - tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me.
 Shadows are gather - ing, death beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m**cres.*

Come home, Come home; Ye who are wea - ry, come home;
 Come home, come home;



Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

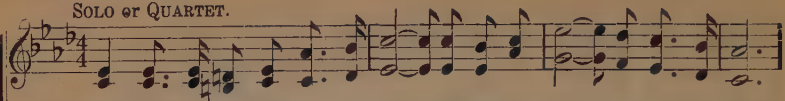


No. 48. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

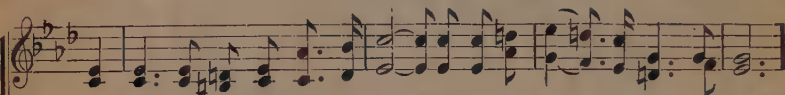
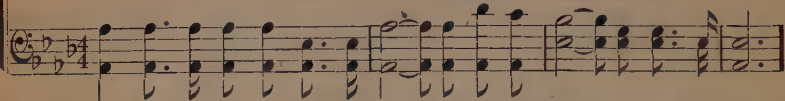
EMMA WILLARD.

J. P. KNIGHT.

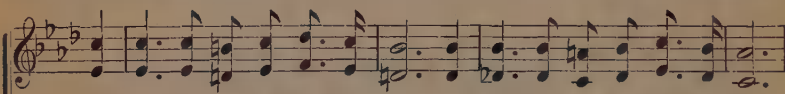
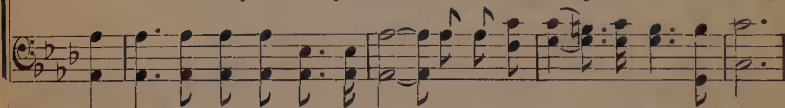
SOLO or QUARTET.



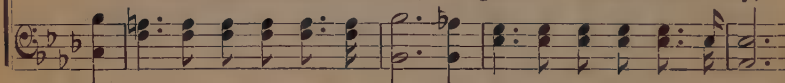
1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;



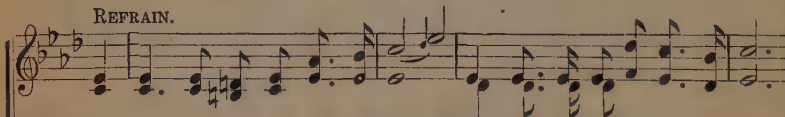
Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save,
Or tho' the tempest's fier-y breath Rous'd me from sleep, to wreck and death,



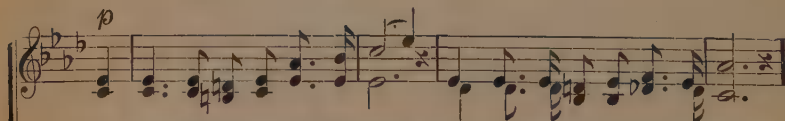
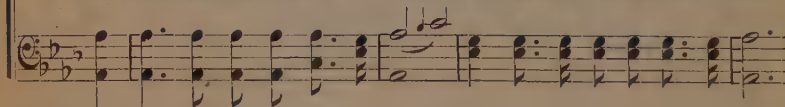
I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall;
In o-cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty;



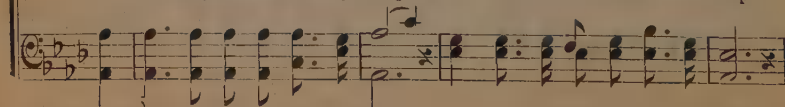
REFRAIN.

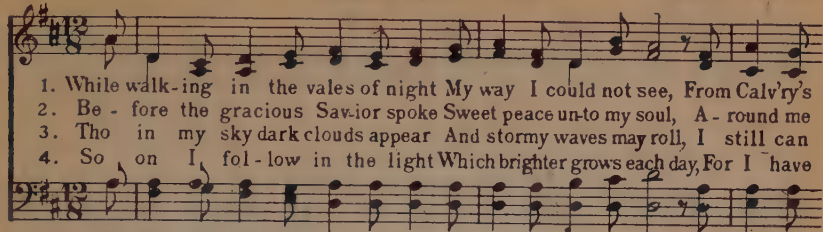


And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep,

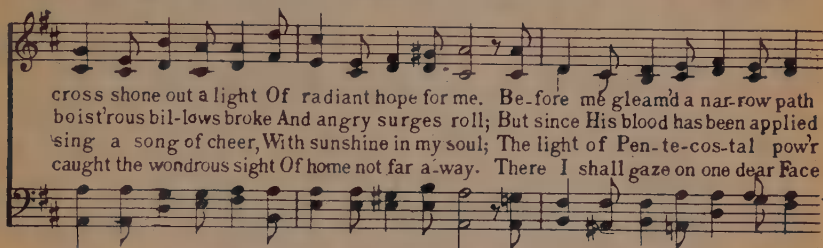


And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

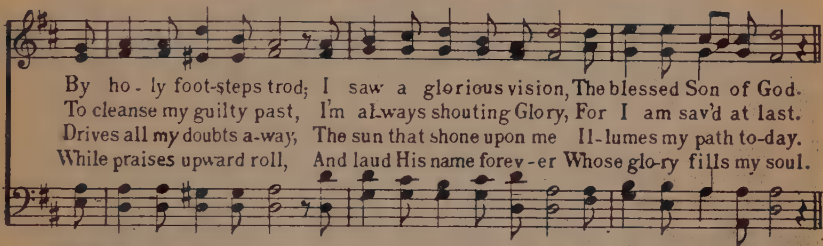




1. While walk-ing in the vales of night My way I could not see, From Calv'ry's
 2. Be - fore the gracious Sav-ior spoke Sweet peace un-to my soul, A - round me
 3. Tho in my sky dark clouds appear And stormy waves may roll, I still can
 4. So on I, fol - low in the light Which brighter grows each day, For I have

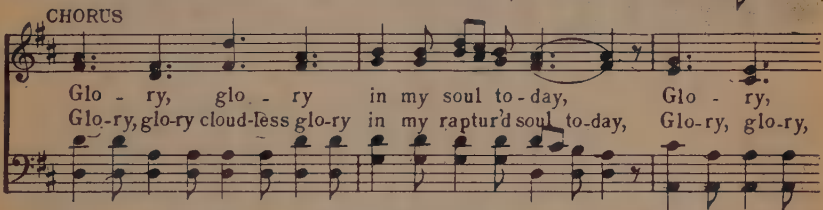


cross shone out a light Of radiant hope for me. Be - fore me gleam'd a nar-row path
 boist'rous bil-lows broke And angry surges roll; But since His blood has been applied
 sing a song of cheer, With sunshine in my soul; The light of Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r
 caught the wondrous sight Of home not far a-way. There I shall gaze on one dear Face

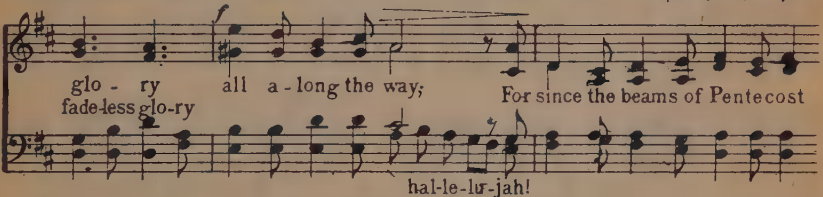


By ho - ly foot-steps trod; I saw a glorious vision, The blessed Son of God.
 To cleanse my guilty past, I'm al-ways shouting Glory, For I am sav'd at last.
 Drives all my doubts a-way; The sun that shone upon me Il-lumes my path to-day.
 While praises upward roll, And laud His name forev - er Whose glo-ry fills my soul.

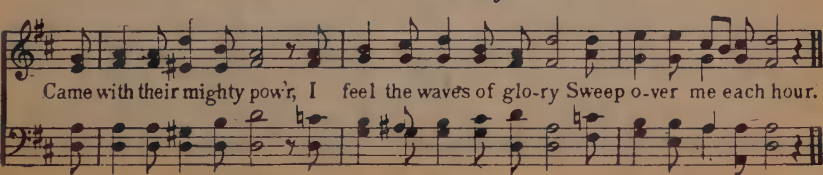
CHORUS



Glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul to - day, Glo - ry,
 Glo-ry, glo-ry cloud-less glo-ry in my raptur'd soul to-day, Glo-ry, glo-ry,



glo - ry all a - long the way; For since the beams of Pentecost
 fade-less glo-ry
 hal-le-lu-jah!



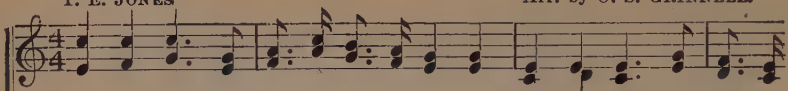
Came with their mighty pow'r, I feel the waves of glo-ry Sweep o-ver me each hour.

No. 50.

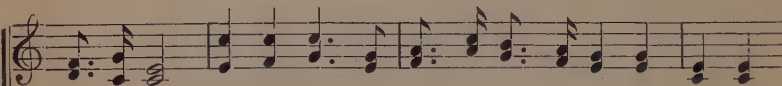
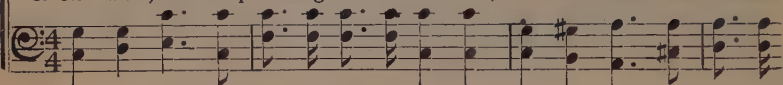
Forward All.

T. E. JONES

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



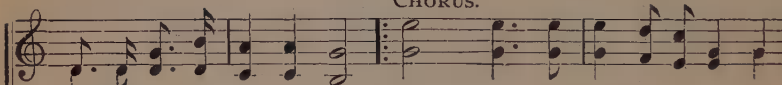
1. For - ward all, put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Read - y, stand, to fight for
2. On - ward, still ye val - iant hap - py sold - iers, Go with faith to con - quer
3. On - ward, still keep mov - ing ev - er on - ward, Till we reach fair Canaan's



Christ the Lord; Take His shield and hel - met of sal - va - tion, On - ward
 ev - 'ry sin; In the strength of Je - sus we will tri - umph, In His
 hap - py shore; There to dwell for - ev - er with our Cap - tain, And to



CHORUS.



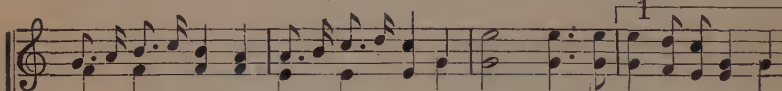
trust - ing ev - er in His word.

name the vic - t'ry we will win.

sing His prais - es ev - er more.

On - ward ye sol - diers of Je - sus,

On - ward, for - ward, march to - geth - er,



Hold a - loft His banner, Shout aloud ho - san - na Faith - ful - ly, follow your leader,
 Hold a - loft His ban - ner, sol - diers, Be ye faith - ful to your lead - er,



And the vic't'ry you shall win;

follow your leader, And the vic't'ry you shall win.



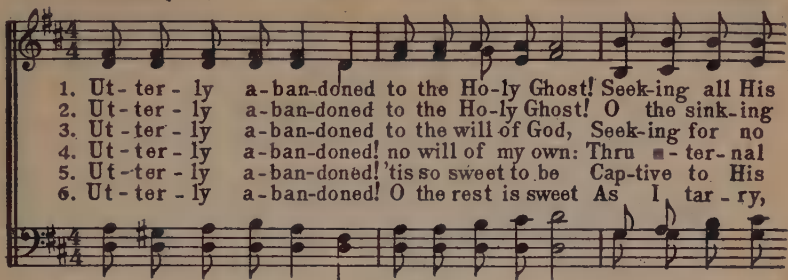
No. 51

Abandoned

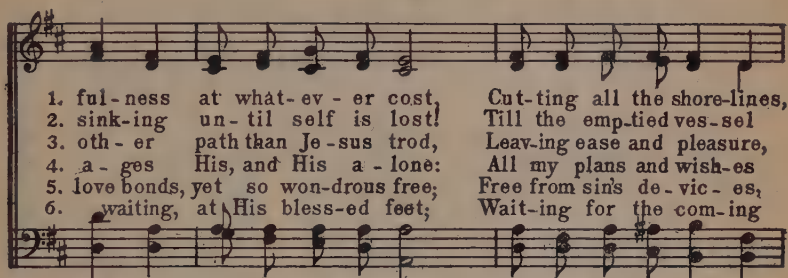
THORO HARRIS, arr.

Copyright, 1924, by Thoro Harris

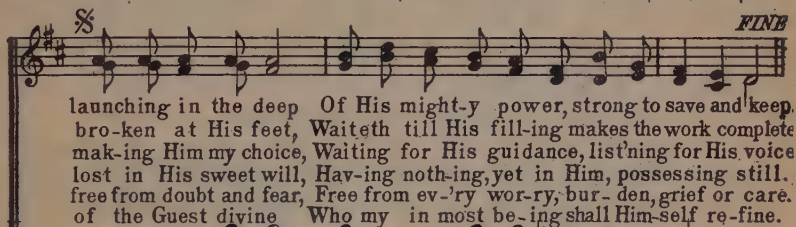
GRACE P. NICHOLSON



1. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned to the Ho-ly Ghost! Seek-ing all His
 2. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned to the Ho-ly Ghost! O the sink-ing
 3. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned to the will of God, Seek-ing for no
 4. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned! no will of my own: Thru - ter-nal
 5. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned! 'tis so sweet to be Cap-tive to His
 6. Ut-ter-ly a-ban-doned! O the rest is sweet As I tar-ry,

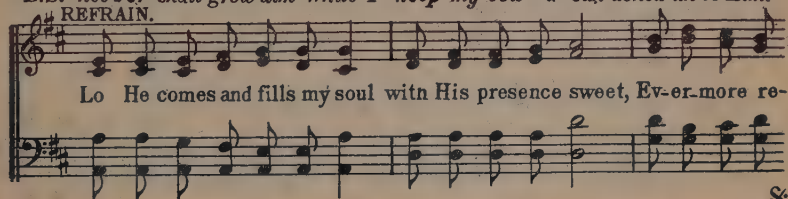


1. ful-ness at what-ev-er cost, Cut-ting all the shore-lines,
 2. sink-ing un-til self is lost! Till the emp-tied ves-sel
 3. oth-er path than Je-sus trod, Leav-ing ease and pleasure,
 4. a-ges His, and His a-lone: All my plans and wish-es
 5. love bonds, yet so won-drous free; Free from sins de-vic-es,
 6. waiting, at His bless-ed feet; Wait-ing for the com-ing

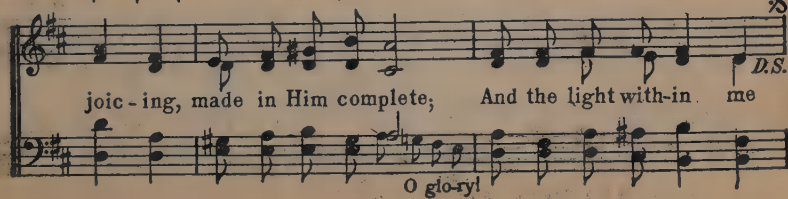


launching in the deep Of His might-y power, strong to save and keep.
 bro-ken at His feet, Wait-eth till His fill-ing makes the work complete
 mak-ing Him my choice, Wait-ing for His guidance, list'n-ing for His voice
 lost in His sweet will, Hav-ing noth-ing, yet in Him, possess-ing still.
 free from doubt and fear, Free from ev-'ry wor-ry, bur-den, grief or care.
 of the Guest di-vine Who my in most be-ing shall Him-self re-fine.

D.S. nev-er shall grow dim While I keep my vow - a-ban-doned un-to Him.
 REFRAIN.



Lo He comes and fills my soul with His presence sweet, Ev-er-more re-



joic-ing, made in Him complete; And the light with-in me
 O glo-ry!

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 COR. 15: 12.

Not too fast. Last v. R E W.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.

1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, When the trump of God shall sound,
 2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, What a meet - ing it will be,
 3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,
 4. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, We shall meet Him in the air,

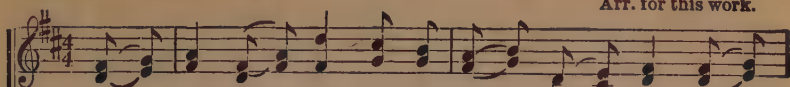
We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come re - joic - ing,
 When our fa - thers and our mothers,
 I shall see my bless - ed Sav - iour,
 And be car - ried up to glo - ry,
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.
 And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
 And our loved ones we shall see,
 Who so free - ly died for me,
 To our home so bright and fair, Hal - le - lu - jah!

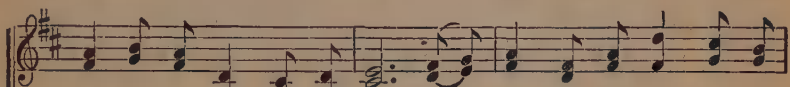
D. S.—Hallelujah! in that morning we shall rise.
 CHORUS.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! We shall rise!
 We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.
 In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, When death's pris - on bars are brok - en,


Arr. for this work.




1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pil - grim's ear, As he
 2. The mos - sy old graves where the pil - grim's sleep, Shall be
 3. There we'll meet all our loved ones in E - den our home, Sweet
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - gain, In a



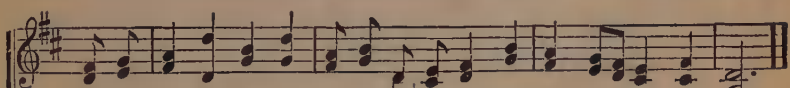
wan - ders in ex - ile from home; Soon, soon will the Sav - ior in
 o - pened as wide as be - fore; And the mil - lions that sleep in the
 songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south all the
 lit - tle while we shall be there; Oh, be faith - ful, be hope - ful, be



CHORUS.
 glo - ry ap - pear, And soon will His king - dom come.
 might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more. He's coming,
 ransom'd shall come, And wor - ship our heav'n - ly King.
 joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry wear.



com - ing, com - ing soon I know, Com - ing back to this earth to reign;



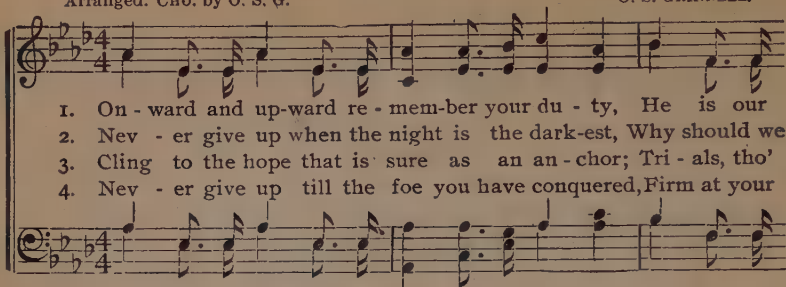
And the wea - ry pil - grim will to glo - ry go, When Je - sus comes a - gain.

No. 54.

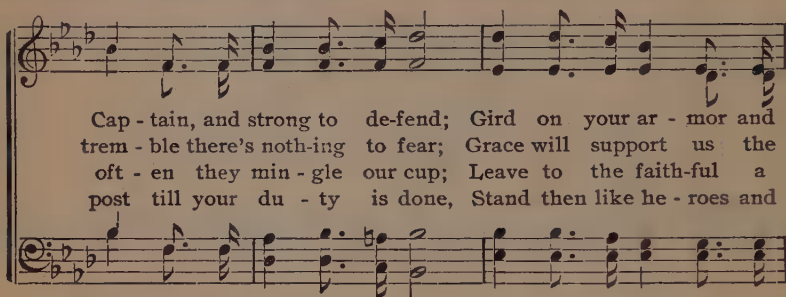
Onward and Upward.

Arranged. Cho. by O. S. G.

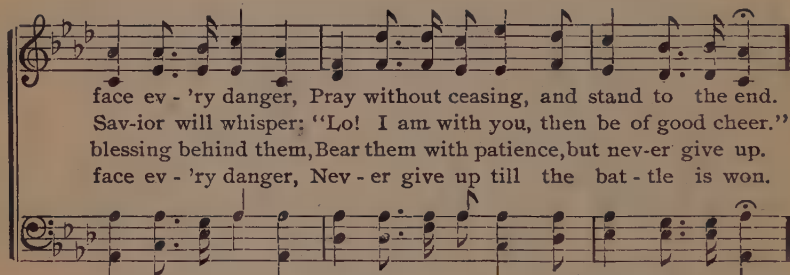
O. S. GRINNELL.



1. On - ward and up - ward re - mem - ber your du - ty, He is our
 2. Nev - er give up when the night is the dark - est, Why should we
 3. Cling to the hope that is sure as an an - chor; Tri - als, tho'
 4. Nev - er give up till the foe you have conquered, Firm at your

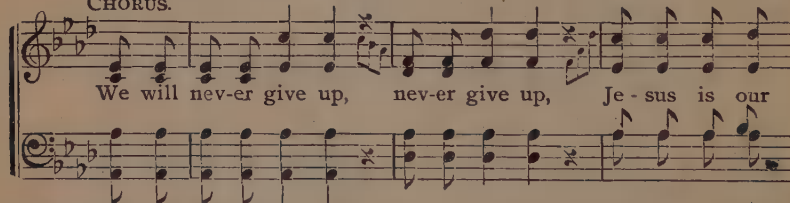


Cap - tain, and strong to de - fend; Gird on your ar - mor and
 trem - ble there's noth - ing to fear; Grace will support us the
 oft - en they min - gle our cup; Leave to the faith - ful a
 post till your du - ty is done, Stand then like he - roes and

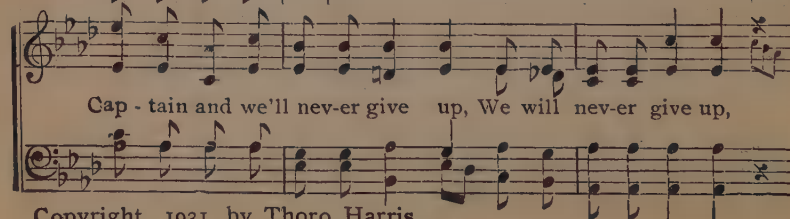


face ev - 'ry danger, Pray without ceasing, and stand to the end.
 Sav - ior will whisper; "Lo! I am with you, then be of good cheer."
 blessing behind them, Bear them with patience, but nev - er give up.
 face ev - 'ry danger, Nev - er give up till the bat - tle is won.

CHORUS.



We will nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Je - sus is our



Cap - tain and we'll nev - er give up, We will nev - er give up,

Onward and Upward, Concluded.

nev-er give up; Onward, looking upward and we'll never give up.

No. 55. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temptations? Is there trouble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care,

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!
 We should never be dis - couraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!

Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!
 Je - sus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

No. 56.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER.

(NICEA. P. M.)

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly. Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! All Thy work shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Ser - aphim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art Ho - ly!
 praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 falling down before Thee, Which wert and art, and evermore shall be.
 there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur-i - ty.
 Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

No. 57. Jesus, Lover of My Soul,

C. WESLEY.

(MARTYN. 7 D.)

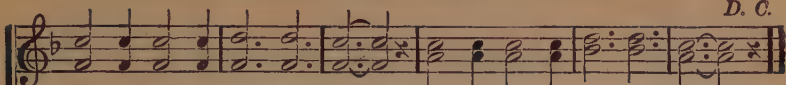
S. B. MARSH

Fine.

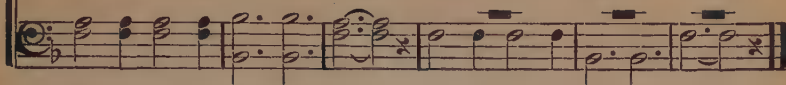
I. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
 D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Concluded.

D. C.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

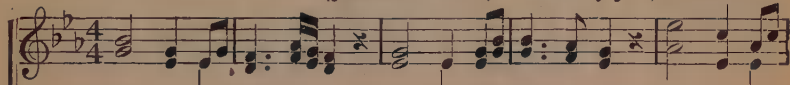


2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

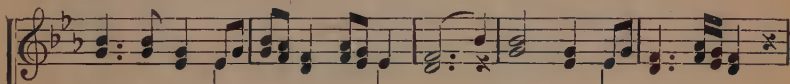
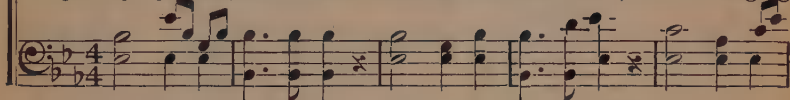
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 58. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

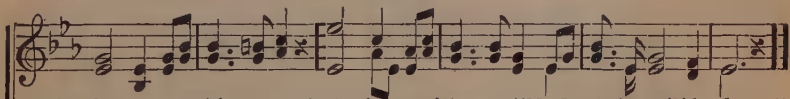
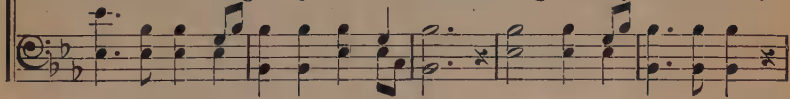
(JEWETT. 6s. D.) Art. by J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,
future scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home above,



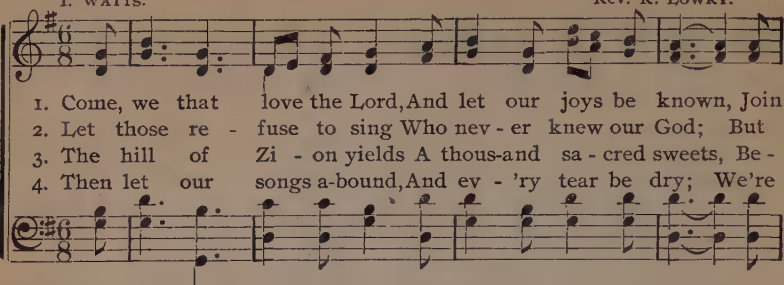
Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrow'd oft alone, If I must weep with thee "My Lord, thy will be done."
I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death "My Lord, thy will be done."



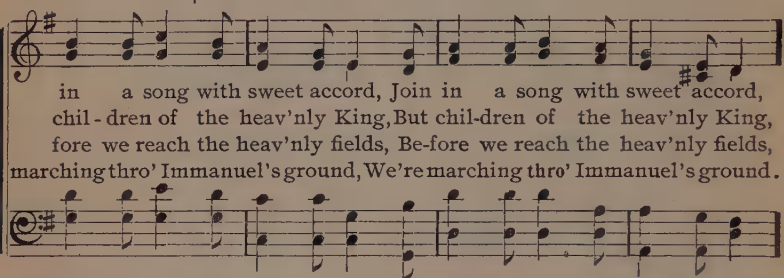
No. 59. We're Marching to Zion.

I. WATTS.

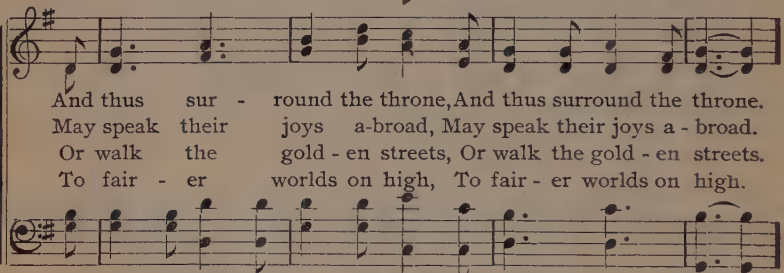
Rev. R. LOWRY.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



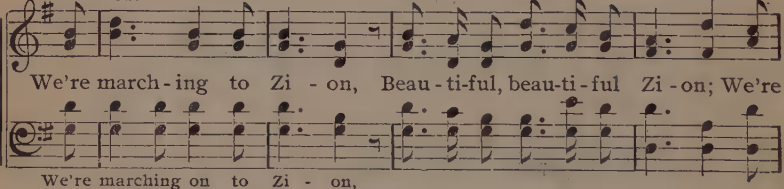
in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord,
 chil - dren of the heav'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King,
 fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground.



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

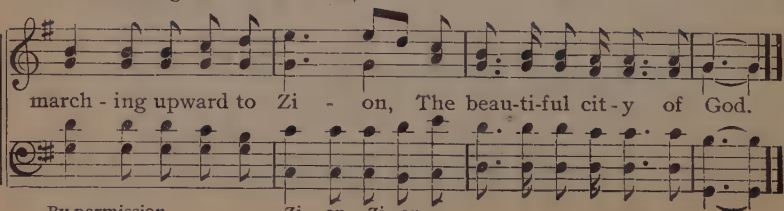
And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're

We're marching on to Zi - on,



march - ing upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

By permission.

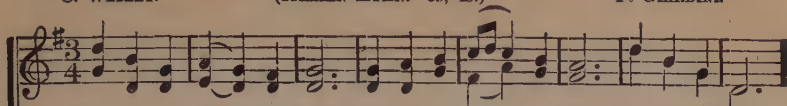
Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 60. Come, Thou Almighty King.

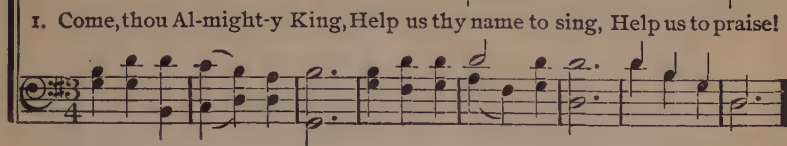

C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 68, 48.)

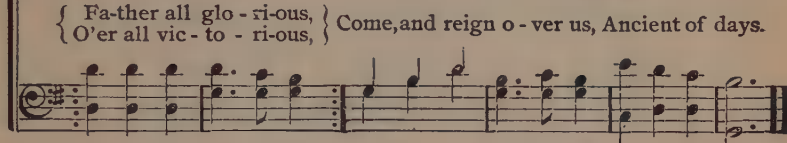
F. GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou Al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!

{ Fa-ther all glo-ri-ous, } Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days.
{ O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, }



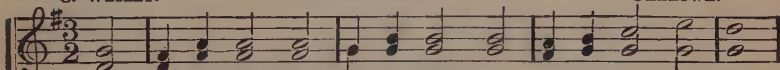
2 Come, holy Comforter.
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

3 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be;
Hence, evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

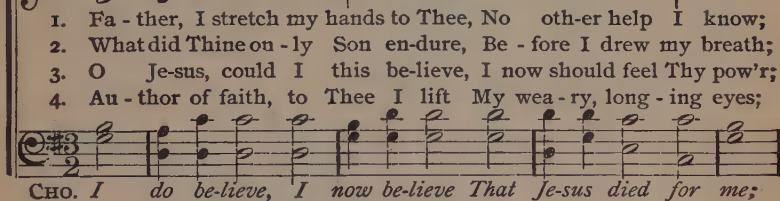
No. 61. I Do Believe.

C. WESLEY.

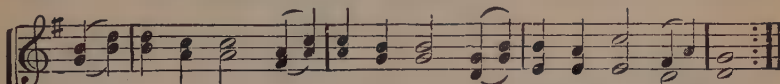
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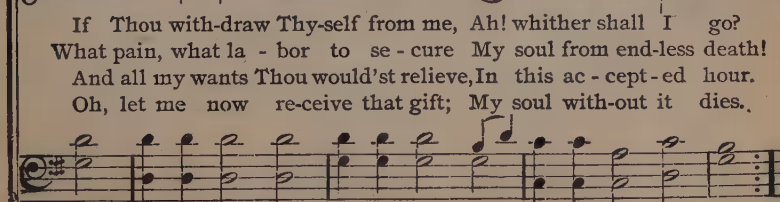
1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did Thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au-thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;



CHO. I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;



If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
Oh, let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.



And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood I shall from sin be free!

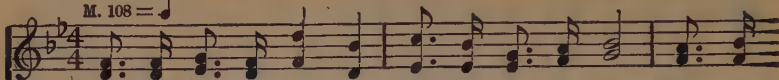
Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Wm. O. Cushing.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

Geo. F. Root.

M. 108 = ♩

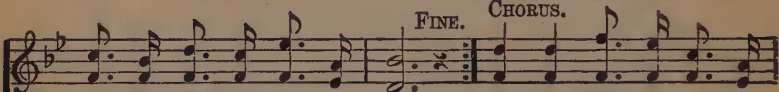


1. { Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a
See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-
2. { Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the
Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way, And is
3. { Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day; An-gels
Tell the joy-ful ti-dings, bear it far a-way, For a



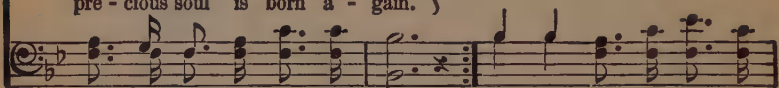
D. C.—'Tis the ransomed ar-my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing

FINE. CHORUS.



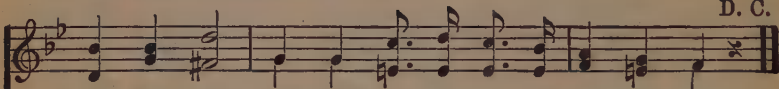
soul re-turn-ing from the wild; }
ing His wear-y, wan-d'ring child. }
wan-d'r'er now is rec-on-ciled; }
born a-new, a ran-somed child. }
swell the glad tri-um-phant strain; }
pre-cious soul is born a-gain. }

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the

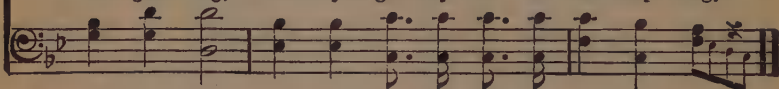


forth the an-them of the free.

D. C.



an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

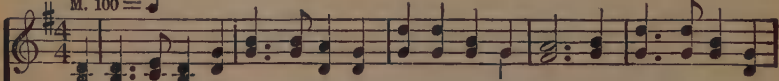


Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

M. 100 = ♩

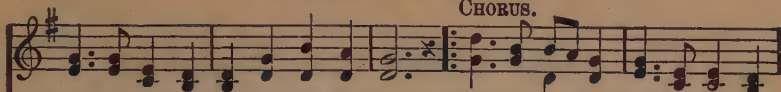


1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the



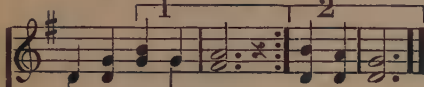
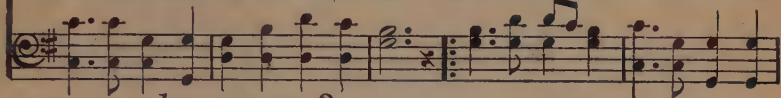
Only Trust Him.

CHORUS.



give you rest by trusting in His word.
crimson flood that washes white as snow.

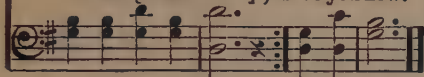
{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
He will save you, He will save you,



On - ly trust Him now; }
He will [Omit] }

save you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.



4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

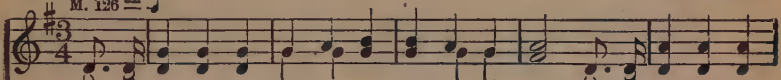
64

Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

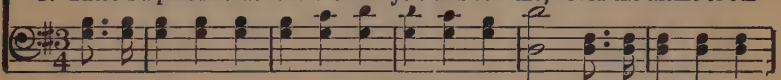
P. P. B.

P. P. Bhs.

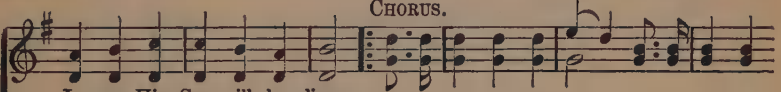
M. 126 = J



1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the pathway be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is
3. Man - y loved ones have I in this rapturous throng; They are safe now in
4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

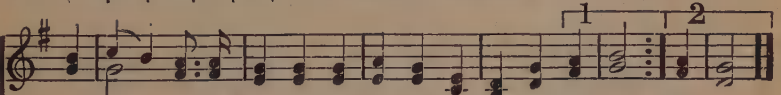
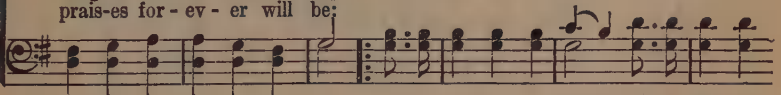


CHORUS.



Je - sus His Son will be - lieve,
a - ble to car - ry me thro'.

Je - sus, and this is their song: Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on
song of sal - va - tion they sing.
prais - es for - ev - er will be;



the Son; I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; fied One.




No. 65.


Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS.

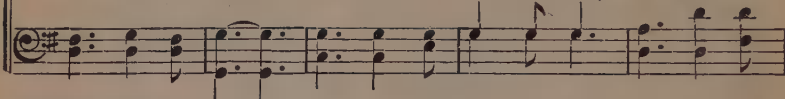
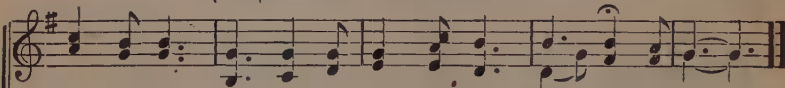
P. P. BLISS.



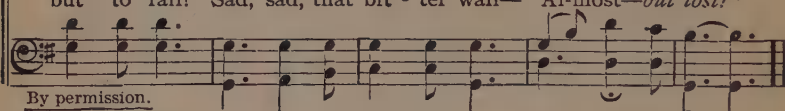
1. "Al - most persuaded" now to be - lieve, "Al - most persuaded"
2. "Al - most persuaded," come, come to - day; "Al - most persuaded,"
3. "Al - most persuaded," har - vest is past! "Al - most persuaded,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wand'r'er, come,
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"



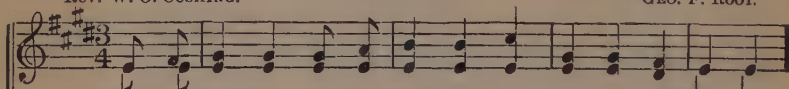
By permission.

No. 66.

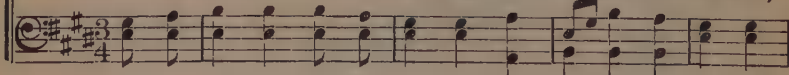
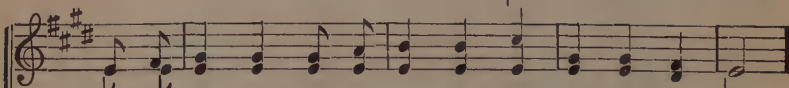
Jewels.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

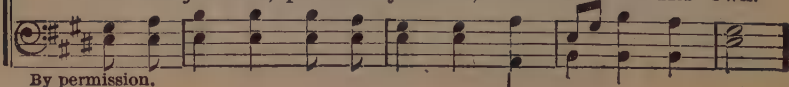
GEO. F. ROOT.



1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His kingdom:
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,

All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.



By permission.

Jewels. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

No. 67. Come, Sinner, Come.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

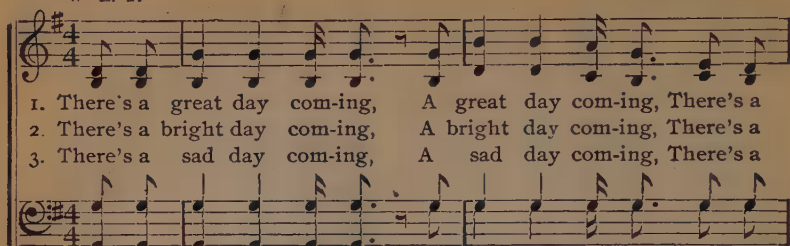
1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y lad-en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-
pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whis-pers to you,
Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

By per. of H. R. Palmer.

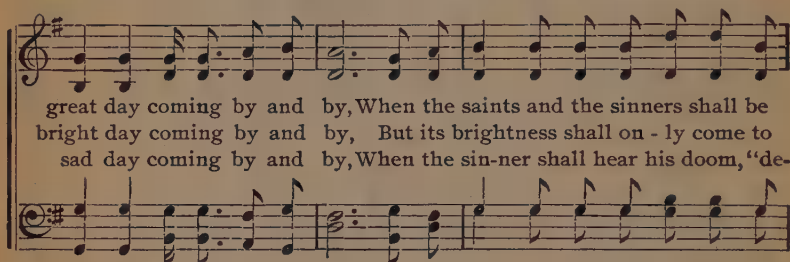
No. 68. Are You Ready for the Judgment Day?

W. L. T.

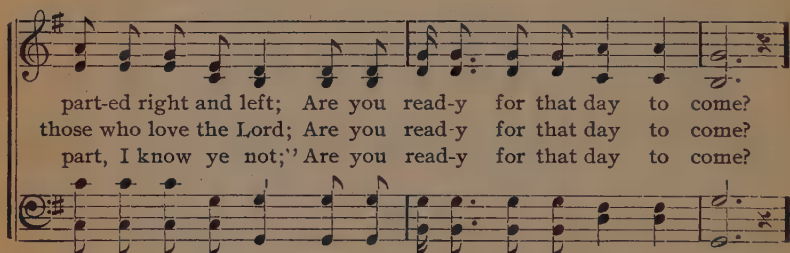
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

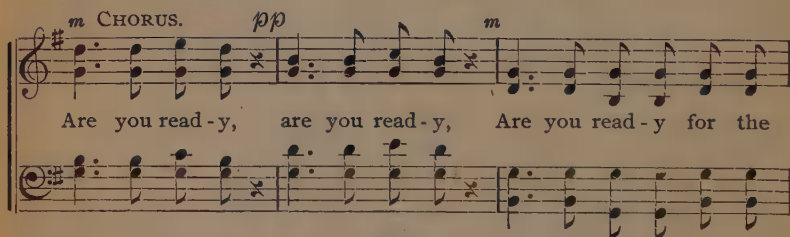


great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "de-



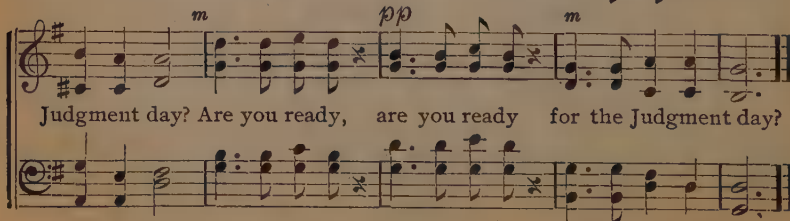
part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
 those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*



Are you read-y, are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

m *pp* *m*



Judgment day? Are you ready, are you ready for the Judgment day?

1. The King of glo - ry, O a - maz - ing sto - ry! Mov'd by a
 2. He bought sal - va - tion, Sin's pro - pi - ti - a - tion, Up - on a
 3. From Cal'ry's moun - tain Flows a heal - ing foun - tain; The pow'r of

heart of love, Came down from heav'n a - bove, Came to re - deem us,
 bit - ter tree, The cross of Cal - va - ry; His life was giv - en,
 God is shown, To all be - liev - ers known; The child of sor - row

And from sin to free us And make us heirs of life for - ev - er - more.
 Link - ing earth to heav - en: Now sin - ful man with God is rec - on - ciled.
 End - less joy may bor - row And all the world receive His boundless grace.

REFRAIN *f*

O hal - le - lu - jah! Praise God for - ev - er! For such a

Sav - ior, the Man di - vine, The God in - car - nate, Our might - y

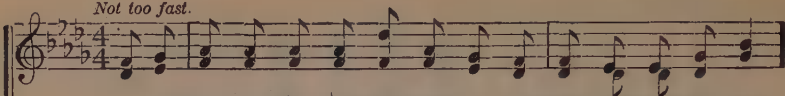
Sav - ior, And all His ful - ness may now be mine.

No. 70. Looking for the Dawning.

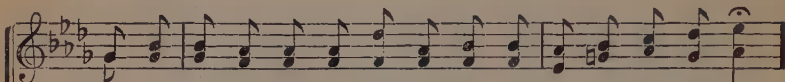
O. S. G.

Not too fast.

O. S. GRINNELL.



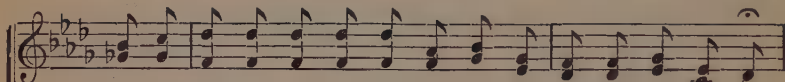
1. I am look-ing for the dawning Of a bright and bet-ter day,
2. I am look-ing, I am watching For the com-ing of the Lord,
3. I am look-ing, I am wait-ing For I know not when He'll come,



When the sky shall smile in beauty, When the night has passed away,
Who will clothe His church with power, By the spir - it of His word;
Like the Bride-groom for His chosen, On that day to take me home,



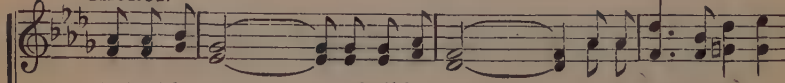
For the Lord has sure-ly promised, And we all should watch and pray,
Ev-'ry knee shall bow in rev'ence, Ev-'ry heart a trib - ute bring,
For He com-eth in the darkness Or at noon, or ev-en-tide,



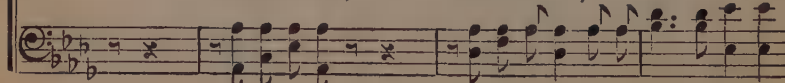
For His com-ing will be sud-den, On that great and glorious day.
And the nations must acknowledge The Redeemer, Lord and King.
And my on - ly hope is Je - sus, That in Him I may a - bide.



CHORUS.



I shall be there, I shall be there; For I know I shall be
I shall be there, I shall be there;



Looking for the Dawning. Concluded.

there, When the Lord shall come in might, In the glory of His light,
shall be there;

With the throng of an-gels bright, I shall be there?
I shall be there?

No. 71. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. PERRONET.

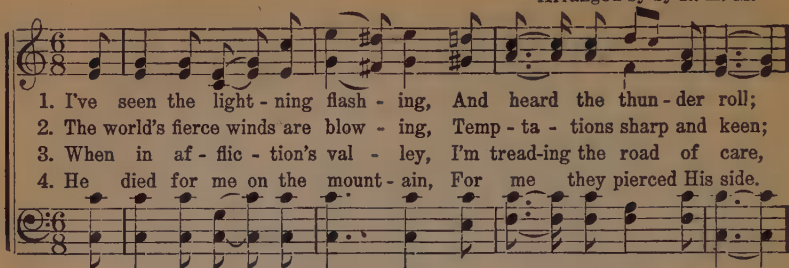
(CORONATION. C. M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

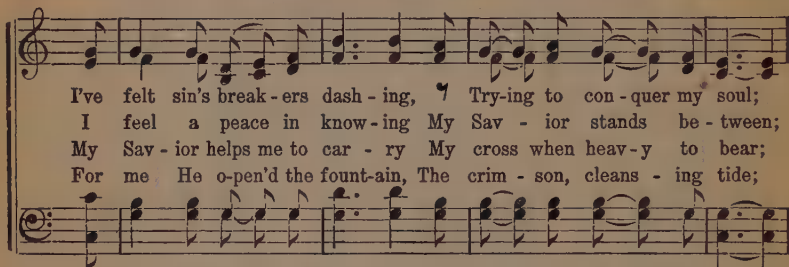
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball;
3. Oh, that with yon-der sacred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

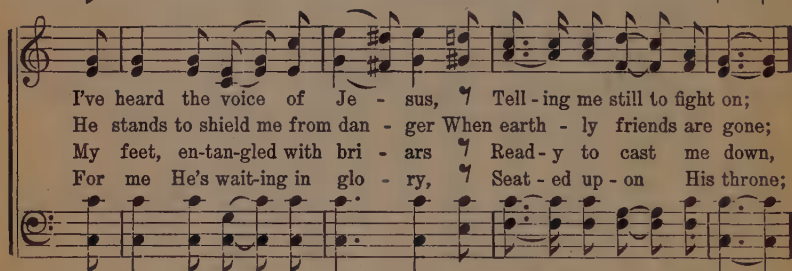
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



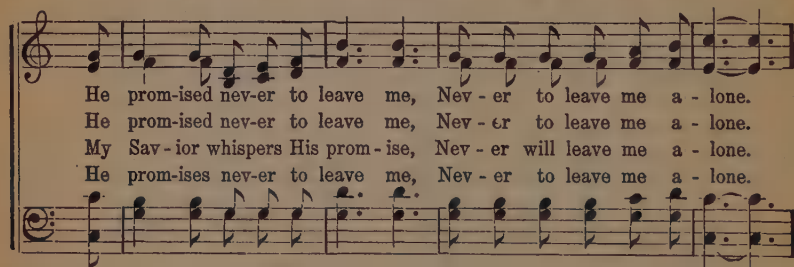
1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
 2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen;
 3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm tread - ing the road of care,
 4. He died for me on the mount - ain, For me they pierced His side.



I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, ♪ Try - ing to con - quer my soul;
 I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
 My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heav - y to bear;
 For me He o - pen'd the fount - ain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;

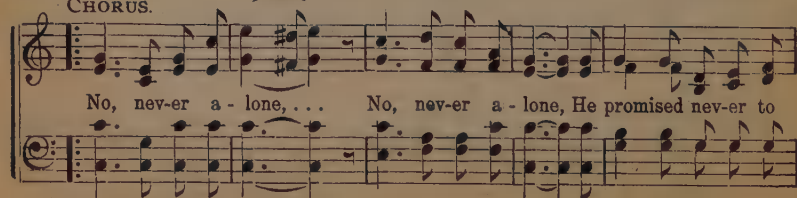


I've heard the voice of Je - sus, ♪ Tell - ing me still to fight on;
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
 My feet, en - tan - gled with bri - ars ♪ Read - y to cast me down,
 For me He's wait - ing in glo - ry, ♪ Seat - ed up - on His throne;



He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 My Sav - ior whispers His prom - ise, Nev - er will leave me a - lone.
 He prom - ises nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

CHORUS.



No, nev - er a - lone, . . . No, nev - er a - lone, He promised nev - er to

Never Alone. Concluded.

leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone; Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with two measures marked '1' and '2'. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

No. 73. What Hast Thou Done for Me?

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light,— My glo - ry cir - cled throne
3. I suf-ered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

The first system of the musical score for 'What Hast Thou Done for Me?' features a treble staff with a 6/8 time signature and a bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

That thou might'st ransomed be And quickened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

f
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee. What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

The third system of the musical score begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. It continues the melody and accompaniment, with the lyrics aligned with the notes.

By permission.

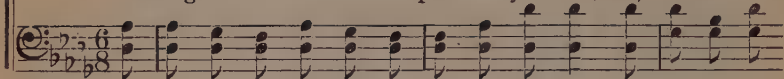
No. 74. The Master is at the Helm.

SALLIE KEEP BEST.

O. S. GRINNELL.



1. The thunder may roll and the lightning may flash, And o-ver the
2. The wind may be blow-ing and driving the spray, The fog may be
3. The boat may be driven thro' waves dark and deep, And under the
4. When high on the waves of temp-ta-tion you toss, Oh, think not of



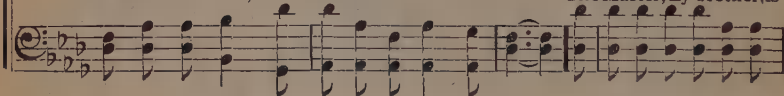
deck the wild bil-lows may dash, A sail or a mast may come
dense and the sky may be gray, Oh, do not de-spair till the
hatch-ways the riv - u - lets creep, Thro' storm and thro' tempest your
dan - ger, but cling to the cross, Safe in - to the har-bor you'll



CHORUS.



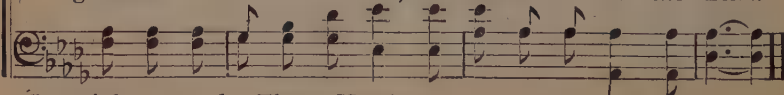
down with a crash, The Master is at the helm. The Mas - ter is
clouds clear a-way, The Master is at the helm.
soul He can keep, The Master is at the helm.
sail with-out loss, The Master is at the helm. The Master, my brother, is



there at the helm, The Mas - ter is there at the helm, Thro' storm He will
there at the helm, The Master, my brother is there at the helm,



guide and what-ev - er be - tide, The Mas-ter is at the helm.



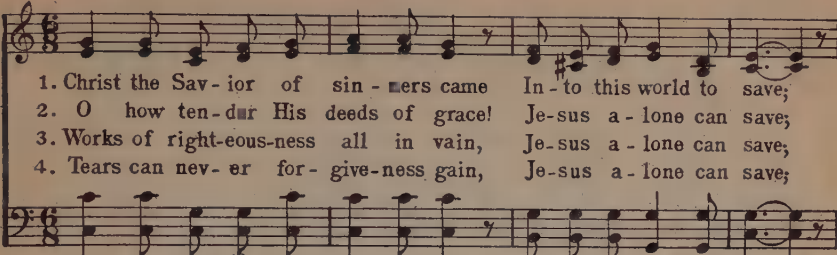
No. 75

Jesus Alone Can Save

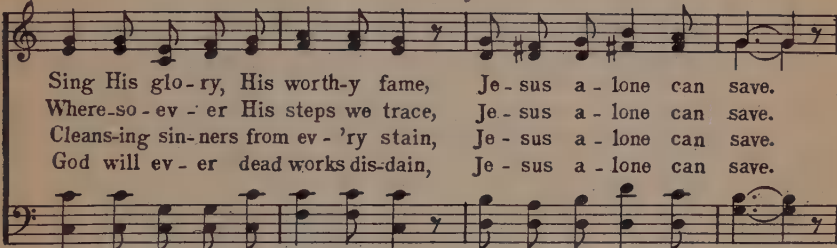
J. FLEMING

Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

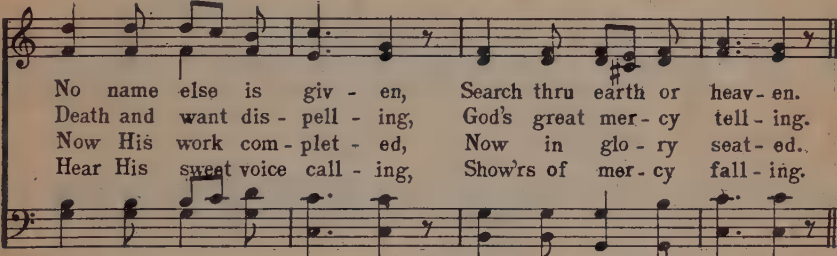
THORO HARRIS



1. Christ the Sav-ior of sin-ners came In-to this world to save;
 2. O how ten-d'r His deeds of grace! Je-sus a-lone can save;
 3. Works of right-eous-ness all in vain, Je-sus a-lone can save;
 4. Tears can nev-er for-give-ness gain, Je-sus a-lone can save;

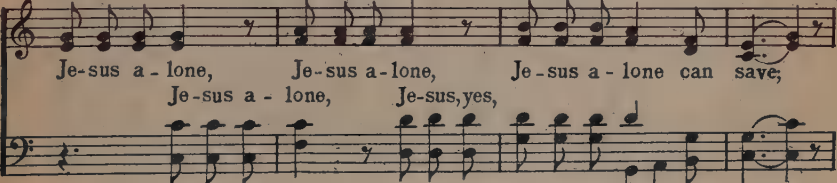


Sing His glo-ry, His worth-y fame, Je-sus a-lone can save.
 Where-so-ev-er His steps we trace, Je-sus a-lone can save.
 Cleans-ing sin-ners from ev-'ry stain, Je-sus a-lone can save.
 God will ev-er dead works dis-dain, Je-sus a-lone can save.

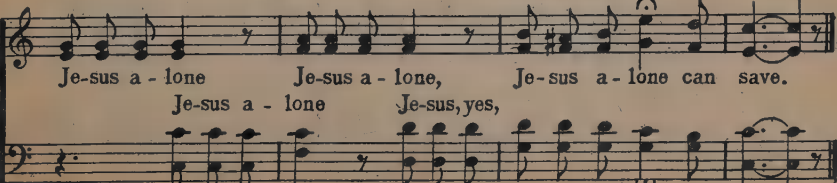


No name else is giv-en, Search thru earth or heav-en.
 Death and want dis-pell-ing, God's great mer-cy tell-ing.
 Now His work com-plet-ed, Now in glo-ry seat-ed.
 Hear His sweet voice call-ing, Show'rs of mer-cy fall-ing.

REFRAIN



Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone can save,
 Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus, yes,

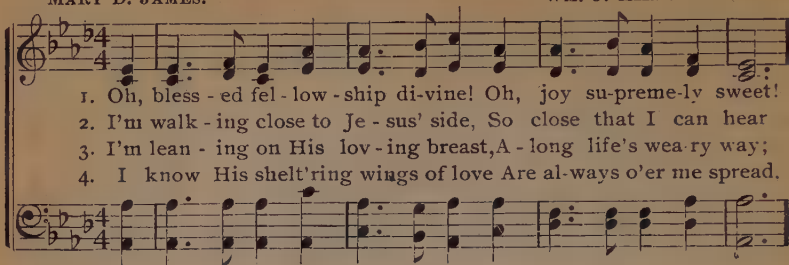


Je-sus a-lone Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone can save.
 Je-sus a-lone Je-sus, yes,

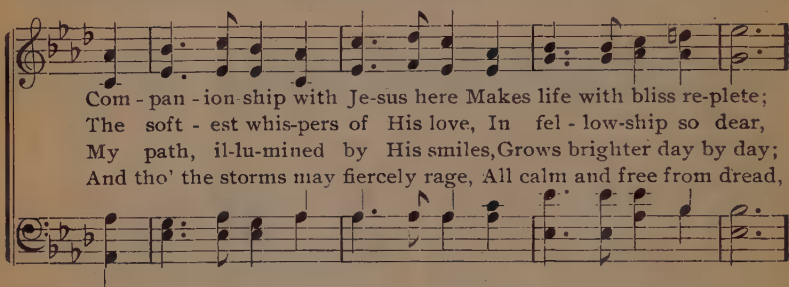
No. 76. Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

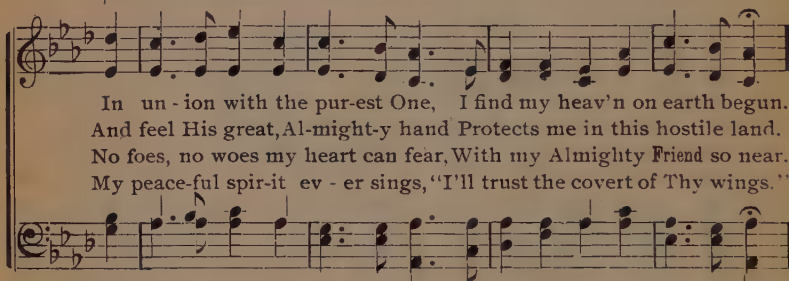
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh, joy su - preme - ly sweet!
 2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear
 3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast, A - long life's wea - ry way;
 4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread.

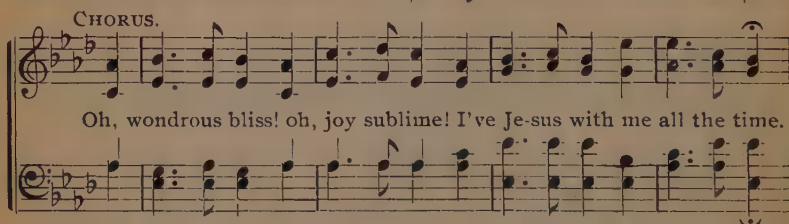


Com - pan - ion ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete;
 The soft - est whis - pers of His love, In fel - low - ship so dear,
 My path, il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day;
 And tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread,

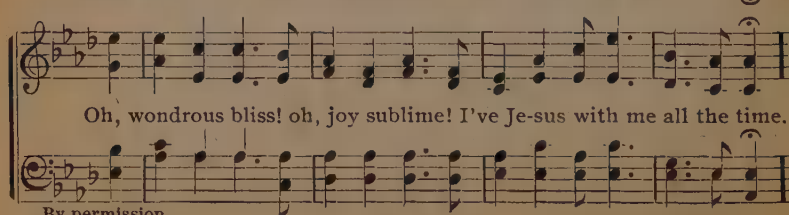


In un - ion with the pur - est One, I find my heav'n on earth begun.
 And feel His great, Al - might - y hand Protects me in this hostile land.
 No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Almighty Friend so near.
 My peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings, 'Till trust the covert of Thy wings."

CHORUS.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.

Satisfaction

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

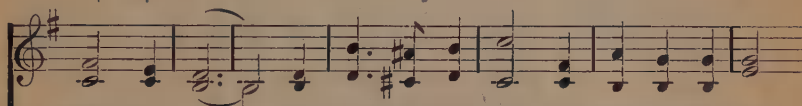
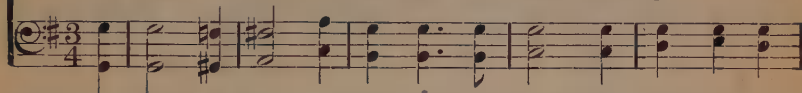
MILLIE COOPER

Copyright, 1927, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS



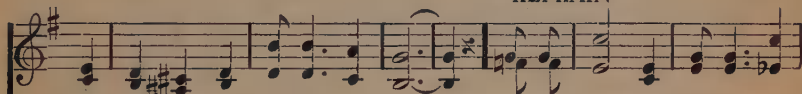
1. I long to see my Je - sus di - vine, The Lamb who has
 2. To see the Man once crown'd with the thorn, His nail - pierc-ed
 3. So thin the vail now stand-ing be - tween My dear, lov-ing
 4. O soon I know, He'll call me up there His glo - ri - fied



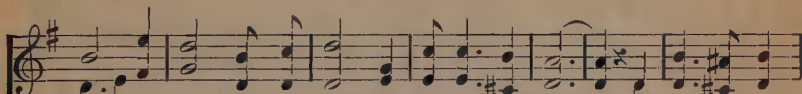
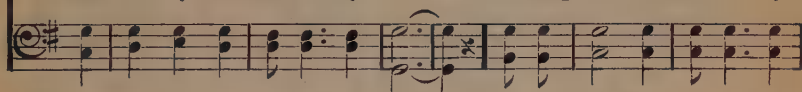
1. died for me, And look on His face, this Sav-ior of mine:
 2. hands to see, When I shall a - wake in that morn of morns:
 3. Lord and me; One touch of His hand will rend it in twain:
 4. face to see, His pres-ence di - vine for - ev - er to share:



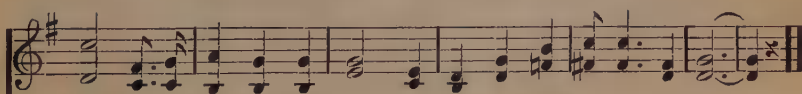
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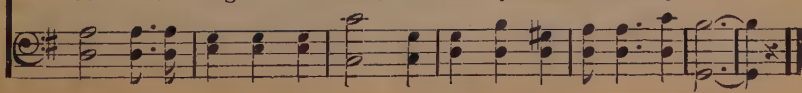
This on - ly will sat-is - fy me. Nothing else can sat-is - fy



me, (O no,) Nothing else can sat-is - fy me; To drink of His

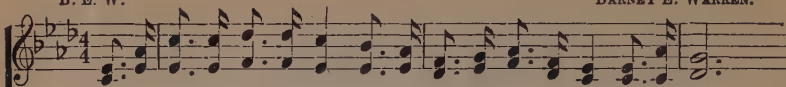


love in the king-dom a - bove, This on - ly will sat-is - fy me.

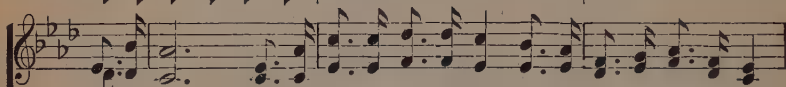
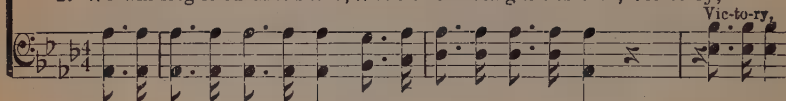


B. E. W.

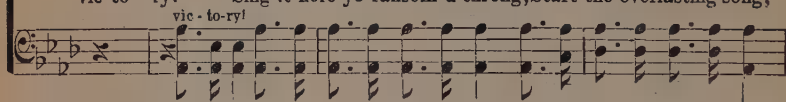
BARNEY E. WARREN.



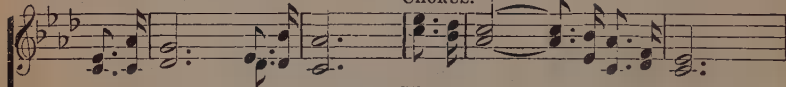
1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full sal-va-tion bro't, Vic-to-ry,
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry,
3. Shout your freedom ev'ry-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic-to-ry,



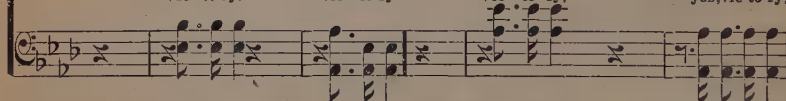
vic-to-ry! Let the pow'r of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail,
 vic-to-ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin,
 vic-to-ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of ev-'ry foe,
 vic-to-ry! Sing it here ye ransom'd throng, Start the everlasting song;



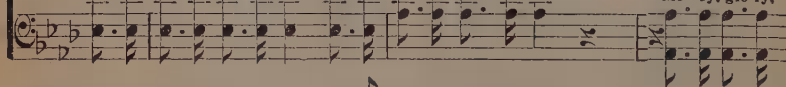
CHORUS.



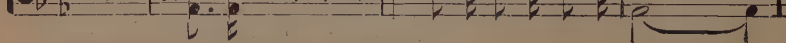
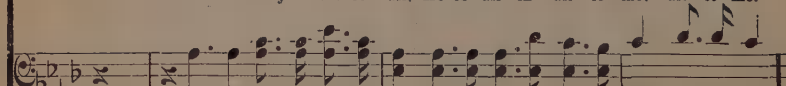
Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry,.... yes, vic-to-ry!
 Vic-to-ry. vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry, yes, vic-to-ry.



Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry, Glo-ry, glo-ry,
 Glo-ry, glo-ry.

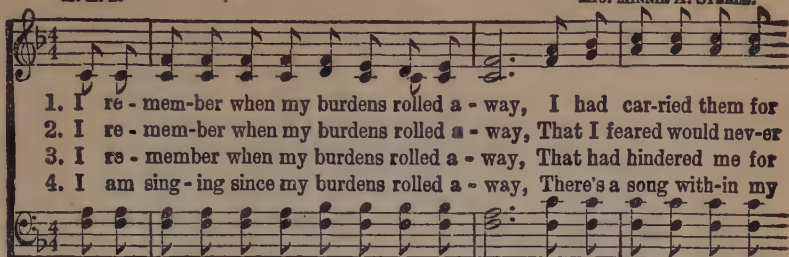


hal-le-lu-jah! He is all..... in all to me.....
 hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me, all to me.

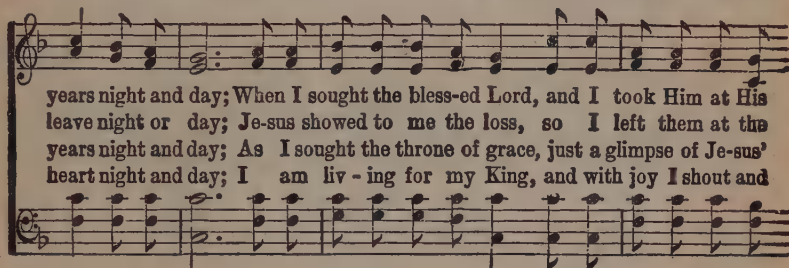


M. A. G.

Mrs. MINNIE A. STERIS.

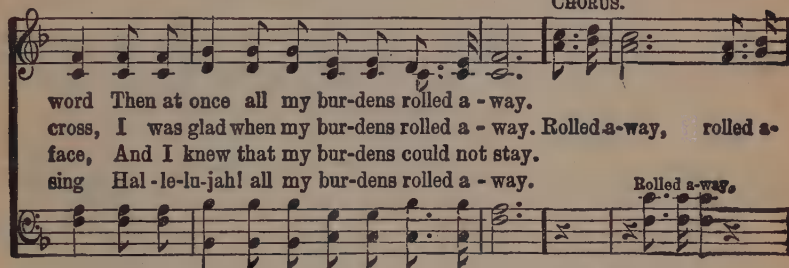


1. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a-way, I had car-ried them for
 2. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a-way, That I feared would nev-er
 3. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a-way, That had hindered me for
 4. I am sing-ing since my burdens rolled a-way, There's a song with-in my

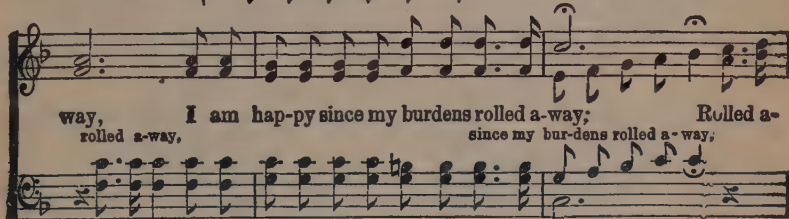


years night and day; When I sought the bless-ed Lord, and I took Him at His
 leave night or day; Je-sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the
 years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je-sus'
 heart night and day; I am liv-ing for my King, and with joy I shout and

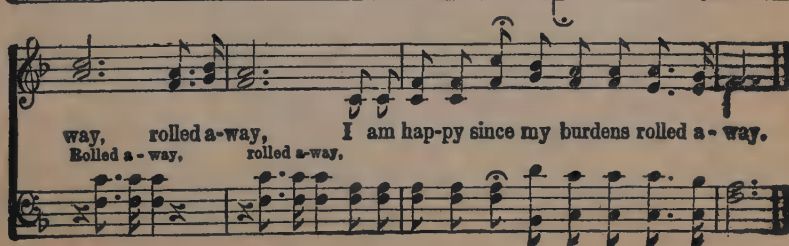
CHORUS.



word Then at once all my bur-dens rolled a-way.
 cross, I was glad when my bur-dens rolled a-way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
 face, And I knew that my bur-dens could not stay.
 sing Hal-le-lu-jah! all my bur-dens rolled a-way. Rolled a-way.



way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-
 rolled a-way, since my bur-dens rolled a-way;

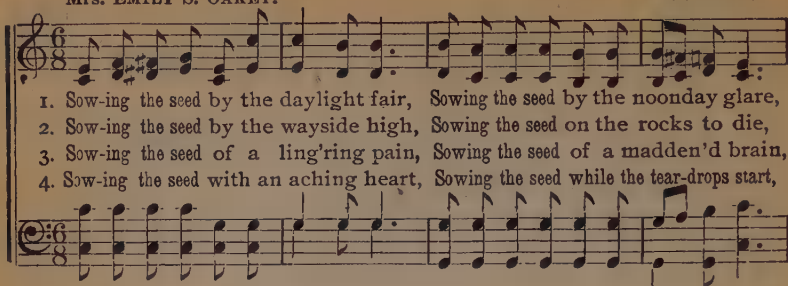


way, rolled a-way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a-way.
 Rolled a-way, rolled a-way,

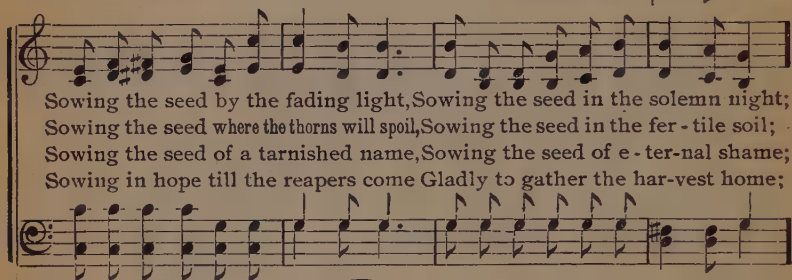
No. 80. What Shall the Harvest Be?

Mrs. EMILY S. OAKLEY.

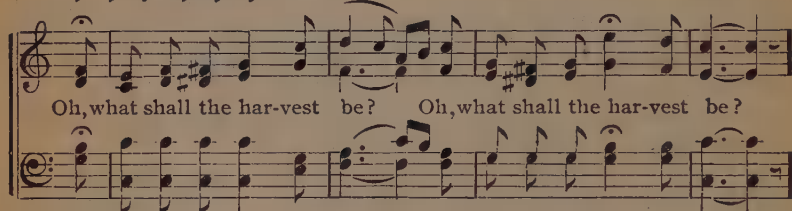
P. P. BLISS.



1. Sow-ing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 2. Sow-ing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 3. Sow-ing the seed of a ling'ring pain, Sowing the seed of a madden'd brain,
 4. Sow-ing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

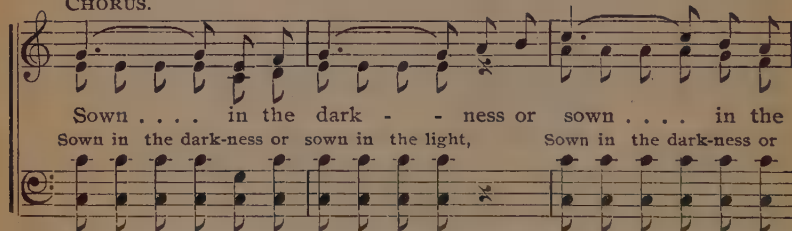


Sowing the seed by the fading light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come Gladly to gather the har-vest home;

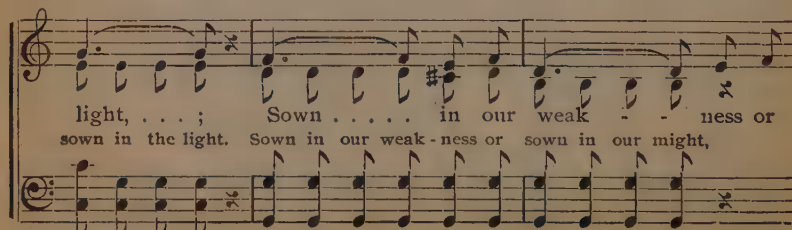


Oh, what shall the har-vest be? Oh, what shall the har-vest be?

CHORUS.



Sown in the dark - - ness or sown in the
 Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or



light, . . . ; Sown in our weak - - ness or
 sown in the light. Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,

By permission.

What Shall the Harvest Be? Concluded.

sown . . . in our might, . . . Gath - ered in time of e -
 Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time of e -

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be. . .
 ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

No. 81.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
 2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;
 4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

FINE.

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

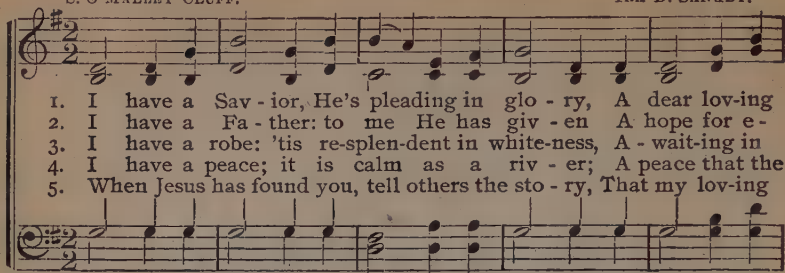
Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry:

By per.

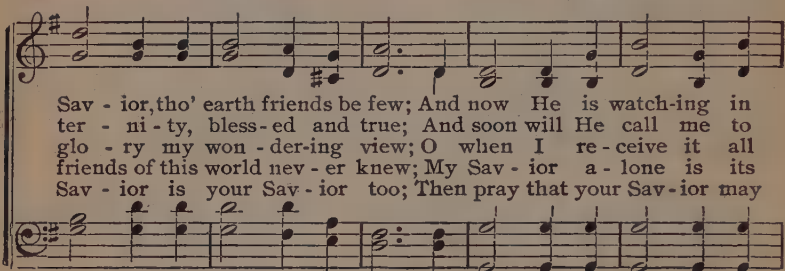
No. 82. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALLEY CLUFF.

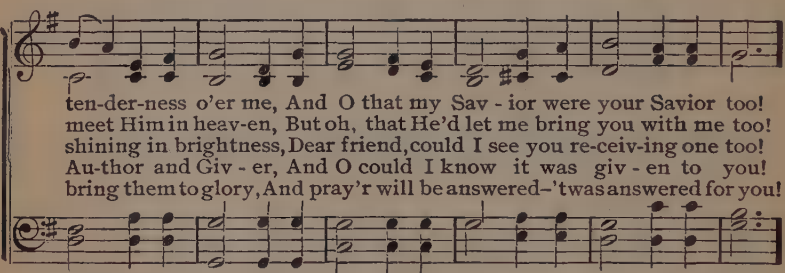
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. I have a Sav - ior, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in
 4. I have a peace; it is calm as a riv - er; A peace that the
 5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

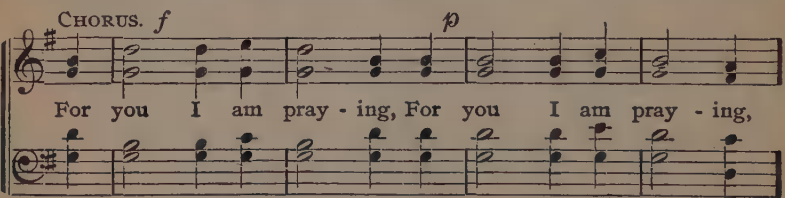


Sav - ior, tho' earth friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to
 glo - ry my won - der - ing view; O when I re - ceive it all
 friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - ior a - lone is its
 Sav - ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may



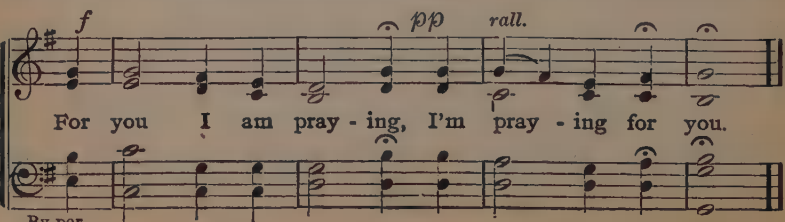
ten - der - ness o'er me, And O that my Sav - ior were your Savior too!
 meet Him in heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 shining in bright - ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
 Au - thor and Giv - er, And O could I know it was giv - en to you!
 bring them to glory, And pray'r will be answered - 'twas answered for you!

CHORUS. *f* *p*



For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

f *pp* *rall.*

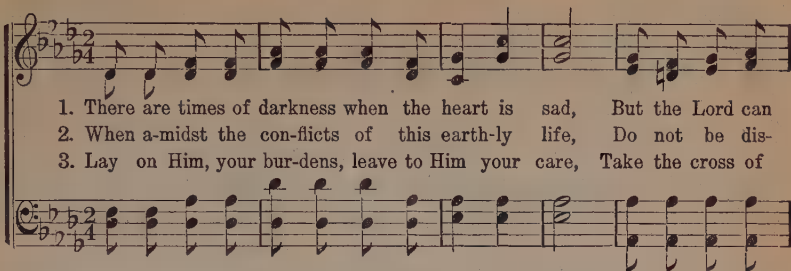


For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

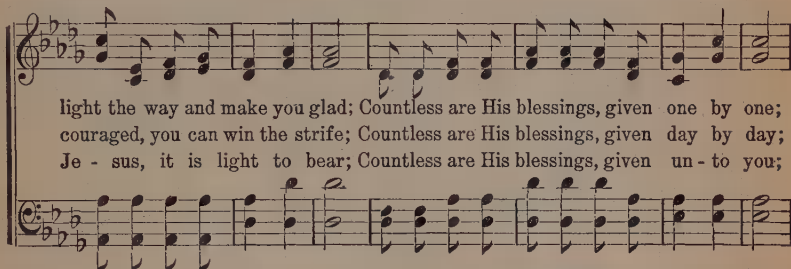
No. 83. Countless are His Blessings.

A. B. C.

Dr. A. B. CUNUS.



1. There are times of darkness when the heart is sad, But the Lord can
 2. When a-midst the con-flicts of this earth-ly life, Do not be dis-
 3. Lay on Him, your bur-dens, leave to Him your care, Take the cross of

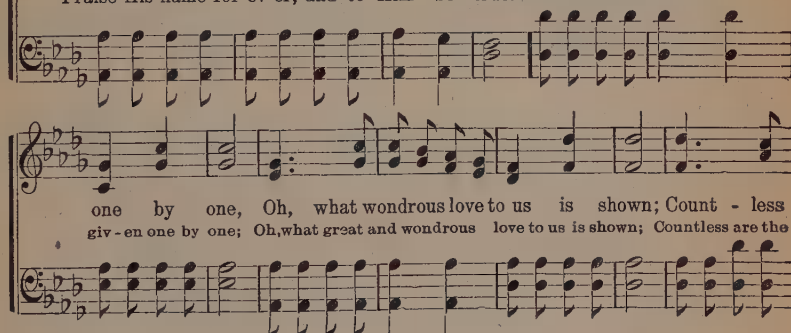


light the way and make you glad; Countless are His blessings, given one by one;
 couraged, you can win the strife; Countless are His blessings, given day by day;
 Je - sus, it is light to bear; Countless are His blessings, given un - to you;

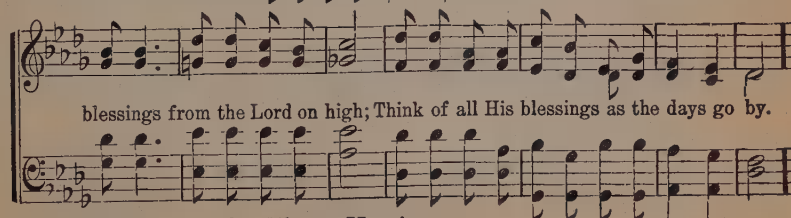


CHORUS.

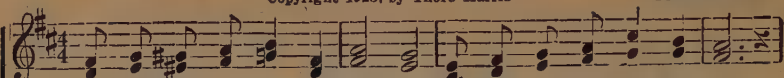
Think of all His wondrous love,—what He hath done. Count - less blessings given
 Think of them, and go re-joic-ing on your way.
 Praise His name for-ev-er, and to Him be true. Countless are His bless - ings



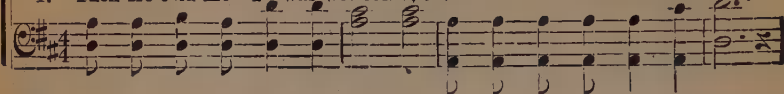
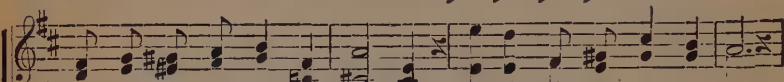
one by one, Oh, what wondrous love to us is shown; Count - less
 giv-en one by one; Oh, what great and wondrous love to us is shown; Countless are the



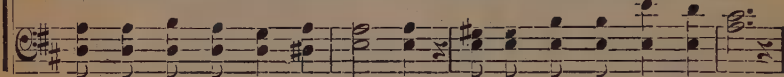

blessings from the Lord on high; Think of all His blessings as the days go by.



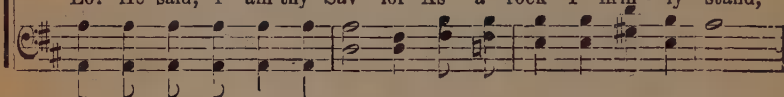

1. I have been a - lone with Je - sus, With my head up - on His breast,
2. With a trembling heart I told Him While with joy I ling - ered there,
3. Shall I tell you what He told me While I still was wait - ing there?
4. Then He told me I was wel - come, Ev - er - more with Him to stay,


For I was so ver - y lone - ly, Long - ing so for peace and rest;
 All the bur - den of my sor - ow, All my heav - y weight of care,
 For it took a - way my trou - ble, Chas - ing all my grief and care.
 And He said that He would nev - er Cast His trust - ing child a - way.

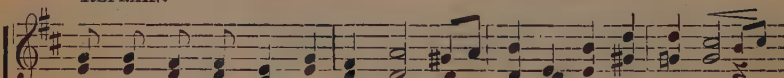
I have been a - lone with Je - sus And He bade me wait a - while;
 How the voice of Sa - tan's whisp'ring, Oft en - ticed me in - to sin,
 Je - sus told me how He lov'd me Tho a way - ward err - ing child,
 Lo! He said, I am thy Sav - ior As a rock I firm - ly stand;

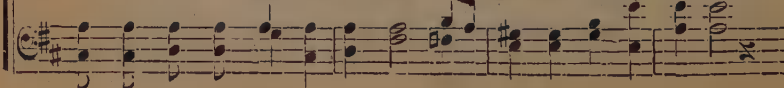
O, I felt it ver - y pre - cious In the sun - shine of His smile.
 And I asked Him if I might not Stay for - ev - er there with Him.
 And I felt so ver - y hap - py As He look'd on me and smil'd.
 Come and rest be - neath my shad - ow In this wear - y thirst - y land



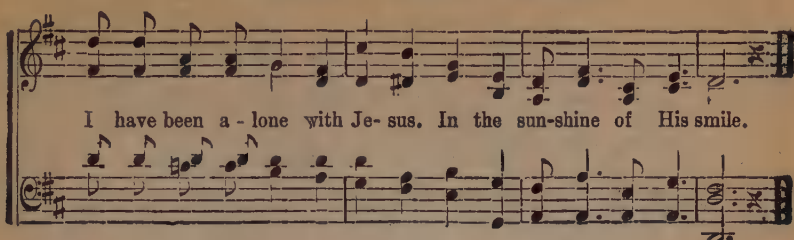
REFRAIN.



I have been a - lone with Je - sus My gen - tle, lov - ing Je - sus;



I Have Been Alone With Jesus



I have been a - lone with Je - sus. In the sun - shine of His smile.

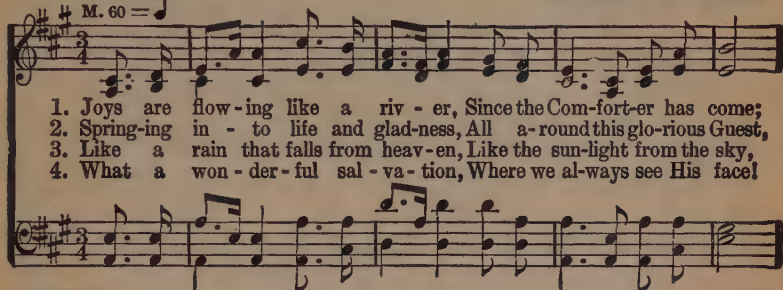
85

Holy Quietness.

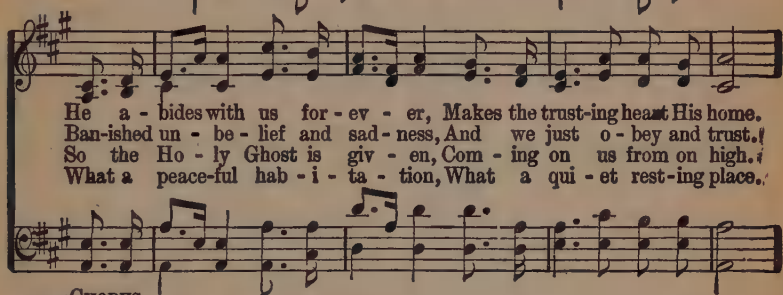
M. P. Ferguson.

Arr. from W. S. Marshall.

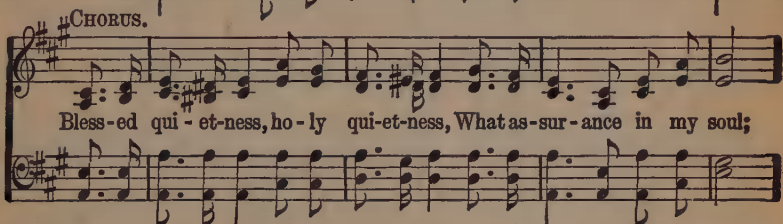
M. 60 = 



1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
2. Spring - ing in - to life and glad - ness, All a - round this glo - rious Guest,
3. Like a rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face!

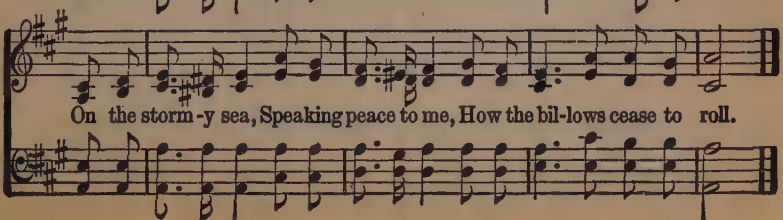


He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust - ing heart His home.
 Ban - ished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and trust.
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
 What a peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place.



CHORUS.

Bless - ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et - ness, What as - sur - ance in my soul;



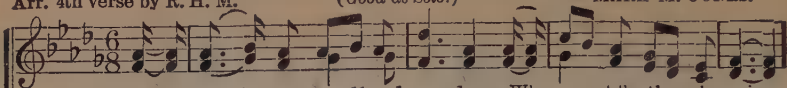
On the storm - y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the bil - lows cease to roll.

No. 86. The Bird with a Broken Wing.

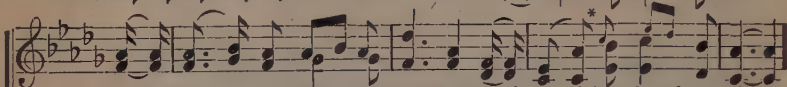
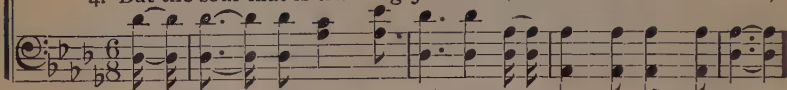
Arr. 4th verse by R. H. M.

(Good as Solo.)

MARK M. JONES.



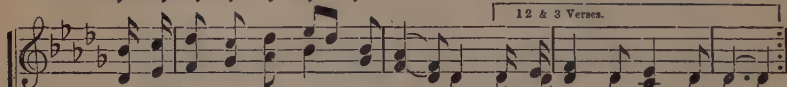
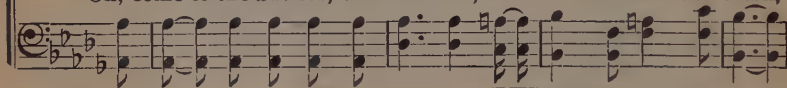
1. I walked in the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life bro - ken By sin's se - duct - ive art,
3. But the bird with a bro - kon pin - ion Kept an - oth - er from the snare;
4. But the soul that is trust - ing Je - sus From sin is ev - er free,



And found on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a bro - ken wing.
And, touch'd with a child - like pit - y I took him to my heart;
And the life that sin had stricken Rais'd an - oth - er from de - spair,
And the life that is cleans'd and pardon'd Shall with Him in glo - ry be;



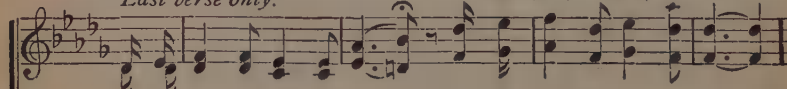
I heal'd its wing, and each morning It sang its old sweet strain,
He lived with a no - ble pur - pose, And struggled not in vain,
Each loss has its own com - pen - sa - tion, There are healings for each pain
Oh, come to the Sav - ior, who heal - eth, No sin will then re - main,



But the bird with the broken pin - ion Nev - er soar'd as high a - gain.
But the life that with sin is bro - ken Nev - er soar'd as high a - gain.
But the bird with the bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soar'd as high a - gain.
By the grace which He gives so free - ly, (*Omit.*)



Last verse only.



You may soar as high a - gain, You may soar as high a - gain.



Stars for His Crown

Copyright, 1926, by Thoro Harris FANNIE BIRDSALL BULA

1. I am mus - ing to-day of the years that are gone, Of the
2. In the eve - ning of life when the sun sinks to rest And my
3. O, I long for that land where no death ev - er comes And where
4. O what bliss shall be mine when the sto - ry is told, If I've

1. friends I have loved and have lost, All re-splendant and blest shall I
2. race on the earth has been run, When I en - ter the land of the
3. part - ing and sor - rows are o'er, Safe - ly home to my breast all my
4. sheaves for the One I a - dored! It will sweet - en my bliss in the

1. meet them a - gain When the cold stream of death I have crossed?
2. pure and the blest, Will my soul find a glad wel - come home?
3. loved will re - turn As I cross to its glo - ri - fied shore.
4. cit - y of gold, If I've won man - y souls for my Lord.

CHORUS

Will there be an - y glad - ness in heav - en for me, Will I have an - y

sheaves to lay down? When my Sav - ior I see, will His
to lay down?

smile welcome me? Will I have ma - ny stars for His crown (for His crown)?

T. H.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. When God's own hand makes all things new, And there shall be no more sea, His
 2. When Da-vid's Son shall take the throne And rule to the farthest sea, Thru
 3. When days of want are o-ver-past, And 'neath the life-giv-ing tree, The

glo-ry all the world shall view, And praise Him e-ter-nal-ly.....
 all the earth His name be known, We'll praise Him e-ter-nal-ly.....
 na-tions, gather'd home at last, Shall praise Him e-ter-nal-ly.....

Hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

E - den 'twill be, Glo - rious to see,
 Eden 'twill be, Glorious to see, yes, Eden 'twill be, fair and glorious to see,

Eden 'twill be, all glorious to see,

Fair - er than aught we had fan - cied could be, hal - le-lu-jah!
 Fairer than aught in our fondest dreams we had fancied could ev - er be,

E - den 'twill be, Glo - rious to see,
 E-den 'twill be, how glorious to see! Eden 'twill be, how glorious to see!

God Over All.

God o-ver all shall reign Thru years of e - ter - ni - ty (e-ter - ni - ty.)
 God o-ver all in glo-ry

89

The Half Was Never Told.

C. B. W.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

C. B. Widmeyer.

1. Led by God's al-might-y hand We are marching to a land Deck'd with glories
 2. We can nev-er com-pre-hend All the good our Lord hath plann'd, But their val-ue
 3. We have heard sweet voices sing, Till the domes of heav-en ring, And fair na-ture
 4. Soon we leave the shores of time, Mount to God's bright sunny clime, And possess the

1. mor-tal eyes did ne'er be-hold; And we've said, "One day will pay Me to climb the
 2. can-not be compar'd with gold; God's free bounty we shall share, Treasures rich and
 3. did her har-mon-ies un-fold; But the songs of an-gel choir Strike a chord di-
 4. land by prophets long fore-told; There will dawn one nightless day, And for-ev-er

D. S.—Till we meet at His right hand, We can nev-er
 FINE. CHORUS.

1. rug-ged way," But the half was nev-er told. O the half.... was nev-er
 2. treasures rare, But the half was nev-er told.
 3. vine-ly high'r, For the half was nev-er told.
 4. we shall stay, Yet the half was nev-er told. O the half

un-der-stand, For the half was nev-er told.

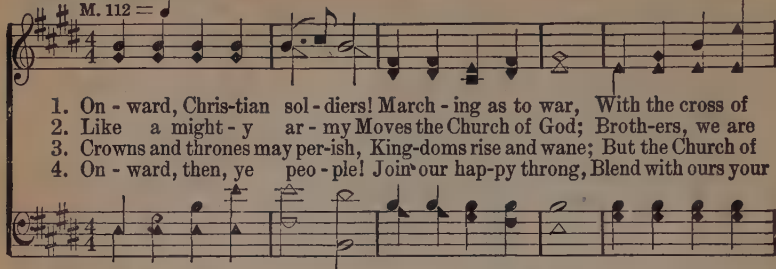
told, God has won - - ders to un-fold;
 was nev-er told, God has wonders, mighty wonders to un-fold;

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

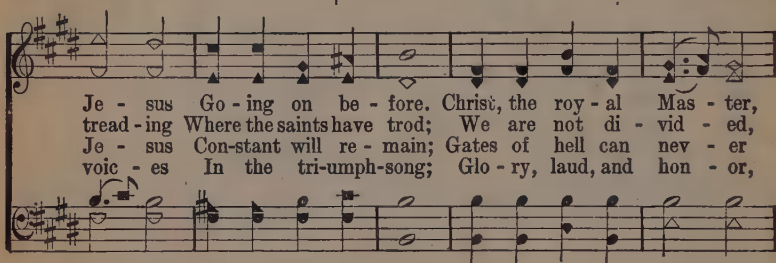
Sabine Baring-Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.

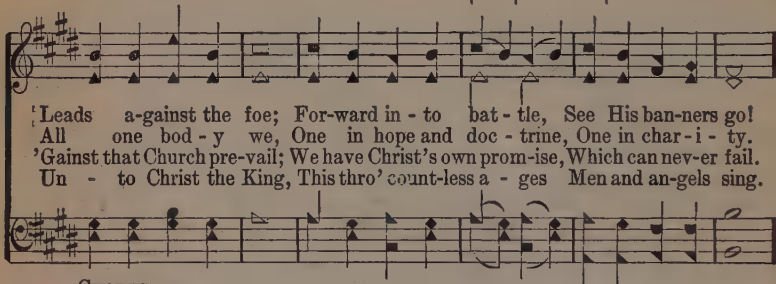
M. 112 =



1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
 tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er
 voic-es In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or,

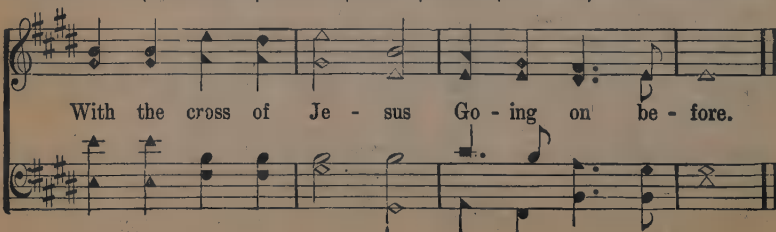


Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ners go!
 All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
 'Gainst that Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, Which can nev-er fail.
 Un-to Christ the King, This thro' count-less a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war,



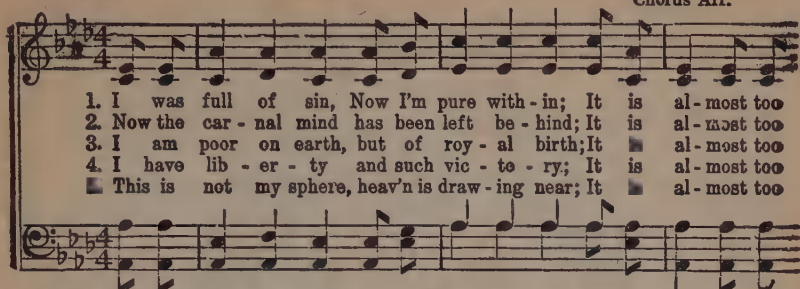
With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Almost Too Good to be True

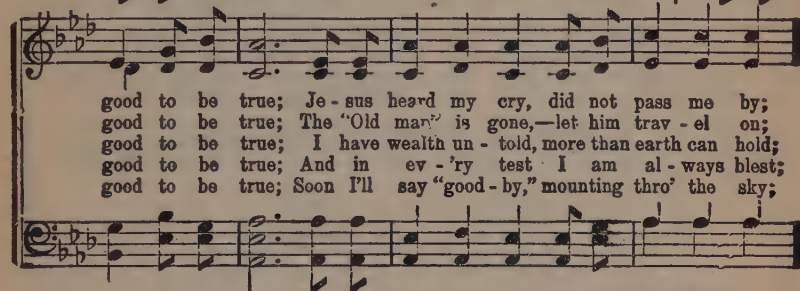
H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS

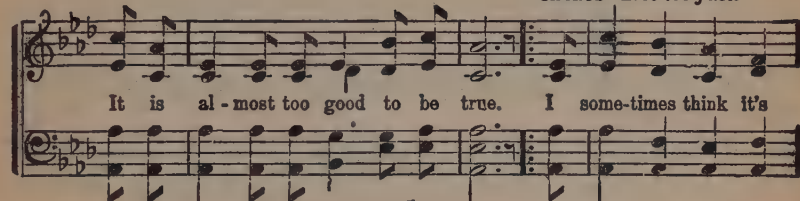
Chorus Arr.



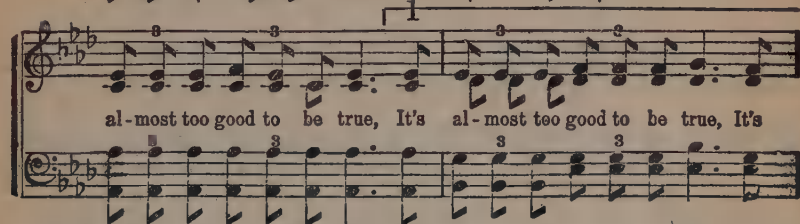
1. I was full of sin, Now I'm pure with-in; It is al-most too
 2. Now the car-nal mind has been left be-hind; It is al-most too
 3. I am poor on earth, but of roy-al birth; It is al-most too
 4. I have lib-er-ty and such vic-to-ry; It is al-most too
 ■ This is not my sphere, heav'n is draw-ing near; It is al-most too



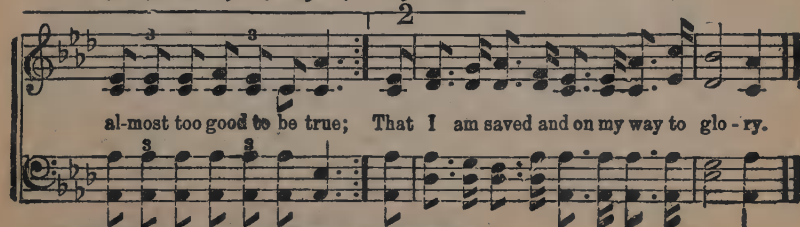
good to be true; Je-sus heard my cry, did not pass me by;
 good to be true; The "Old man" is gone,—let him trav-el on;
 good to be true; I have wealth un-told, more than earth can hold;
 good to be true; And in ev-'ry test I am al-ways blest;
 good to be true; Soon I'll say "good-by," mounting thro' the sky;

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*


It is al-most too good to be true. I some-times think it's



al-most too good to be true, It's al-most too good to be true, It's



al-most too good to be true; That I am saved and on my way to glo-ry.

Throw Out the Life Line

E.S. UFFORD

Copyright, 1926, by Thoro Harris

E.S.U. Arr. by THORO HARRIS

1. Throw out the life-line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
 2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong: Why do you
 3. Throw out the life-line to dan-ger fraught men Sink-ing in
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they

1. brother whom some-one should save, Somebody's brother! O
 2. tar-ry, why lin - ger so long? See, he is sink-ing! O
 3. anguish where you've nev - er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and
 4. drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore; Trust, now, His mer-cy so

1. who then will dare To throw out the life-line, his per-il to share?
 2. hast-en to - day, And out with the life-boat! a-way then, a-way!
 3. bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
 4. gracious and free, For Je - sus has thrown out the life line to thee.

REFRAIN

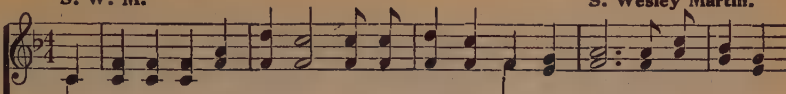
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some-one is

drift-ing a - way; Throw out the life-line!
 Some-one is drift-ing a - way;

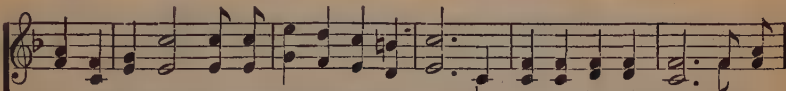
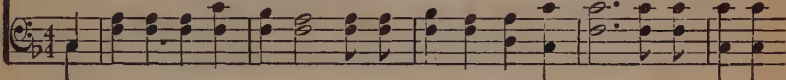
Throw out the life-line! Some-one is sink-ing to - day!

S. W. M.

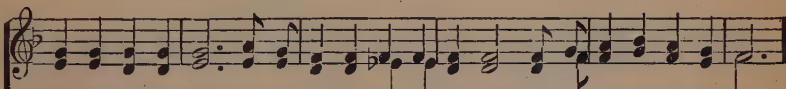
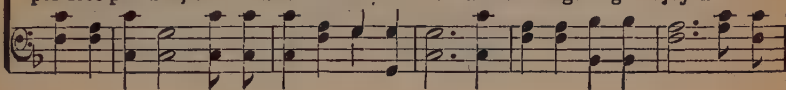
S. Wesley Martin.



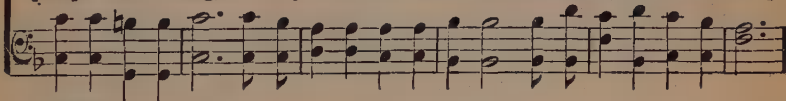
1. The Gos-pel bells are ring-ing, O-ver land, from sea to sea: Bless-ed news of
2. The Gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast pre-pared for all; Do not slight the
3. The Gos-pel bells give warn-ing, As they sound from day to day, Of the fate which
4. The Gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide, Bringing notes of



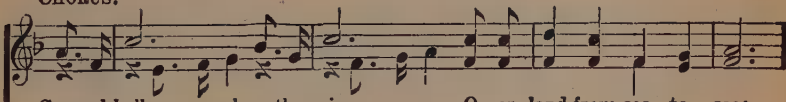
free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me. "For God so loved the world That His in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gracious call. "I am the bread of life; Eat of doth await them Who for-ev-er will de-lay. "Es-cape ye, for thy life; Tar-ry per-fect par-don, Thro' a Sav-iour cru-ci-fied. "Good ti-dings of great joy To all



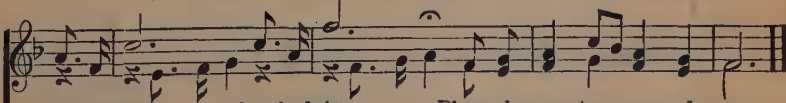
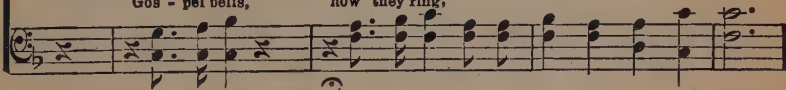
on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-last-ing life shall have." Me, thou hungry soul, Tho' your sins be red as crimson, They shall be as white as wool." not in all the plain, Nor be-hind thee look, oh, never, Lest thou be consumed in pain." peo-ple do I bring, Un-to you is born a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.



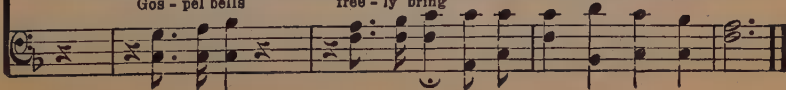
CHORUS.



Gos-pel bells, how they ring; O-ver land from sea to sea;
Gos - pel bells, how they ring,

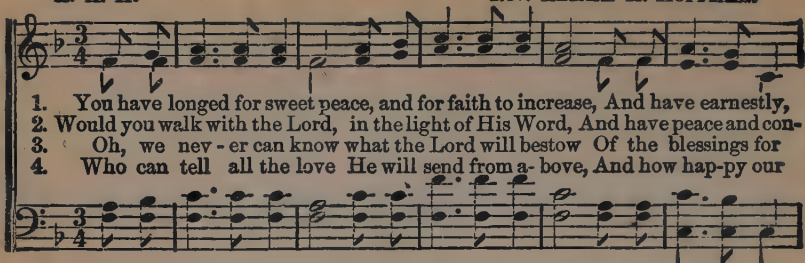


Gos-pel bells free-ly bring Bless-ed news to you and me.
Gos - pel bells free - ly bring

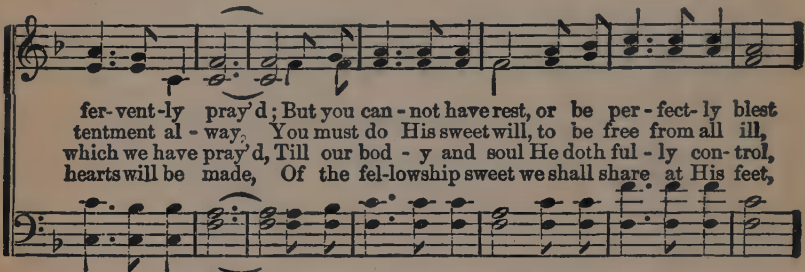


E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

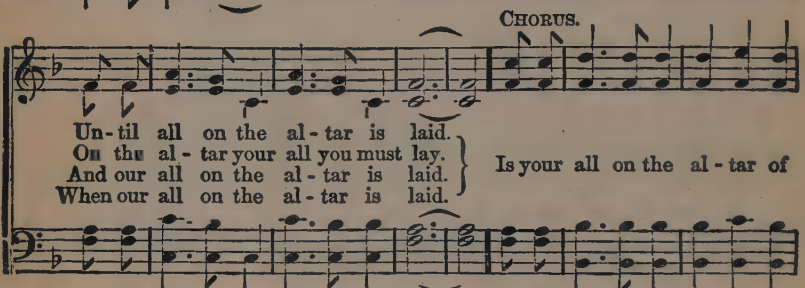


1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earnestly,
 2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-
 3. Oh, we nev-er can know what the Lord will bestow Of the blessings for
 4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a-bove, And how hap-py our

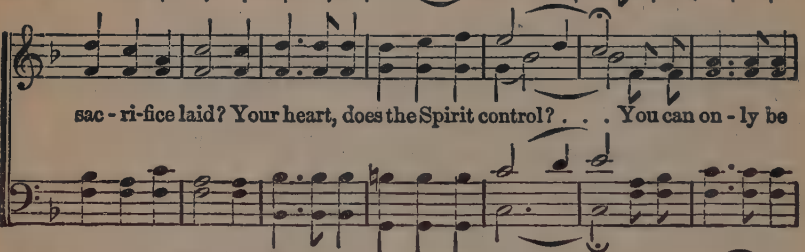


fer-vent-ly pray'd; But you can-not have rest, or be per-fect-ly blest
 tentment al-way. You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill,
 which we have pray'd, Till our bod-y and soul He doth ful-ly con-trol,
 hearts will be made, Of the fel-lowship sweet we shall share at His feet,

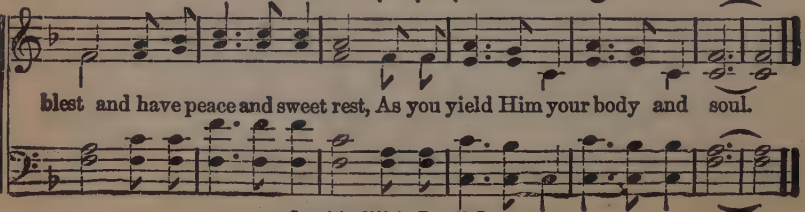
CHORUS.



Un-til all on the al-tar is laid.
 On the al-tar your all you must lay. } Is your all on the al-tar of
 And our all on the al-tar is laid.
 When our all on the al-tar is laid.



sac-ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit control? . . . You can on-ly be



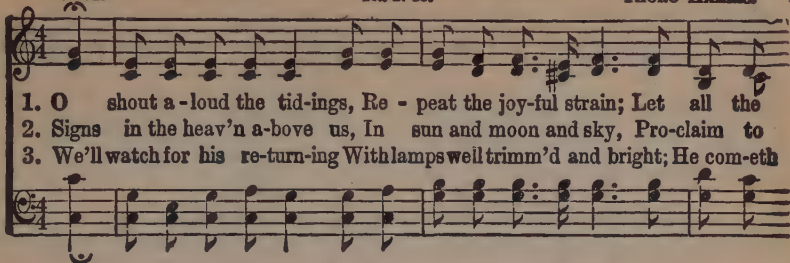
blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your body and soul.

Looking For That Blessed Hope.

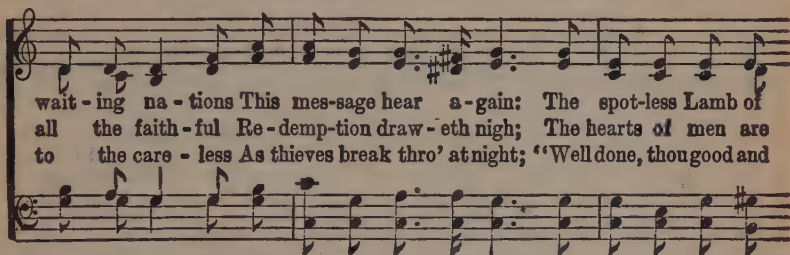
T. H.

Tit. 2: 13.

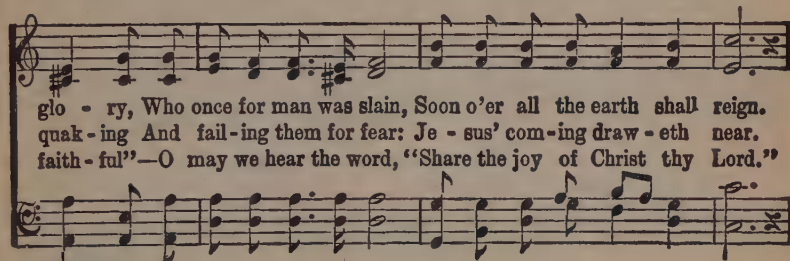
THORO HARRIS.



1. O shout a-loud the tid-ings, Re - peat the joy-ful strain; Let all the
 2. Signs in the heav'n a-bove us, In sun and moon and sky, Pro-claim to
 3. We'll watch for his re-tur-n-ing With lamps well trimm'd and bright; He com-eth

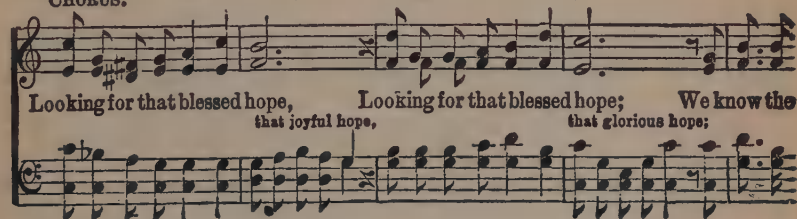


wait-ing na-tions This mes-sage hear a-gain: The spot-less Lamb of
 all the faith-ful Re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh; The hearts of men are
 to the care-less As thieves break thro' at night; "Well done, thou good and

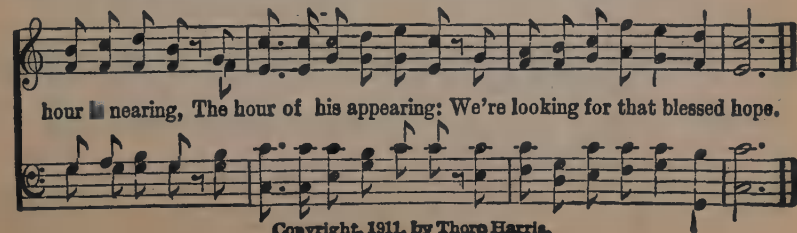


glo-ry, Who once for man was slain, Soon o'er all the earth shall reign.
 quak-ing And fail-ing them for fear: Je-sus' com-ing draw-eth near.
 faith-ful"—O may we hear the word, "Share the joy of Christ thy Lord."

CHORUS.



Looking for that blessed hope, Looking for that blessed hope; We know the
 that joyful hope, that glorious hope;



hour ■ nearing, The hour of his appearing: We're looking for that blessed hope.

Deeper, Deeper.

G. P. J.

Copyright, 1900, by G. P. Jones. R. E. Winsett, owner.

CHAS. P. JONES.

1. Deep-er, deep-er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
 2. Deep-er, deep-er! bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep-er still,
 3. Deep-er, deep-er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep-er let me go!
 4. Deep-er, high-er ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flict past,

High-er, high-er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.
 Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus And his per - fect will.
 Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.
 Finds me con - qu'ror, and in his own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

CHORUS.

O deep - er yet, I pray, And
 O deep-er yet, I pray, deep-er yet, I pray, And

high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er,
 high-er ev - 'ry day, high-er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless-ed Lord,

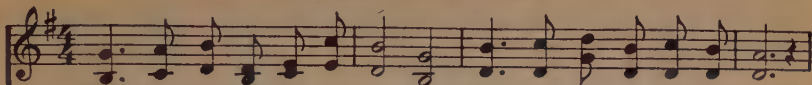
bless-ed Lord, In thy pre - cious ho - ly Word.
 wis - er, bless-ed Lord,

Cling to His Almighty Arm

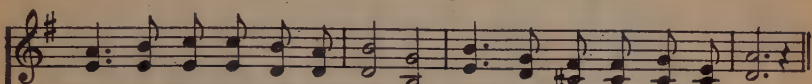
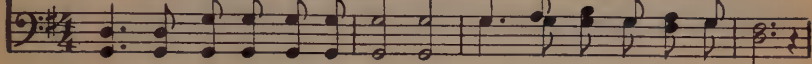
T.H.

Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

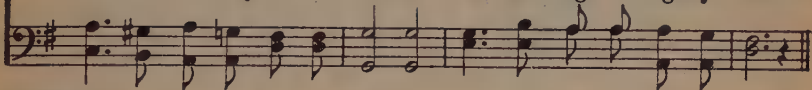
THORO HARRIS



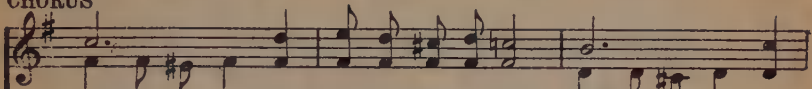
1. When the storms of life as - sail you, When the tempest would a - larm,
2. Should the host of sin op - pose you Or earth's sordid treasures charm,
3. He will ev - er keep and guide you, Shielding you from ev-'ry harm;
4. Far be - yond death's surging riv - er Lies a land of end - less calm;



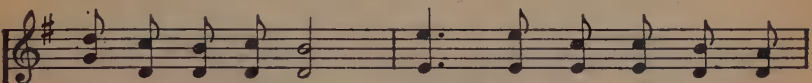
1. There is One who will not fail you—Cling to His al-might-y arm.
2. If the dark-ness should enclose you, Cling to His al-might-y arm.
3. From all ev - il He will hide you: Cling to His al-might-y arm.
4. There the soul may rest for - ev - er On the King's al-might-y arm.



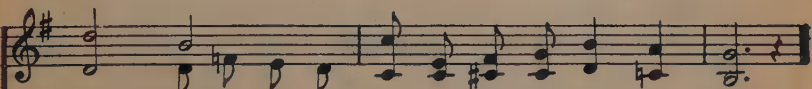
CHORUS



Cling to His al-might-y arm, Cling to
Cling to His arm, Cling to His arm,



His al - might - y arm; Cast up - on Him ev - 'ry



bur - den, Cling to His al - might - y arm.

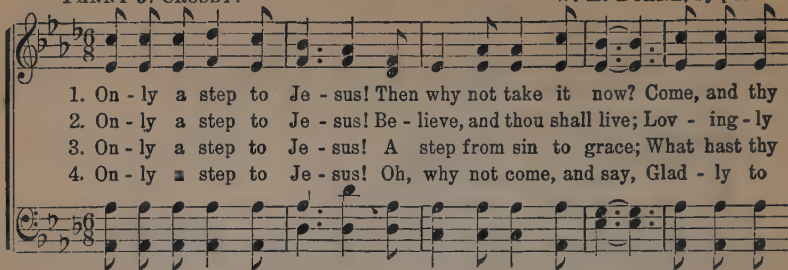
O Chris-tian,



No. 98. Only a Step to Jesus.

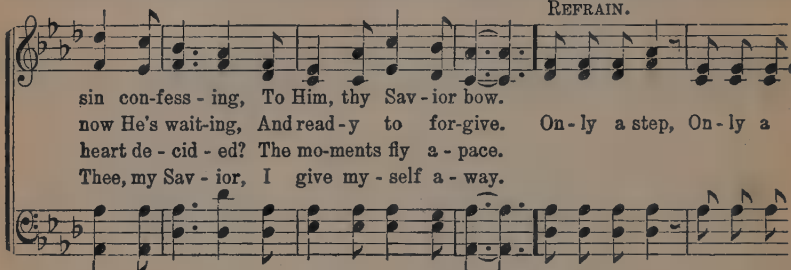
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

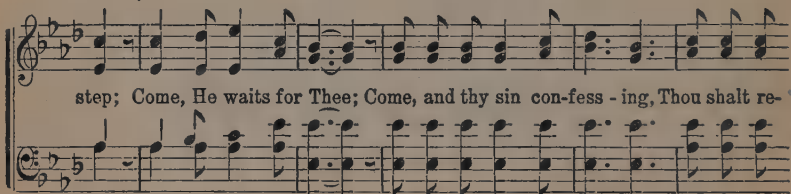


1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shall live; Lov - ing - ly
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Oh, why not come, and say, Glad - ly to

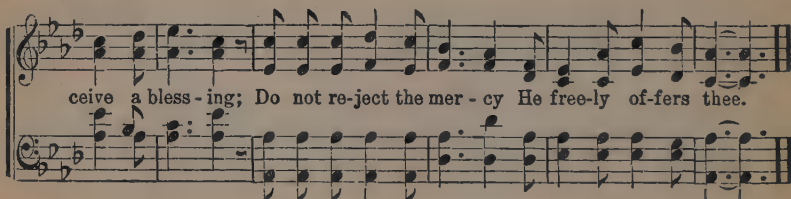
REFRAIN.



sin con-fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - ior bow.
 now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give. On - ly a step, On - ly a
 heart de - cid - ed? The mo - ments fly a - pace.
 Thee, my Sav - ior, I give my - self a - way.



step; Come, He waits for Thee; Come, and thy sin con-fess - ing, Thou shalt re -



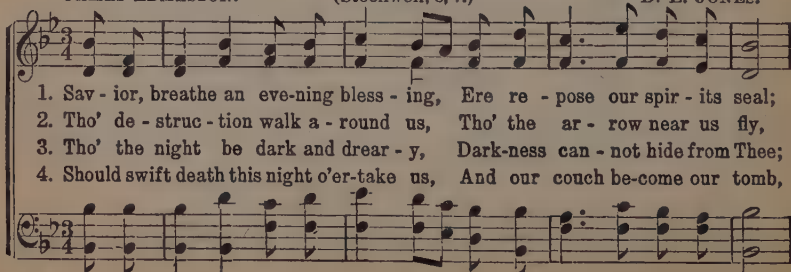
ceive a bless - ing; Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

No. 99. Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

JAMES EDMESTON.

(Stockwell, 8, 7.)

D. E. JONES.



1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
 2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - row near us fly,
 3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing. Concluded.



Sin and want we come con-fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He, who nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and death-less bloom.



No. 100. Who'll Be the Next.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.



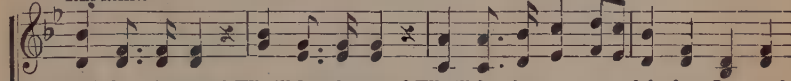
1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus—Fol-low His wea - ry, bleed-ing feet?
3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Down thro' the Jor-dan's roll-ing tide?



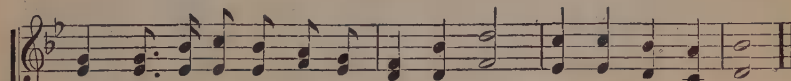
Some one is read - y, some one is wait-ing, Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den Down at the Fa-ther's mer-cy seat?
Who'll swell the cho-rus of free redemption—Sing, hal-le - lu-jah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransom'd, Sing-ing up - on the oth - er side?



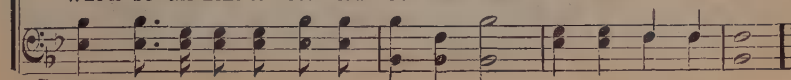
REFRAIN.



Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?



Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?



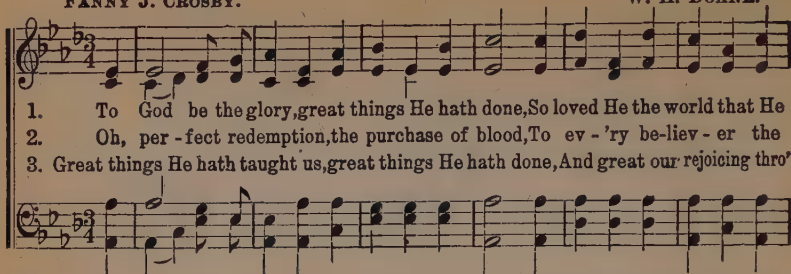
By per.

No. 101.

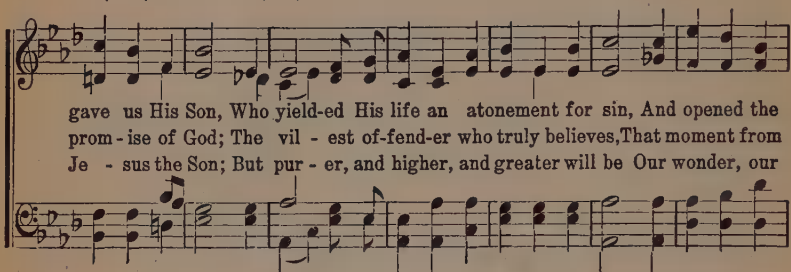
Praise the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

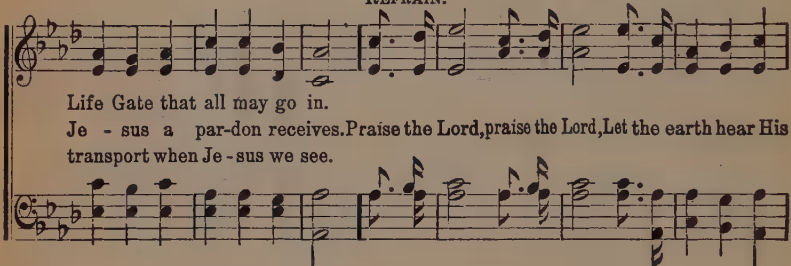


1. To God be the glory, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He
 2. Oh, per - fect redemption, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be - liev - er the
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro'

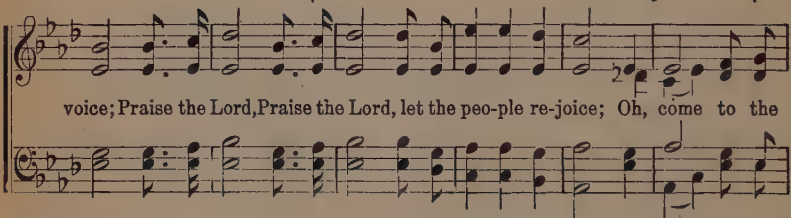


gave us His Son, Who yield-ed His life an atonement for sin, And opened the
 prom - ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who truly believes, That moment from
 Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and higher, and greater will be Our wonder, our

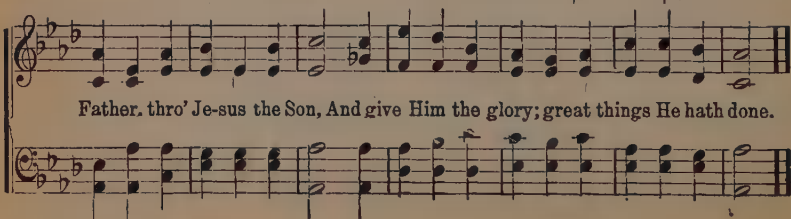
REFRAIN.



Life Gate that all may go in.
 Je - sus a par - don receives. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His
 transport when Je - sus we see.



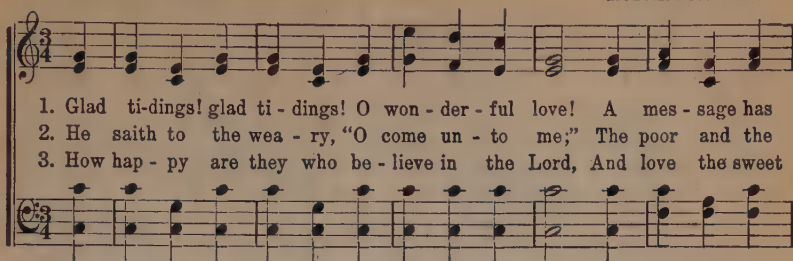
voice; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, let the peo - ple re - joice; Oh, come to the



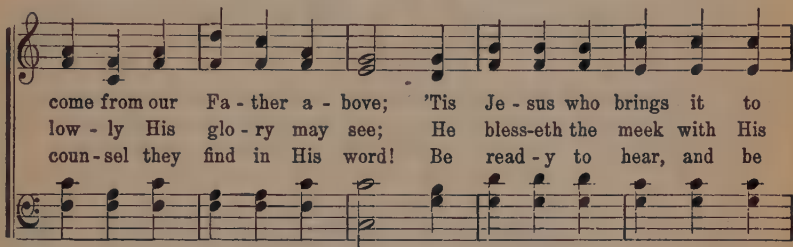
Father, thro' Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glory; great things He hath done.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

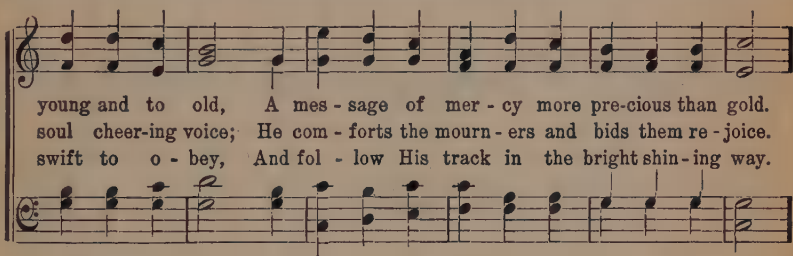
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Glad ti-dings! glad ti - dings! O won - der - ful love! A mes - sage has
 2. He saith to the wea - ry, "O come un - to me;" The poor and the
 3. How hap - py are they who be - lieve in the Lord, And love the sweet

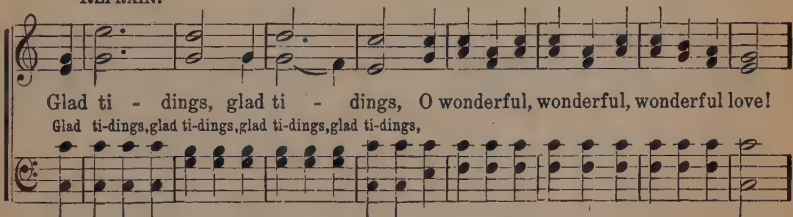


come from our Fa - ther a - bove; 'Tis Je - sus who brings it to
 low - ly His glo - ry may see; He bless - eth the meek with His
 coun - sel they find in His word! Be read - y to hear, and be

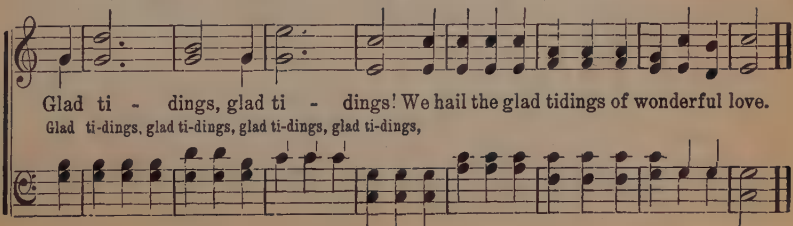


young and to old, A mes - sage of mer - cy more pre - cious than gold.
 soul cheer - ing voice; He com - forts the mourn - ers and bids them re - joice.
 swift to o - bey, And fol - low His track in the bright shin - ing way.

REFRAIN.



Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings, O wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love!
 Glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings,



Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings! We hail the glad tidings of wonderful love.
 Glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings,

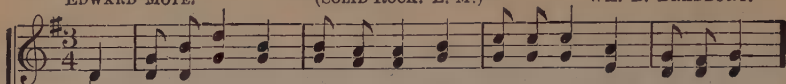
No. 103.

The Solid Rock.

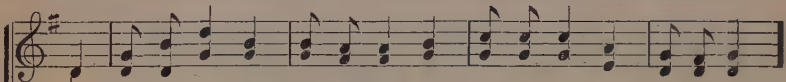
EDWARD MOTE.

(SOLID ROCK. L. M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

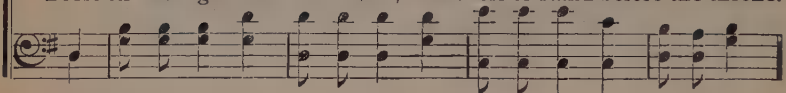


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found;

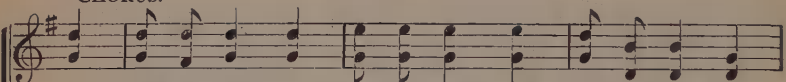


I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His right-eous-ness alone, Fault-less to stand before the throne!



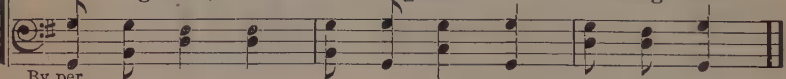
CHORUS.



On Christ, the Sol-id Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is



sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.



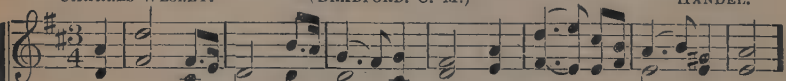
By per.

No. 104. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

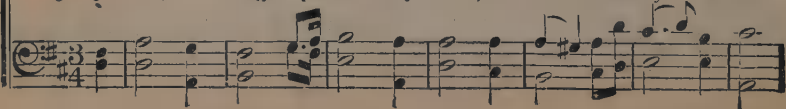
CHARLES WESLEY.

(BRADFORD. C. M.)

HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift-ing up my head; He brings sal-va-tion near;
3. Je-sus, I hang up-on Thy word; I stead-fast-ly be-lieve



I Know that My Redeemer Lives. Concluded.

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
Thou wilt re - turn and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

No. 105.

Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior, and my God!
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love;
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this blissful centre rest;

Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad,
Let cheer - ful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
He drew me and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Nor ev - er from thy Lord depart, With Him of ev'ry good possessed.

CHORUS.

FINE.

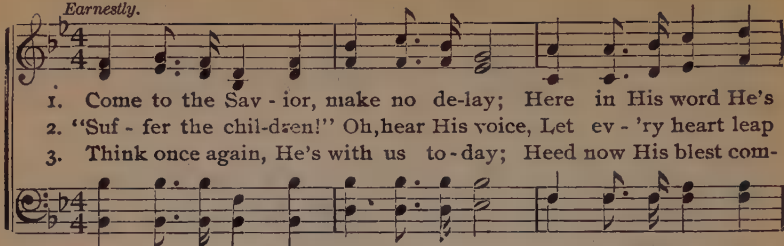
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
D. S. - Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D. S.

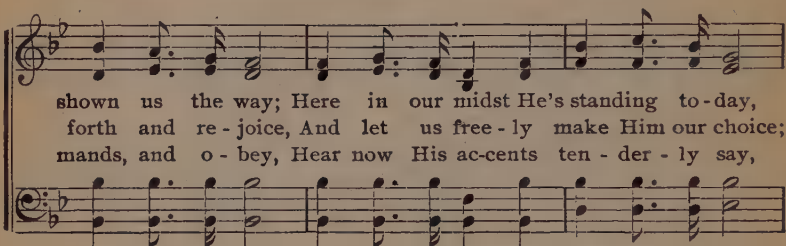
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day,

GEO. F. ROOT.
Earnestly.

GEO. F. ROOT.

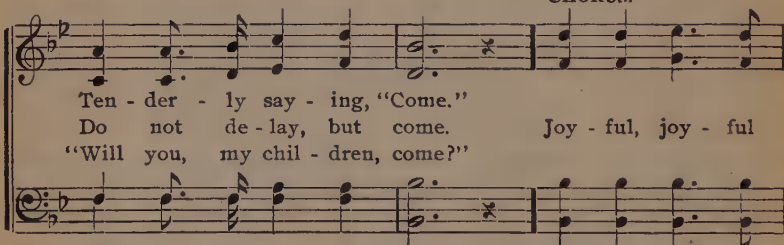


1. Come to the Sav - ior, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's
 2. "Suf - fer the chil - dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev - 'ry heart leap
 3. Think once again, He's with us to - day; Heed now His blest com -

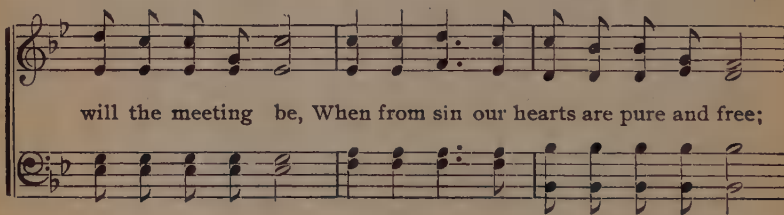


shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to - day,
 forth and re - joice, And let us free - ly make Him our choice;
 mands, and o - bey, Hear now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say,

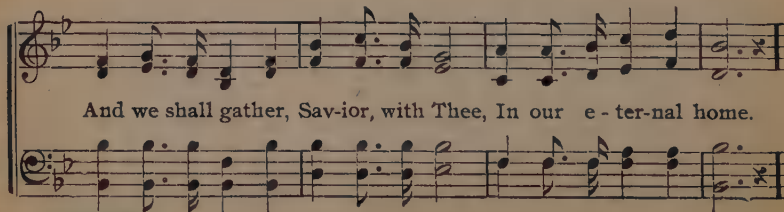
CHORUS.



Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come."
 Do not de - lay, but come. Joy - ful, joy - ful
 "Will you, my chil - dren, come?"



will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;



And we shall gather, Sav - ior, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

No. 107,

Spread the Light.

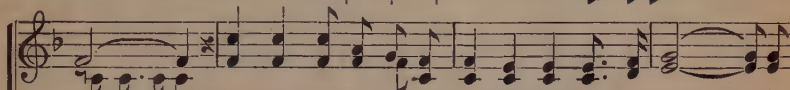
O. S. G.

O. S. GRINNELL.

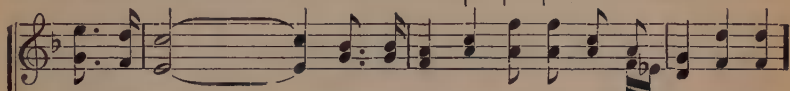
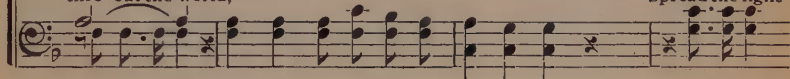


1. God is call-ing to go forth to-day. Spread the light thro'-out the
 2. God is call-ing for His saints to-day, Spread the light thro'-out the
 3. God is call-ing, listen to His voice, Spread the light thro'-out the

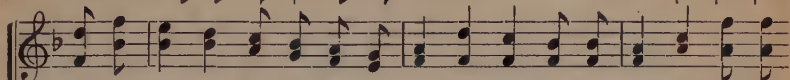
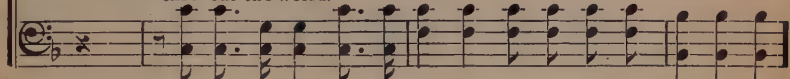
Spread the light



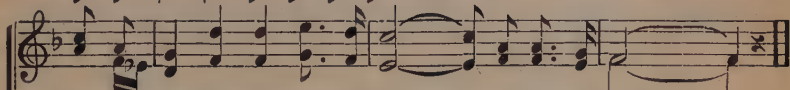
world; Hear the heav'nly summons and obey, Spread the light thro'-
 world; Be in earnest, labor, watch and pray, Spread the light thro'-
 world; There's no promise for a better choice, Spread the light thro'-
 thro'-out the world; Spread the light



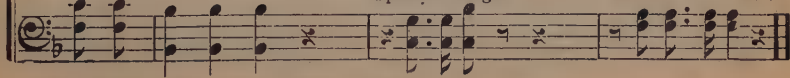
out the world. . . . For the call comes ringing from across the wave,
 out the world. . . . All a-round is sorrow, burden'd hearts so rife,
 out the world. . . . For the days are passing and the years go by,
 thro'-out the world.



From the teeming millions whom the Lord can save, They're in bondage waiting
 All a-round is sigh-ing for the Bread of Life, While the world is groaning
 And the Lord is coming for His day draws nigh, See the harvest whit'ning,



for the word He gave, Spread the light thro'-out the world. . . .
 'midst the sin and strife, Spread the light thro'-out the world. . . .
 ma - ny souls may die, Spread the light thro'-out the world. . . .
 Spread the light thro'-out the world.

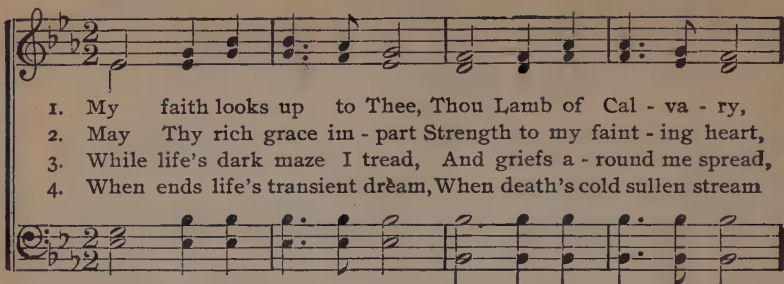


No. 108. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

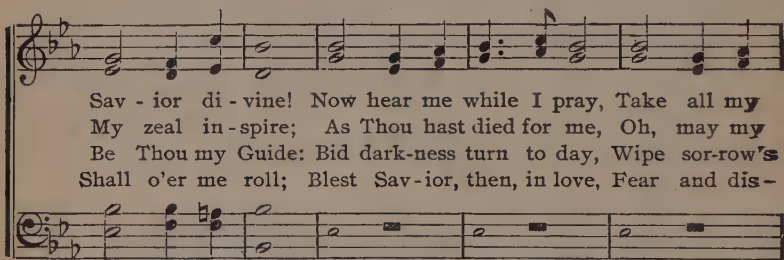
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

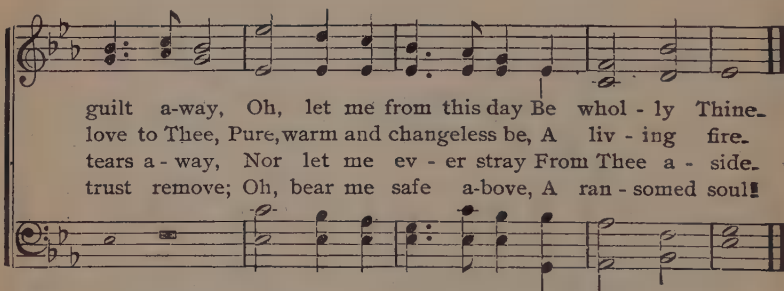
LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my Guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -



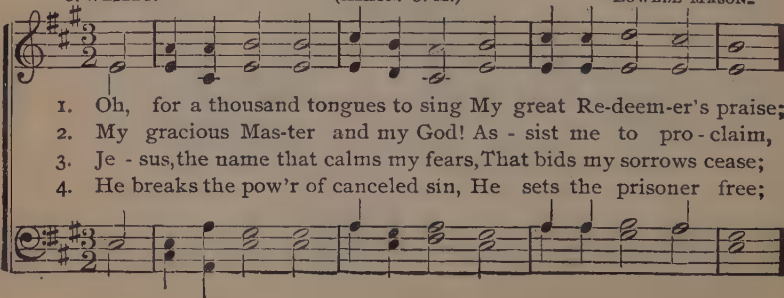
guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust remove; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

No. 109. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

C. WESLEY.

(AZMON. C. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God! As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that calms my fears, That bids my sorrows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free;

Oh, For a Thousand Tongues. Concluded.

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic to the sinner's ears; 'Tis life and health and peace.
His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

No. 110. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anon.

REV. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

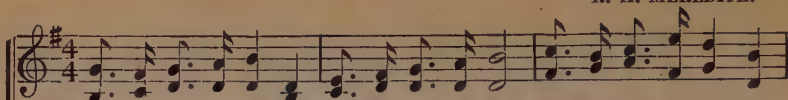
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem-er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree, I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter-ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

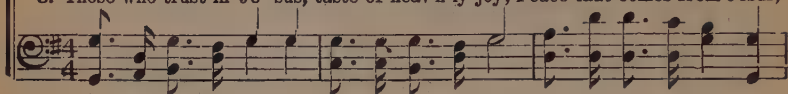
By permission.

No. 111. Hark, the Glorious Gospel.

R. H. MEREDITH.




1. Hark, the glo-ri-ous gos-pel, sound-ing far and wide, Sin-ners need not per-ish,
 2. Sim - ply trust-ing Je-sus, none can trust in vain, Trembling, doubting sin-ner,
 3. Those who trust in Je-sus, taste of heav'n-ly joy; Peace that comes from Jesus,



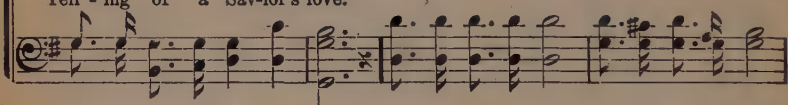
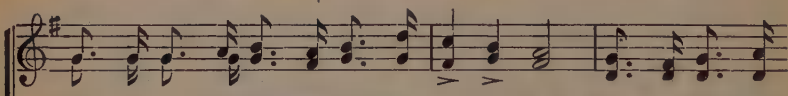

Christ was cru-ci - fied; Come and take sal-va-tion, life for ev - er-more,
 you may rest ob-tain; Love de-lights in giv-ing, can you still re-frain?
 noth-ing can de-stroy; Liv-ing here for Je - sus, what a sweet em-ploy,




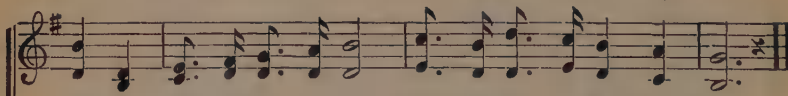
CHORUS.




Come and rest in Je - sus' love.
 Come and trust in Je - sus' love. Rest-ing in His love, rest - ing in His love,
 Tell - ing of a Sav-ior's love.

We are safe from judg-ment thro' His pre-cious blood: Hap - py, bless-ed

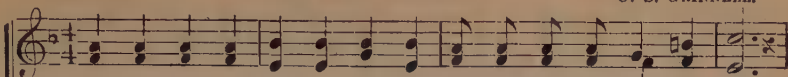



peo - ple, joy - ful-ly se-cure, Sing - ing of our Sav - ior's love.





No. 112. Truth is on the Mighty March.

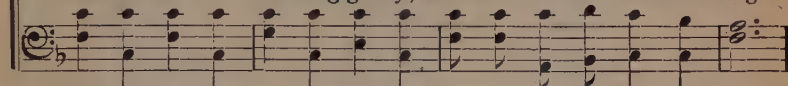
O. S. GRINNELL.



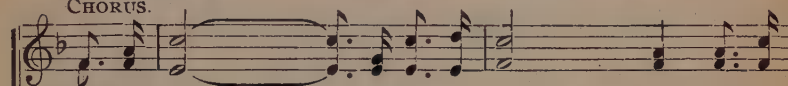
1. Conqu'ring God, go forth in grandeur, Blessed Christ, assert Thy sway,
2. Towns and cit-ies, land and o-cean, Bannered hosts and marshalled men,
3. Pray'r is answered, Lo! the vic-t'ry! Highest mount and deepest glen,
4. Like the sound of 'ma - ny wa - ters, From a choir ten-thousand strong,

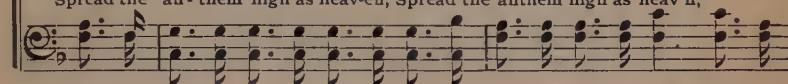

Ho - ly Spir it, lift thy peo-ple Out of darkness in - to day.
Lift the blood stained standard higher Shout a-loud the great A - men.
Roll the blessed ti-dings on-ward, "Je-sus Christ is sav - ing men."
Swells the ev - er widening glo-ry; Swells sal-va-tion's sweetest song.



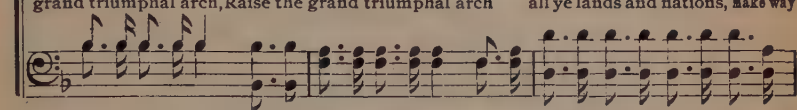
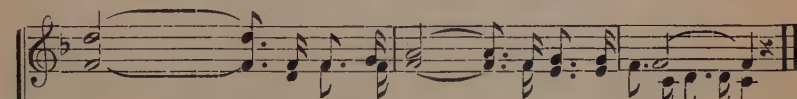
CHORUS.



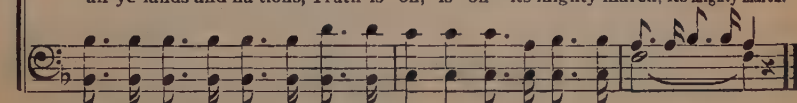
Spread the an - - - them high as heav - - - en, Raise the
Spread the an - them high as heav-en, Spread the anthem high as heav'n,

grand, . . . triumphal arch, . . . Make way all . . . ye lands and
grand triumphal arch, Raise the grand triumphal arch all ye lands and nations, Make way

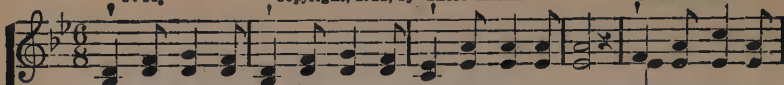
na - - - tions, Truth is on . . . its mighty march. . . .
all ye lands and na-tions, Truth is on, is on its mighty march, its mighty march.



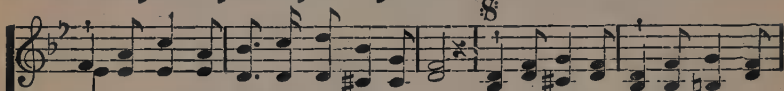
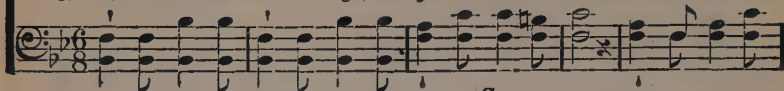
T. H.

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris

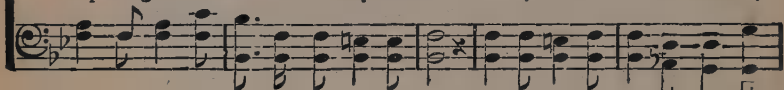
Thoro Harris



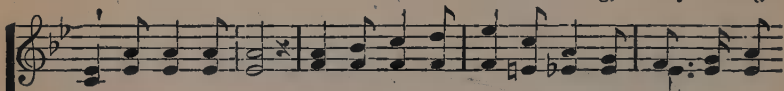
1. Fair - er light than sun and moon Shines on yon world a-bove; Whence its rays of
2. In that sum-mer land so bright, That realm of peace and love; Ne'er can fail the
3. There the saints im-mor-tal reign, With Je - sus ev - er - more; We shall nev - er



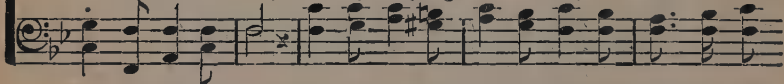
gold - en noon? "The Lamb is the light there-of," Hear the voice of sa - cred writ Of
shades of night, The Lamb is the light there-of, Fol - low on till day be done, Then
weep a - gain As oft we had wept be - fore. Ev - 'ry tear stain shall be dried By



D. S.—I am wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing

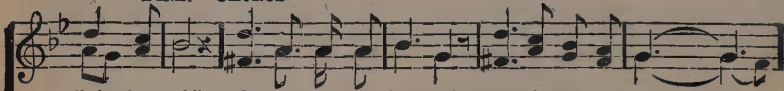


that blest home - - bove, "God's own glo - ry light-eth it, The Lamb is the
like a soar-ing dove, Fly a-way where Christ the Son, The Lamb is the
Fa-ther's hand of love, Ev - 'ry long-ing sat-is - fied, For He is the



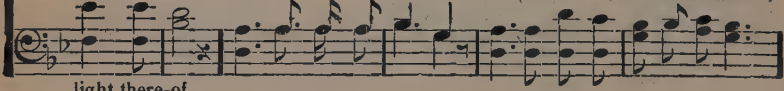
For His word of love, Call - ing all His ransom'd where The Lamb is the

FINE. CHORUS



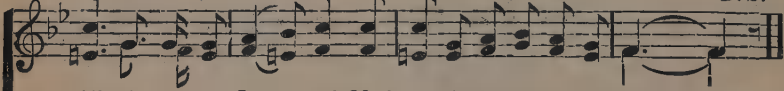
light there-of." O, glo - ry to Je - sus! Praise, praise His dear name;.....

His dear name;



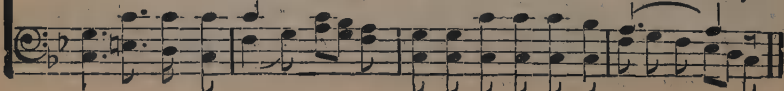
light there-of.

D. S.



All glo - ry to Je - sus! My heart with His love is a-flame.....

Hal-le-lu - jah!



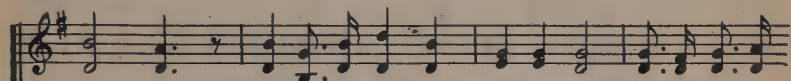
Hide You in the Blood

Copyright 1925 by Thoro Harris

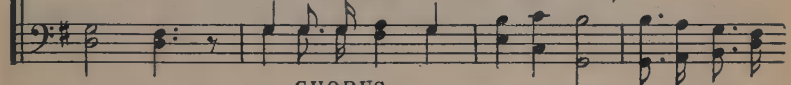
Arr. by THORO HARRIS



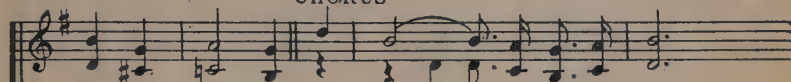
1. Come from the loath some way of sin,
2. Come to the shel-ter's safe re-treat, Hide you in the blood of
- 3 He on the cross was cru-ci-fied,
4. Then when the last dread storm shall roar,



Come and the Lord will take you in,
 Je - sus; Come, for the stōrms a-round you beat, Hide you in the
 For all your sins He bled and died;
 Sheltered in Christ for- ev-er more,



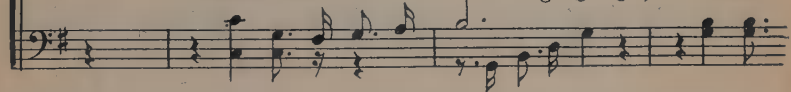
CHORUS



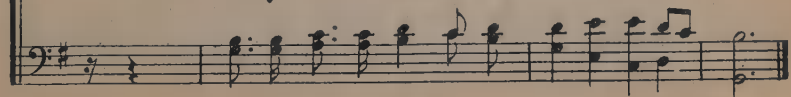
blood of Je - sus. O hide you in the blood,
 O hide Je-sus' blood,



For the storms are ra-ging high; O hide
 Life's storms are raging high; O hide,



you in the blood Till the dangers pass you by.
 hide you in the blood

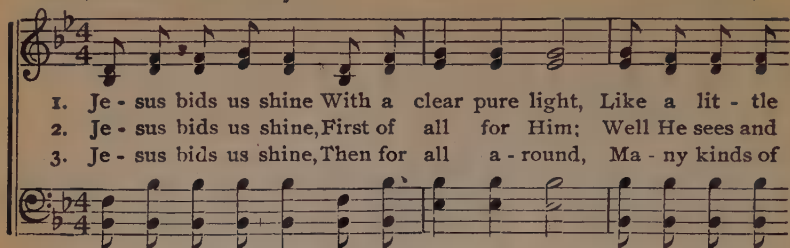


No. 115.

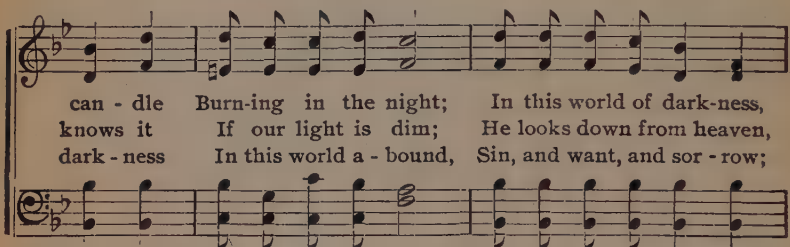
Shining for Jesus.

Mrs. E. H. MILLER. Cho. by O. S. G.

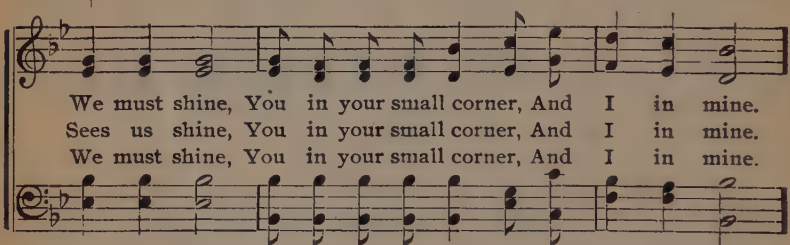
O. S. GRINNELL.



1. Je - sus bids us shine With a clear pure light, Like a lit - tle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

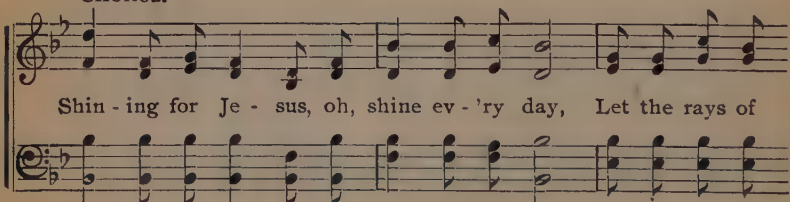


can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
 knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heaven,
 dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin, and want, and sor - row;

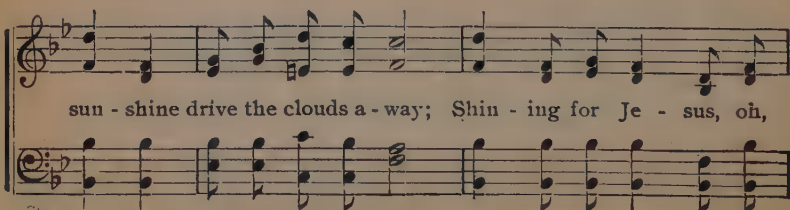


We must shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.
 Sees us shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small corner, And I in mine.

CHORUS.



Shin - ing for Je - sus, oh, shine ev - 'ry day, Let the rays of



sun - shine drive the clouds a - way; Shin - ing for Je - sus, oh,

Shining for Jesus.—Concluded.

shine ev'ry day, Catch the rays of sunlight as it shines on the way.

No. 116. I Wandered in the Desert.

R. J. JONES.

ORLANDO SMITH.

1. I was wand'ring in the des-ert On a dark and gloomy night;
2. Now my faith is getting stronger, Jesus saved and made me whole;
3. When the journey's almost o-ver, When the cross I shall lay down,

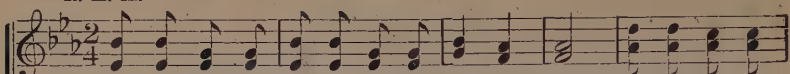
There was naught to guide my footsteps, Not a star or ray of light:
 I've no fear of sin or dark-ness, For there's sun-shine in my soul:
 What a joy to be with Je-sus, And receive the promis'd crown;

In my an-guish I en-treat-ed, Prayed the Lord that I might see;
 I may pass thro' great temptations, I may fal-ter on the way,
 E'en the grave will have no vic'try, Tho' its shad-ows o'er me roll,

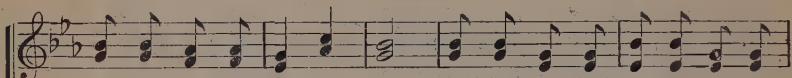
Then there shone a light so brilliant, All things seemed so bright to me.
 But my life will grow the brighter, Trust-ing Je-sus day by day.
 I shall rise to life e-ter-nal With the sun-shine in my soul.

R. H. M.


R. H. MEREDITH.



1. When we fol - low Je - sus; while we're here be - low; He will guide us
 2. When we fol - low Je - sus, and His will o - bey, He will bless and
 3. When we fol - low Je - sus, tho' the way be drear, He is al - ways
 4. When we fol - low Je - sus, there is joy and peace, All our earth-ly




safe - ly ev - 'ry - where we go; Tho thro' great temp - ta - tions does our
 com - fort us, from day by day; Tho sometimes we're wear - y, and our
 with us we need nev - er fear; 'Tis so sweet to trust Him thro' the
 tri - als and our strug - gles cease; Bright - er is the way that leads to

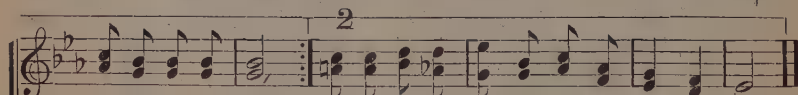


path - way lead, When we fol - low Je - sus, He is all we need.
 strength seems gone, He will come and help us, and will leads us on.
 storms that blow; He will nev - er leave us, for He told us so.
 heav'n a - bove, When we're trust - ing Je - sus and His won - drous love.

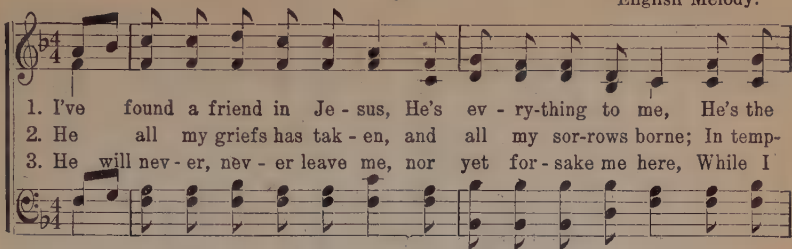
CHORUS.



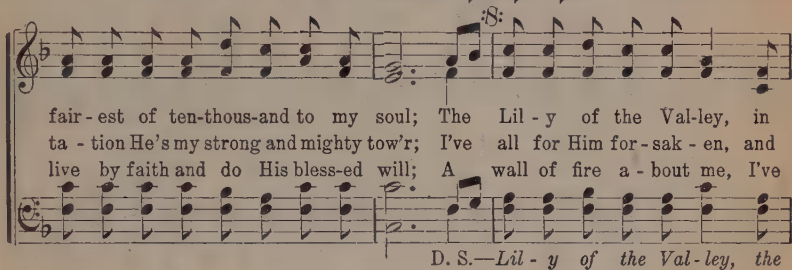
{ Fol - low on with Je - sus, fol - low day by day, When He guides our footsteps
 { Fol - low on with Je - sus, let us shout and sing, (*Omit.*)



we can nev - er stray; Prais - es to the Sav - ior, He's our Lord and King.

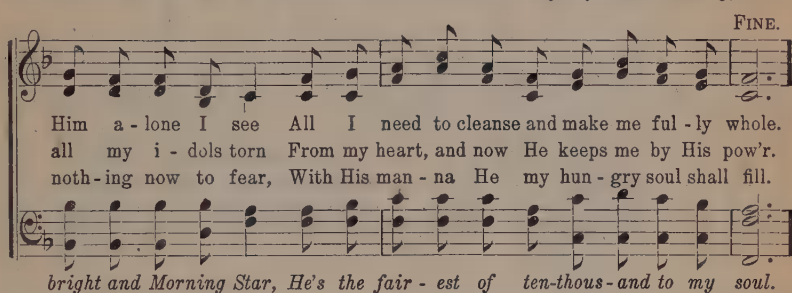


1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



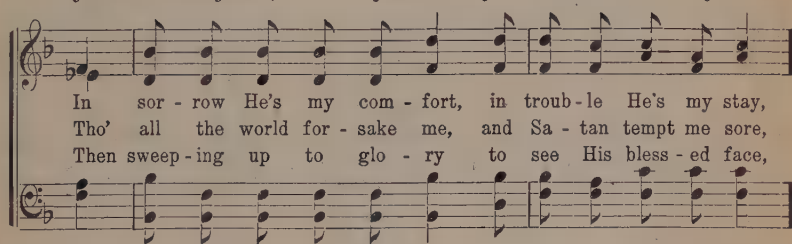
fair - est of ten - thous - and to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him for - sak - en, and
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D. S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, the

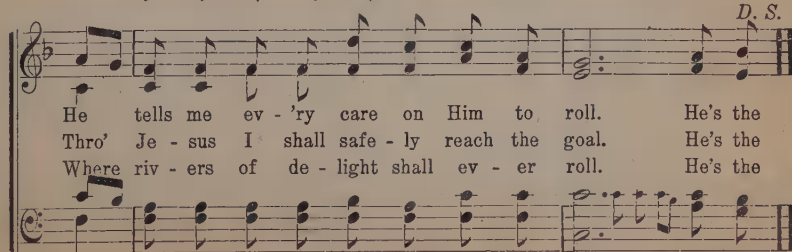


Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten - thous - and to my soul.



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,



He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
 Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
 Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 119. I Am Clinging to the Cross.

O. S. G.

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. I am clinging to the cross, Tho' my faith is weak and small, And the
2. I am clinging to the cross, Oh, what comfort does it bring! It is
3. I am clinging to the cross, The foun-da-tion standeth sure, 'Tis the

an-gry clouds above me roll; On the Lord I do re-ly While the
more to me than earthly dross; And tho' howling winds may blow, And temp-
an-chor of my hope and stay. For in Christ I am se-secure, And all

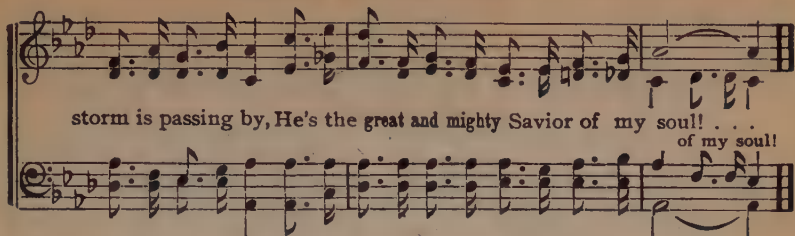
storm is pass-ing by; He's the pre-cious, loving Sav-ior of my soul.
ta-tions come and go; I am ev-er safe while clinging to the cross.
storms I can endure, Till at last shall dawn that bright and glorious day!

CHORUS.

I am cling - ing, I am cling - ing, I am cling-ing
I am cling-ing to the cross, I am cling-ing to the cross, I shall nev-er suffer

to the cross; On the Lord I do re-ly While the
loss While I'm clinging to the cross;

I Am Clinging to the Cross. Concluded.



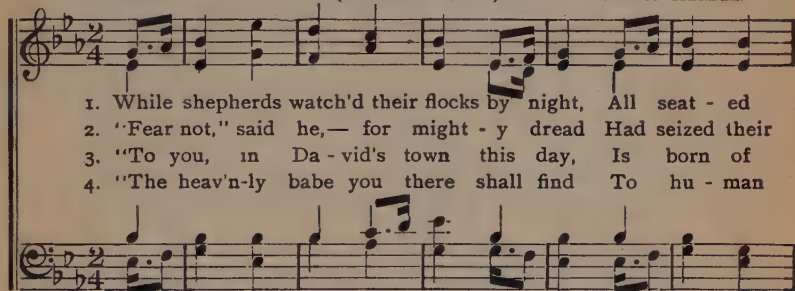
storm is passing by, He's the great and mighty Savior of my soul! . . .
of my soul!

No. 120. While Shepherds Watched.

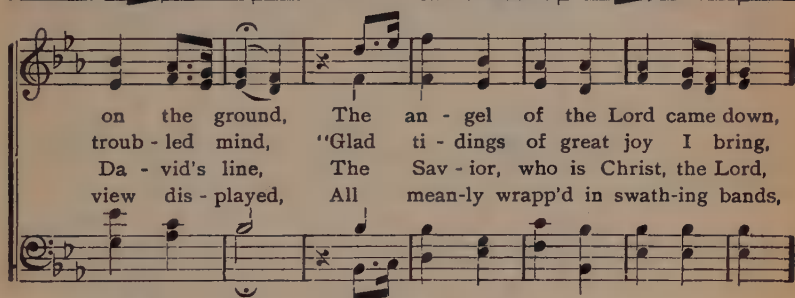
N. TATE.

(CHRISTMAS. C. M.)

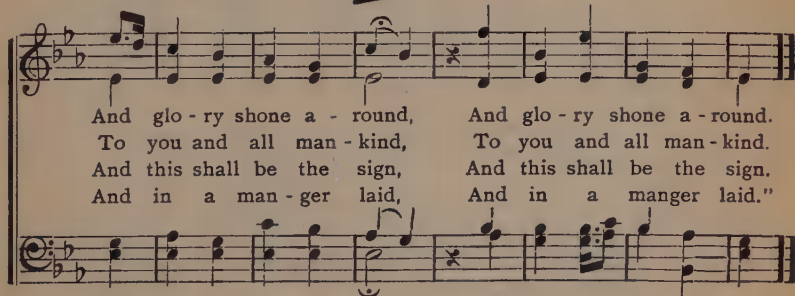
Arr. fr. HANDEL.



1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed
2. "Fear not," said he,— for might - y dread Had seized their
3. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of
4. "The heav'n-ly babe you there shall find To hu - man



on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,
troub - led mind, "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring.
Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior, who is Christ, the Lord,
view dis - played, All mean-ly wrapp'd in swath-ing bands,




And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.
And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.
And in a man - ger laid, And in a manger laid."

- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song.
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin, and never cease."

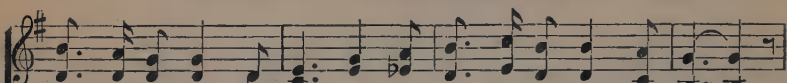
Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PER.

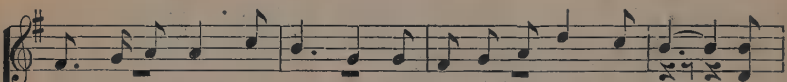
Jno. R. Sweney.




1. On - ly a beam of sun-shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
 2. On - ly a beam of sun-shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To



heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
 o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
 per - ish - ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

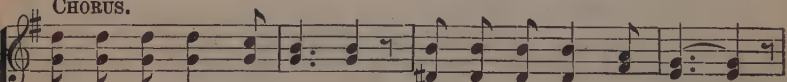


On - ly a beam of sun-shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
 On - ly a beam of sun-shine That smiled thro' her fall - ing tears, And
 Go, like the faith - ful sun-beam, Your mis - sion of joy ful - fill; Re -



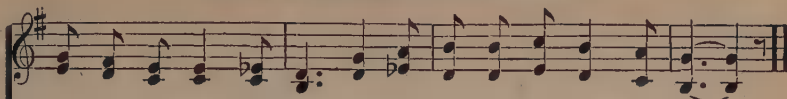
ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - per'd A mes - sage of peace and love.
 show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten per - haps for years.
 mem - ber the Sav - iour's prom - ise, That He will be with you still.

CHORUS.

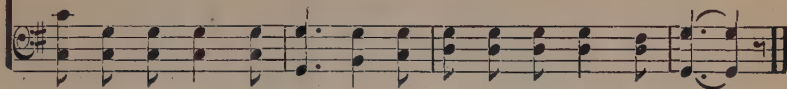


On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis - per'd pray'r

Only a Beam of Sunshine.



O - ver some grief - worn spir - it May rest like a sun - beam fair.

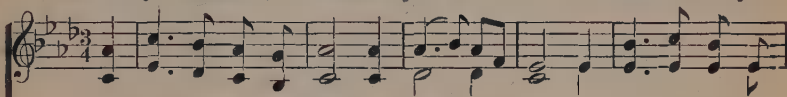


No. 122 I Need Thee Every Hour.

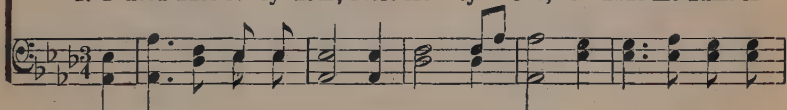
Mrs. Mary S. Hawks.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL, USED BY PER.

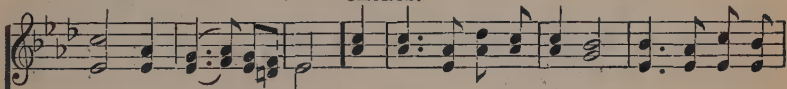
Rev. Robert Lowry.



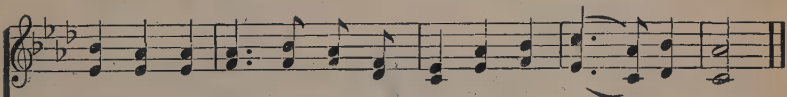
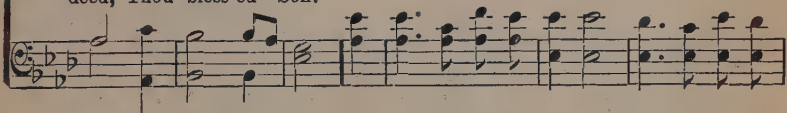
1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voicelike
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -



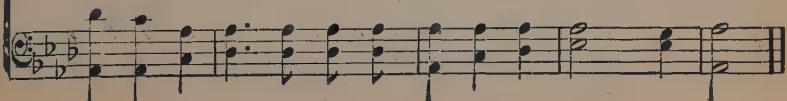
CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!



need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!



Arranged. Cho. by O. S. G.

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Gal - lant sol-diers, hear the trumpet sounding, Fill the ranks while
 2. Dear com-pan-ions, we are glad to meet you, Will you help our
 3. We are marching and the right pur-su - ing, We shall con-quer

ev - 'ry heart With ea - ger joy is bounding; We are march-ing,
 no - ble cause? Oh, join us we en-treat you, Ral - ly, ral - ly
 by and by, Our cru - el foes sub-du - ing, Crowns are wait - ing—

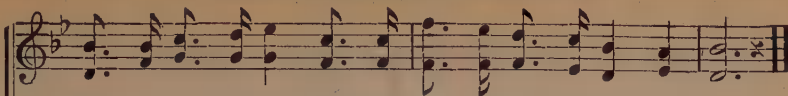
march-ing on to bat - tle, Arm - y of a no-ble cause, We're
 round our standard wav-ing Come and join the Christian band, There's
 wait - ing for the faith - ful, We shall wear them by and by, And

CHORUS.

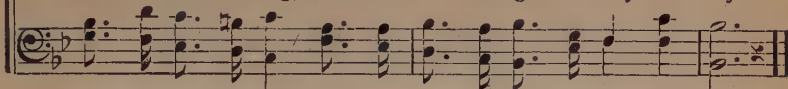
bound to take the land. March - ing in the roy - al way,
 room e-nough for all.
 shout the vic - t'ry too. Marching on-ward

March - ing, marching ev-'ry day, And praises we will sing, To our
 Marching on - ward

Gallant Soldiers. Concluded.



Sav-ior, Lord and King, While we're marching in the roy - al way.

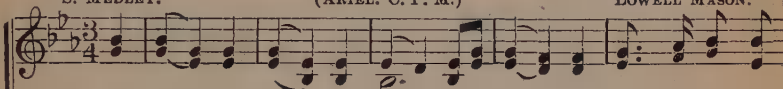


No. 124. Oh, Could I Speak.

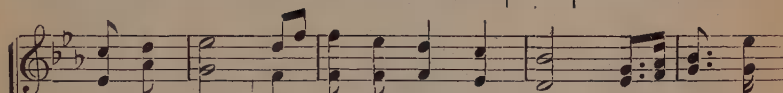
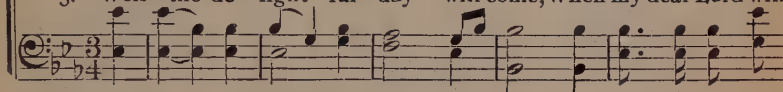
S. MEDLEY.

(ARIEL. C. P. M.)

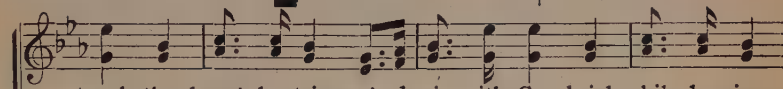
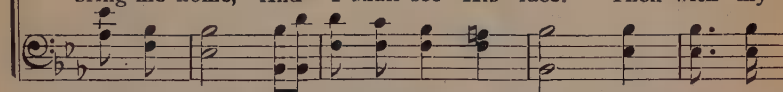
LOWELL MASON.



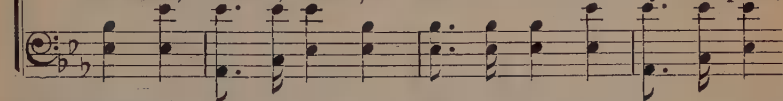
1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the
3. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will



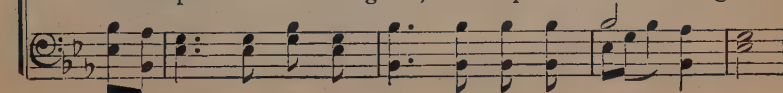
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine! I'd soar and
dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His
bring me home, And I shall see His face: Then with my



touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings,
glo - rious righteousness, In which all - per - fect heav'n - ly dress,
Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,



In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
Tri - umph - ant in His grace, Tri - umph - ant in His grace.

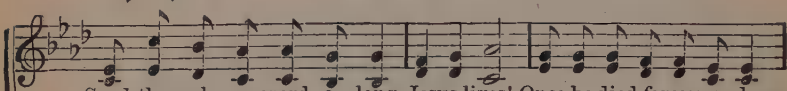
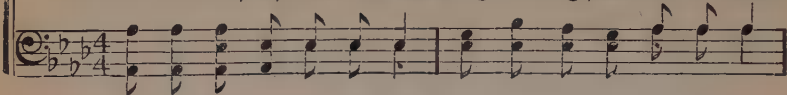


Rev. JOHN. R. COLGAN.

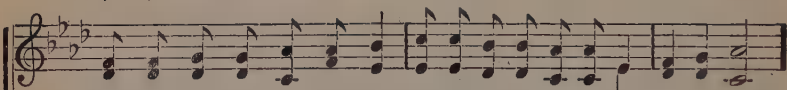
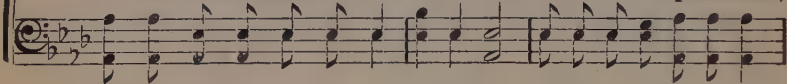
A. F. MYERS.



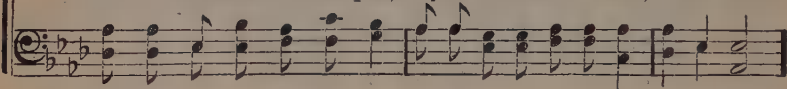
1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!



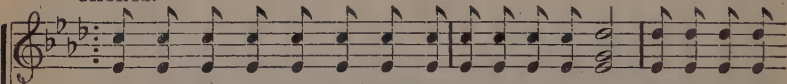
Send the welcome word a-long, Jesus lives! Once he died for you and me,
 Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
 Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,



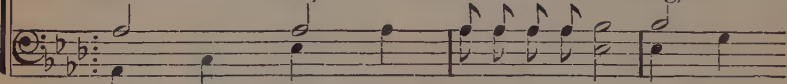
Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
 Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Jesus all may find, Jesus lives!
 Throws a-side the dread-ful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!



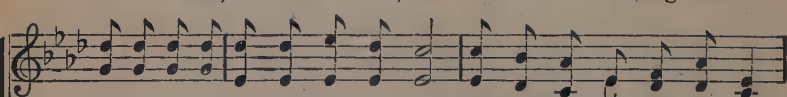
CHORUS.



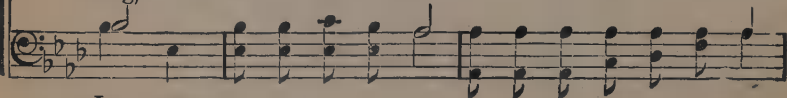
Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow, Rally now and
 Wait not, Sing,



Wait not, wait not, Sing for



sing for Je-sus, ev'-ry-where you go, Lift your joy-ful voic-es high,
 sing,



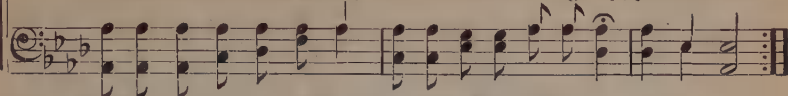
Je - sus,

Jesus Lives. Concluded.

f Rit. pp



Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Je - sus lives.



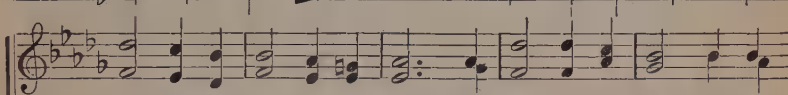
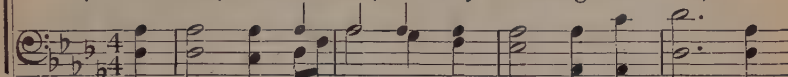
No. 126. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

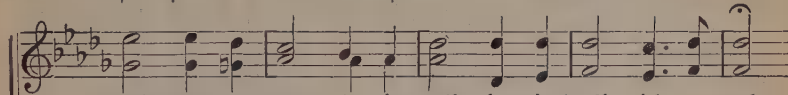
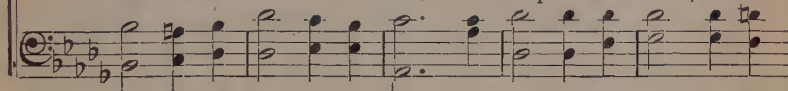
P. P. BLISS.



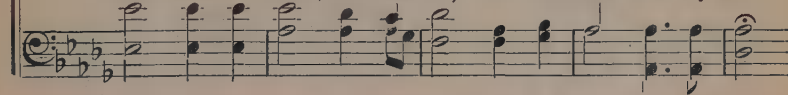
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Tho' Sa - tan may buf - fet, tho' tri - als may come, Let
3. My sins, oh! the bliss of the glo - ri - ous thought, My
4. O Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy com - ing we wait, When



sor - rows like sea, bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol That Christ hath re - gard - ed, my
sins—not in part, but the whole, Were nailed to His cross, and I
clouds shall roll back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the



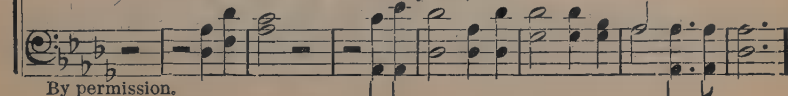
taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
help - less es - tate, And has shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul.
Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so," it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



It is well . . . with my soul . . . it is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well . . . with my soul,



By permission.

Launch Out.

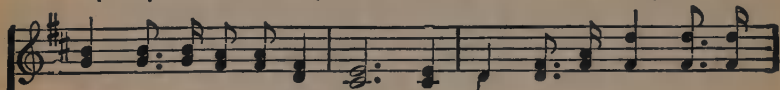
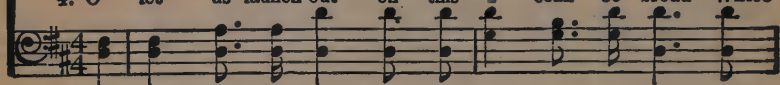
A. B. Simpson.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY A. B. SIMPSON AND R. K. CARTER,

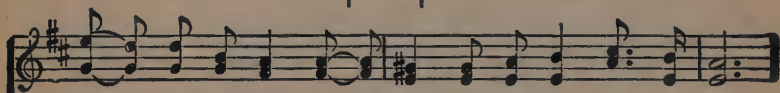
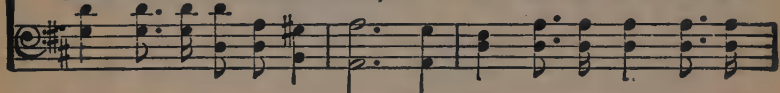
R. Kelso Carter.



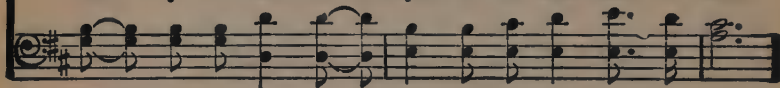
1. The mer - cy of God an o - cean di - vine, A
 2. O man - y, a - las, on - ly stand on the shore, And
 3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
 4. O let us launch out on this o - cean so broad Where



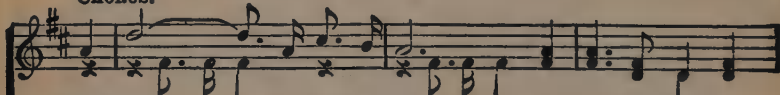
bound-less and fath-om-less flood: Launch out in the deep, cut a-
 gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
 lin - ger so near to the shore, The surf and the slime that beat
 floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; O let us be lost in the



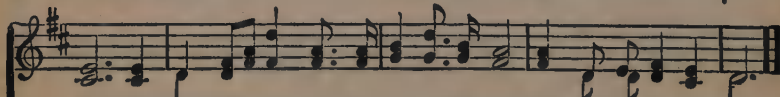
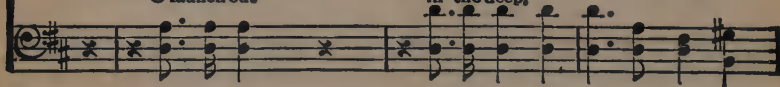
way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
 depths to ex - plore Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
 o - ver the strand Sweep o'er them their floods ev - er - more.
 mer - cy of God Till the depths of His full - ness we know.



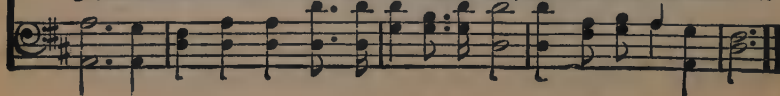
CHORUS.



Launch out in - to the deep, O let the shore-line
 O launch out in the deep.



go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.



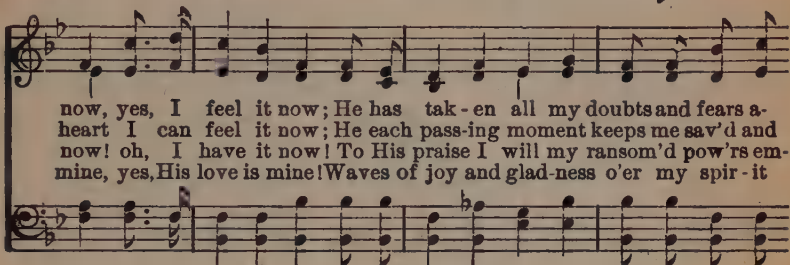
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ELISBA A. HOFFMAN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

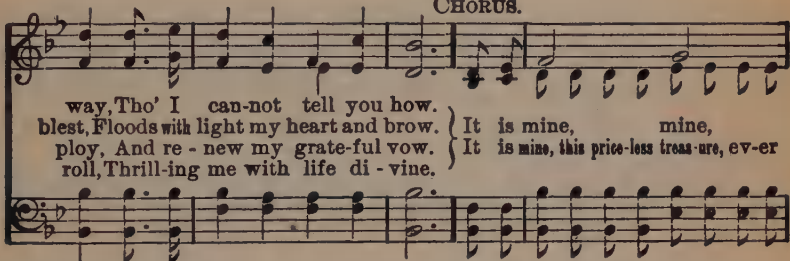


1. God's a - bid-ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it
 2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per-fect rest, In my raptured
 3. He has giv-en me a nev-er-fail-ing joy, Oh, I have it
 4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort-ing my soul, For His love is

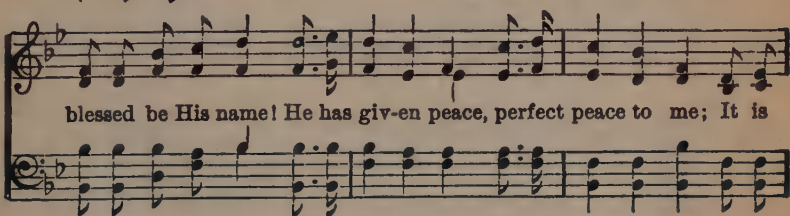


now, yes, I feel it now; He has tak-en all my doubts and fears a-
 heart I can feel it now; He each pass-ing moment keeps me sav'd and
 now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em-
 mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad-ness o'er my spir-it

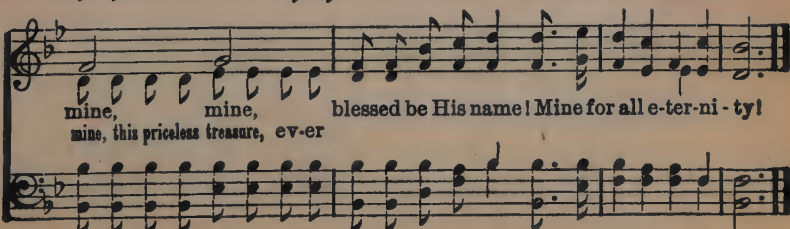
CHORUS.



way, Tho' I can-not tell you how.
 blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. } It is mine, mine,
 ploy, And re - new my grate-ful vow. } It is mine, this price-less treas-ure, ev-er
 roll, Thrill-ing me with life di-vine.



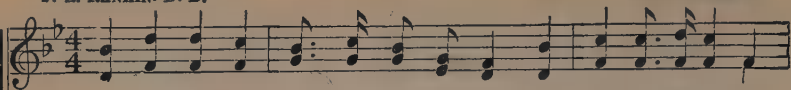
blessed be His name! He has giv-en peace, perfect peace to me; It is



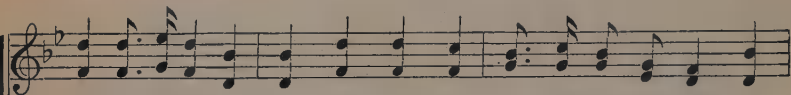
mine, mine, blessed be His name! Mine for all e-ter-ni-ty!
 mine, this priceless treasure, ev-er

J. E. RANKIN. D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.



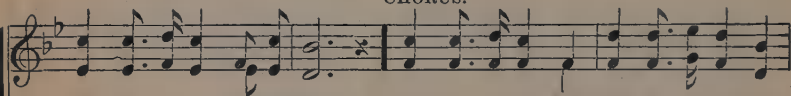
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,



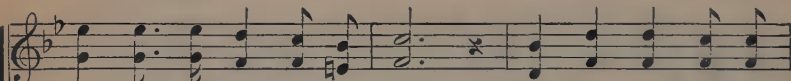
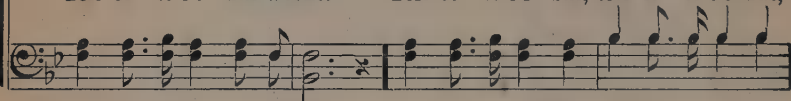
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing Kingdom are you sigh - ing?



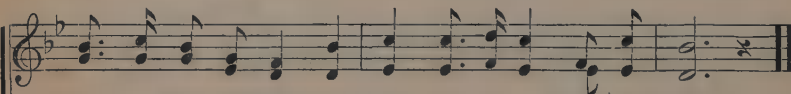
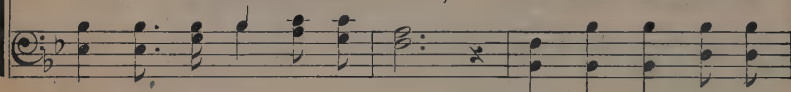
CHORUS.



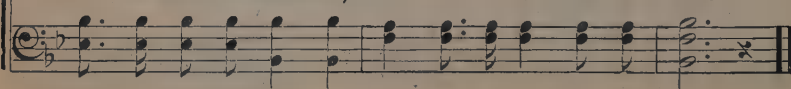
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er




such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



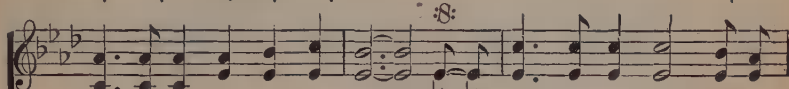
The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.




1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To



burdened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

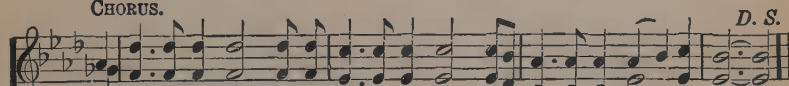


make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.



I've anchored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

T. H.
Duet
p

Copyright 1923, Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. Stars gent - ly beam - ing, Shine up - on a flow'r, Heavn's light is
 2. Pure as a lil - y, Fair - er than the morn, This love - ly
 3. Fra - grant Thy per - fume, Nev - er fad - ing hue, Blest Rose of

REFRAIN.

stream - ing, In earth's dark - est hour.
 flow' - ret, Once on earth was born. Sweet Rose of Sha - ron
 Sha - ron, Beau - ti - ful to view!

Beau - ti - ful to see. (Dear) Flow'r fair and fra - grant, Blos - som - ing for

me, (O) Sweet Rose of Sha - ron. Nev - er more to

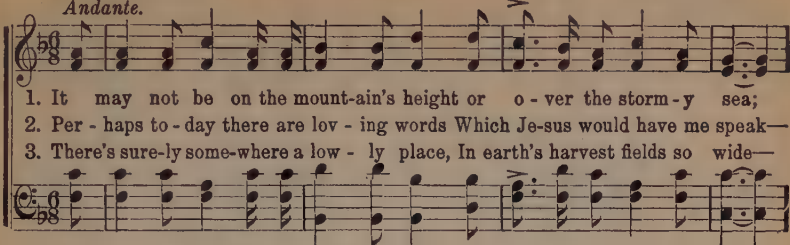
fade, Life ev - er - last - ing Lin - gers in Thy shade.

No. 132. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

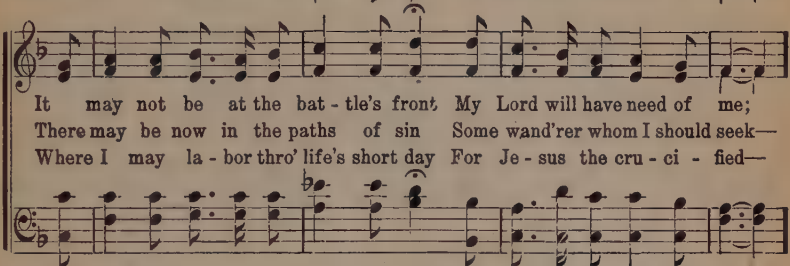
MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

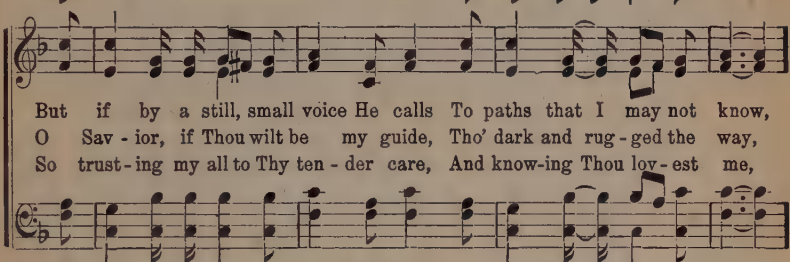
Andante.



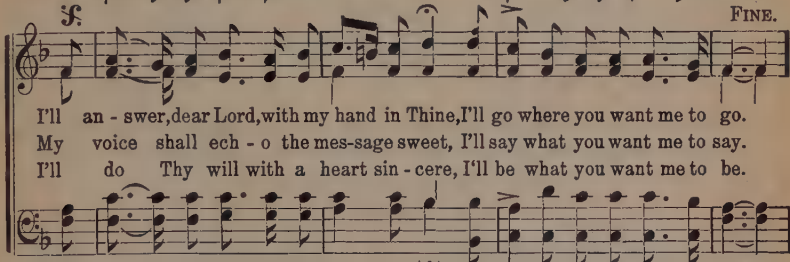
1. It may not be on the mount-ain's height or o-ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
 3. There's sure-ly some-where a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied—

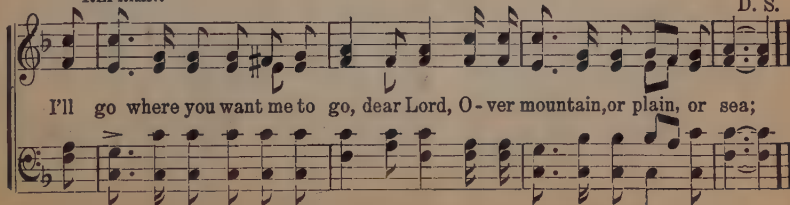


But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I may not know,
 O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov-est me,



I'll an-swer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.
 REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

He is My Lord

Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. I have found a friend and Sav-ior, He is my Lord;
 2. My trans-gres-sions are for-giv-en, He is my Lord;
 3. He is now my eld-er Broth-er, He is my Lord;
 4. I will ne'er re-frain from sing-ing, He is my Lord;

One who free-ly gives His fav-or, He is my Lord.
 All my foes be-fore me driv-en, He is my Lord.
 I will nev-er serve an-oth-er, He is my Lord.
 Wells of life with-in me springing, He is my Lord.

Men may fail and friends de-ceive me, And with many a trial grieve me,
 In my heart a-bides the bless-ing, Peace and joy my soul possessing;
 How His kind-ly voice doth charm me! Neath His wings no foe can harm me;
 Here be-low I'll swell the cho-rus, Christ is Lord! He reign-eth o'er us;

But my Je-sus will not leave me, Je-sus is my faith-ful Lord.
 On to glo-ry I am press-ing, Je-sus is my faith-ful Lord.
 Ev-en death will not a-larm me, Je-sus is my faith-ful Lord.
 Soon well crown Him all vic-tor-ious, Je-sus is my faith-ful Lord.

134

Don't Let It Be Said

Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

Don't let it be said, Too late, too late To en-ter the pearl-y gate;

To en-ter the pearl-y gate. The Spir-it and bride say come And let him that

hear-eth come, And who-ev-er will, O let Him come And drink of the fount of life.

135

Faith in Jehovah

T. H.

Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

THORO HARRIS

1. Faith in Je - ho-vah great mountains can move, Trust-ing His promise suc-
2. Faith when my spir - it is cheer-less and weak, When those I trust-ed a -
3. Faith when my fam - ily are all sick in bed, When comes the message that
4. Faith when my business is not ver - y good, Faith when the children need
5. Faith when the dol-lars and dimes all are spent, Faith when no help from the
6. Faith when em-ployment is scarce ev - 'ry-where, Faith when the fear of e -

1. cess-ful we prove; Sa-ges and pro-phets de-pend-ed on God:
2. gainst me do speak; Faith to be hope-ful when false-ly ac-cused,
3. loved ones are dead, Faith bringing courage when noth-ing seems bright,
4. cloth-ing and food, Faith to look up-ward with no friend a - round,
5. flea-vens is sent. Glo-ry to Je-sus! I made Him this vow,
6. vic-tion doth scare; Faith strong, un-shak-en, now plant, Lord, in me;

D.S. De-mons will tremble and sin-ners a - wake:

Fine REFRAIN.

1. We too can trust Him at home or a-broad.
2. Faith to shout glo-ry when base-ly a-bused.
3. Faith to be-lieve I shall come out all right.
4. Faith with no bread in the house to be found.
5. What-e'er be-falls me, I'll shout a - ny-how.
6. Tho Thou shalt slay me, I'll still trust in Thee.

Faith in the Fa-ther,

Fine

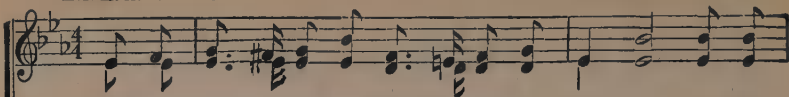
Faith in Je-ho-vah the moun-tains will shake.

faith in the Son, Might-y Re-deem-er who great things hath done;

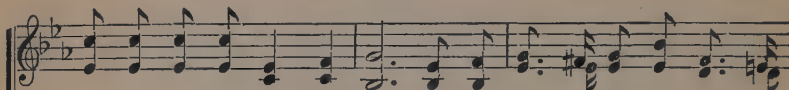
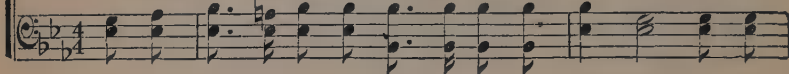
D.S.

Mrs. M. A. S.

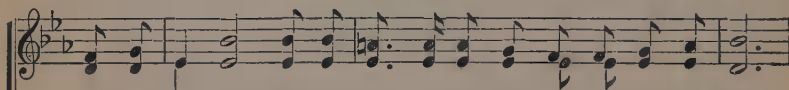
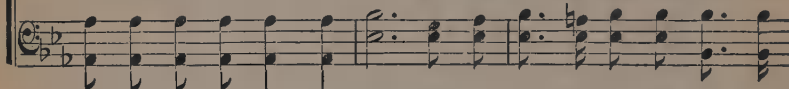
Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELS.



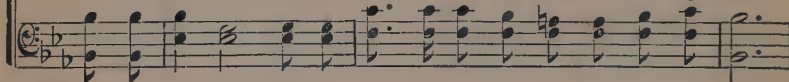
1. There's a song with - in my heart be - cause of Je - sus, Of my
2. He has bound - less love and ten - der - est com - pas - sion, And His
3. O, how sweet to lay my head up - on His bo - som, And on



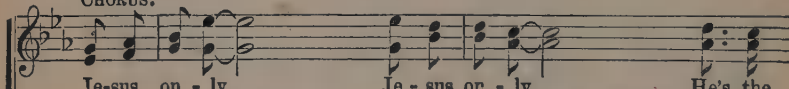
life He now has full con - trol; He's the one to me that's al - to -
 name I ev - er will ex - tol; O the bless - ed - ness of giv - ing
 Him my ev - 'ry care I roll; In His lov - ing arms He fond - ly



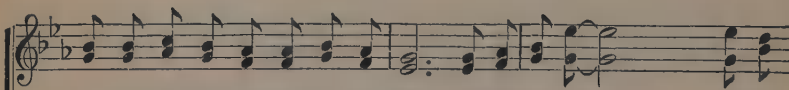
geth - er love - ly, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul.
 all to Je - sus, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul.
 doth embrace me, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul.



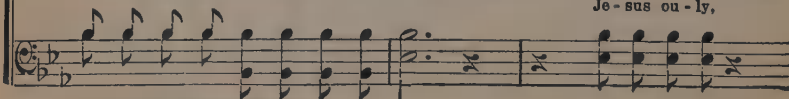
CHORUS.



Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, He's the



on - ly one true lov - er of my soul; Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus



on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul. *rit.*

137

The Hem of His Garment.

G. L. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1906. BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

Geo. F. Root.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar - ment As to His side she stole,
2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She knew Her Lord had come;
3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole,"

A - mid the crowd that gathered a - round Him, And straightway she was whole.
 She felt that from Him vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
 And peace that passeth all un - der - stand - ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shall be free;

His sav - ing pow'r this ve - ry hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 138.

Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this, I most humbly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait, Come now, and with -

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 ev - er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 see Thy blood flow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 nev - er said 'st "No," Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Arr. by L. C. H.

Copyright, 1906, by L. C. Hall.

L. C. Hall.

1. My Bridegroom is com-ing, I hear His sweet voice, "Make read-y, I soon
 2. I hear speed-ing near-er His blest chariot wheels; So soft-ly they turn
 3. He told me to al-ways keep watch and to pray, That He might ac-count
 4. The bells sweet-ly chim-ing all o-ver the land, My Lord's marriage sup-

1. shall be there;" It thrills thru my spir-it, and makes me re-joice, To
 2. in the skies, This world can-not hear them; He on-ly re-veals His
 3. me of those Made free to es-cape from the aw-ful dis-may That's
 4. per pro-claim; With oil in her ves-sel and lamp in her hand, He's

FINE. CHORUS.

1. know we shall meet in the air. He's com-ing so soon, He's coming so
 2. truth to, the Spir-it-touched eyes.
 3. com-ing to all of His foes.
 4. fit-ting His bride for His name. yes,

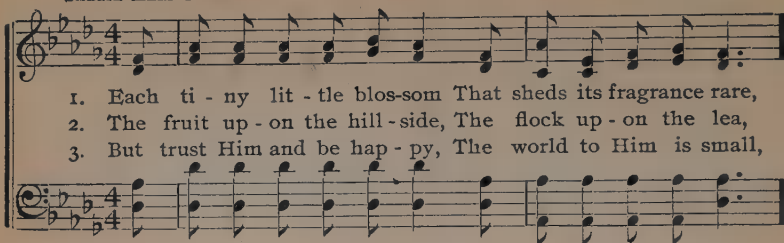
soon! O watch, for it may be to-day! He's com-ing so
 it may be to-day!

soon, (yes,) He's com-ing so soon, To take His be-lov-ed a-way.

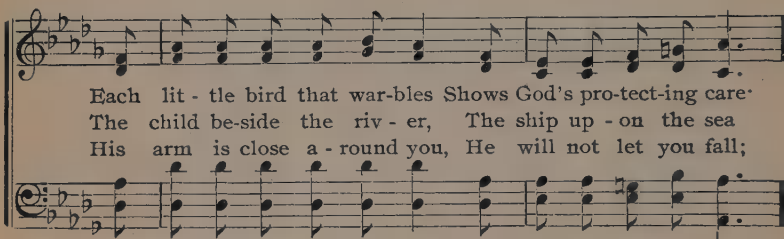
No. 140. God's Protecting Care.

SALLIE KEEP BEST.

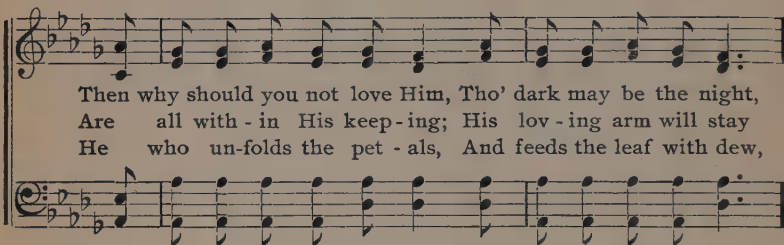
O. S. GRINNELL.



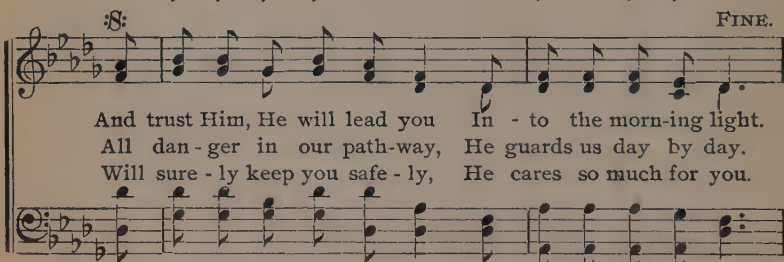
1. Each ti - ny lit - tle blos - som That sheds its fragrance rare,
 2. The fruit up - on the hill - side, The flock up - on the lea,
 3. But trust Him and be hap - py, The world to Him is small,



Each lit - tle bird that war - bles Shows God's pro - tect - ing care.
 The child be - side the riv - er, The ship up - on the sea
 His arm is close a - round you, He will not let you fall;



Then why should you not love Him, Tho' dark may be the night,
 Are all with - in His keep - ing; His lov - ing arm will stay
 He who un - folds the pet - als, And feeds the leaf with dew,

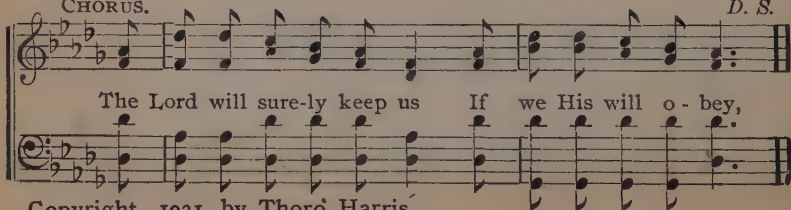


And trust Him, He will lead you In - to the morn - ing light.
 All dan - ger in our path - way, He guards us day by day.
 Will sure - ly keep you safe - ly, He cares so much for you.

D. S.—His gen - tle hand will lead us, And in His bless - ed way.

CHORUS.

D. S.



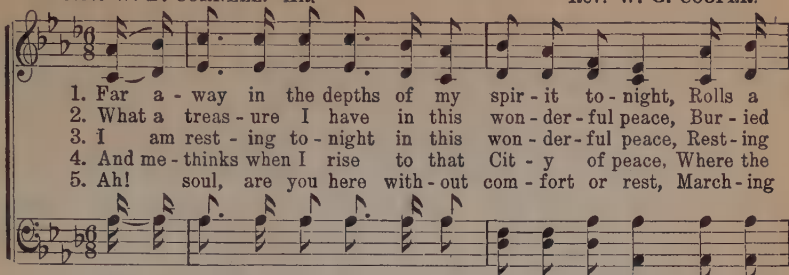
The Lord will sure - ly keep us If we His will o - bey,

No. 141

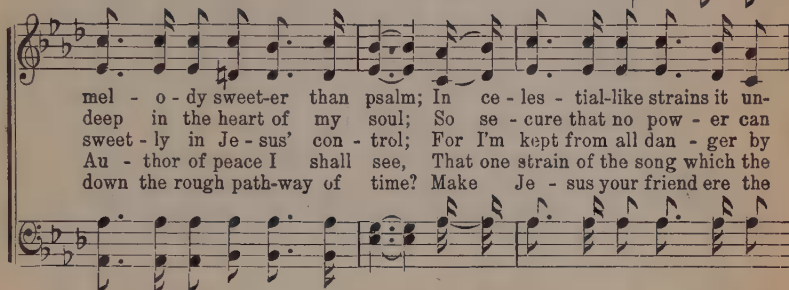
Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt.

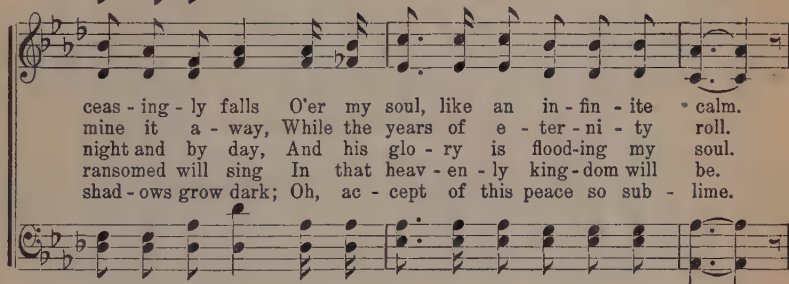
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing

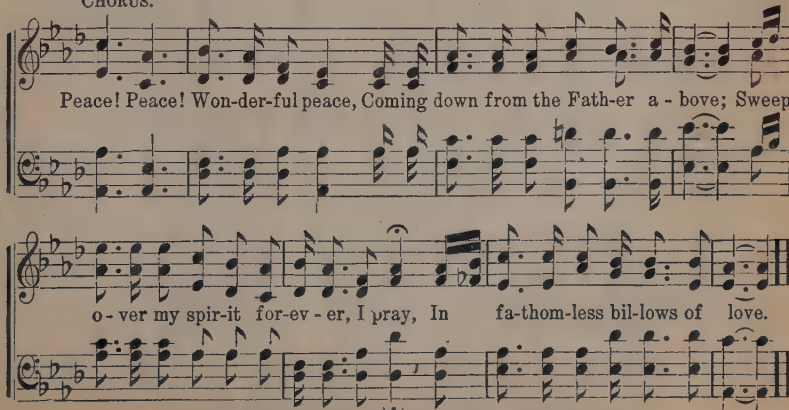


mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough path - way of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the



ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul, like an in - fin - ite - calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
 night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
 ransomed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be.
 shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.



Peace! Peace! Won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Fath - er a - bove; Sweep
 o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fa - thom - less bil - lows of love.

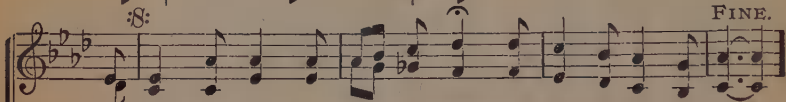
No. 142.

Take Me As I Am.

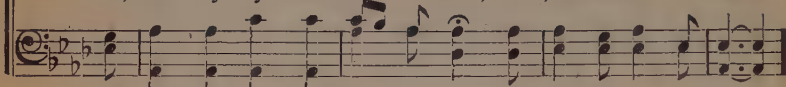
Melody by J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No pre - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break,
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove;
5. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart renew,
6. And when at last the work is done, The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,



Oh, bring Thy free, sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
 But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!



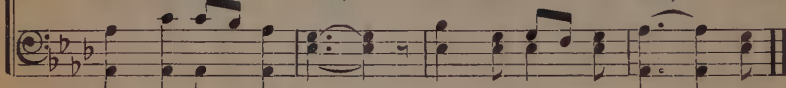
D. S. - bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

D. S.



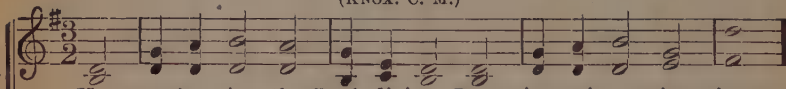
Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,



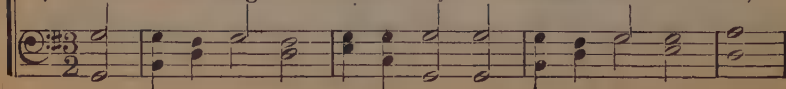
By permission.

No. 143. How Precious is the Book Divine.

(KNOX, C. M.)



1. How precious is the Book divine, By in - spi - ra - tion given!
2. Its light de - scend - ing from above, Our gloomy world to cheer,
3. It shows to man his wandering ways, And where His feet have trod;
4. O'er all the straight and narrow way It's radiant beams are cast;



How Precious is the Book Divine. Concluded.

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
 Dis - plays a Sav-ior's boundless love, And brings His glories near.
 And brings to view the matchless grace Of a for - giv - ing God.
 A light whose nev - er wea - ry ray Grows brightest at the last.

5 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts | 6 This lamp, thro' all the dreary night
 In this dark vale of tears; | Of life, shall guide our way;
 Life, light, and comfort it imparts, | Till we behold the clearer light
 And calms our anxious fears. | Of an eternal day.

No. 144. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a -
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his
 bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to his
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to his

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his

FINE. CHORUS.

name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his name; D.S.

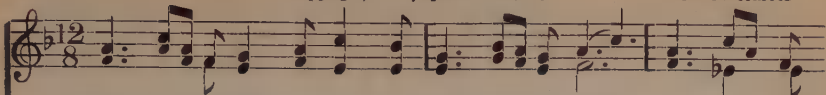
1. Friends all a-round me are try-ing to find What the heart yearns for, by
 2. Some car-ry bur-dens whose weight has for years Crushed them with sor-row and
 3. No oth-er name thrills the joy-chords with-in, And thro' none else is re-
 4. Je-sus is all this poor world needs to-day, Blind-ly they strive, for sin

sin un-der-mined; I have the se-cret, I know where 'tis found:
 blind-ed with tears, Yet One stands read-y to help them just now,
 mis-sion of sin; He knows the pain of the heart sore-ly tried,
 dark-ens their way; O to draw back the grim cur-tains of night,

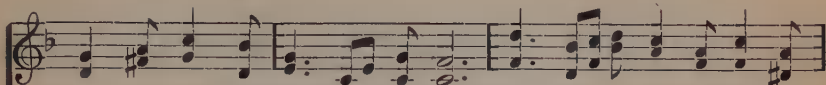
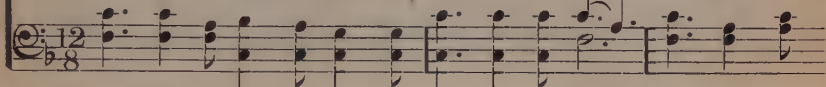
CHORUS.
 On-ly true pleas-ures in Je-sus a-bound.
 If they will hum-bly in pen-i-tence bow. All that I want is in
 Both need and want will by Him be sup-plied.
 One glimpse of Je-sus and all will be bright!

Je-sus, He sat-is-fies,.... joy He sup-plies;
 Je-sus, in Je-sus. with the free-ly

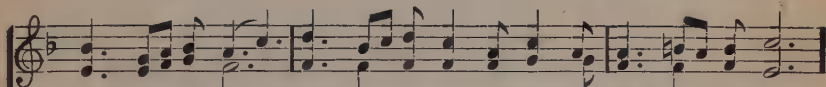
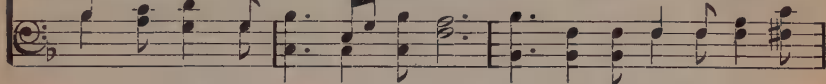
ad lib.
 Life would be worth-less with-out Him, All things in Je-sus I find.
 with-out Him, with-out Him,



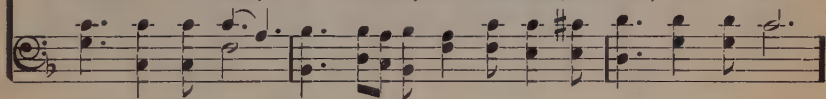
1. Set me a-part, my Sav - ior, Set me a - part; Grant now this
2. Set me a-part, King Je - sus, Set me a - part; Tho still un-
3. Set me a-part and use me, Set me a - part; For thy sweet
4. Set me a-part; for - ev - er Set me a - part, That naught from



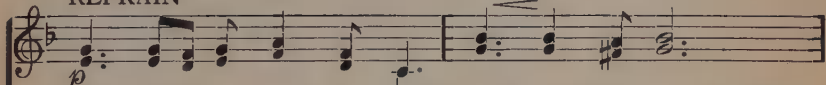
1. price-less fa - vor, Dwell in my heart. Free from all vain am - bi - tion,
2. seen, how pre - cious, Mas - ter, Thou art! Thy ser - vice is my pleasure,
3. ser - vice choose me, Now let me start, Striv - ing to save an - oth - er
4. Thee may sev - er My yield - ed heart. Then where - so - e' er Thou go - est,



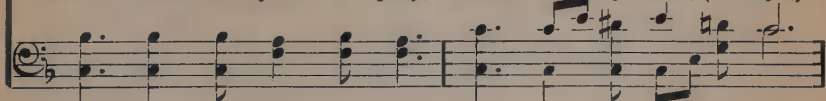
1. Thine would I be, This, this my on - ly mis - sion, To live for Thee.
2. Thy will my own; What is my dear - est treasure But Thee a - lone?
3. Lost on the road, Some weak and wand'ring brother Point home to God.
4. Here or a - bove, I'll fol - low; for Thou knowest Thee, Thee I love.



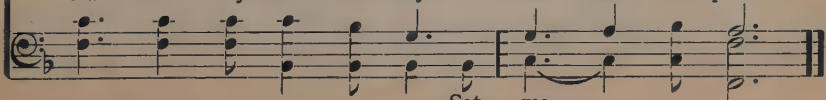
REFRAIN



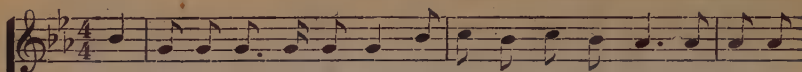
Set me a - part, I pray, Dwell in my heart; (for aye;)



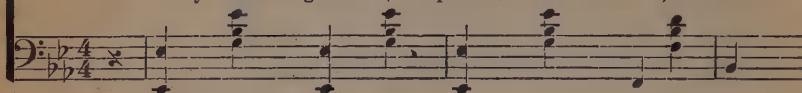
All for Thy - self to - day Set me a - part.



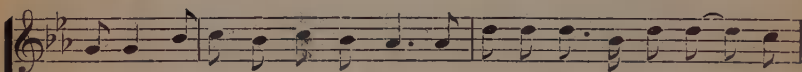
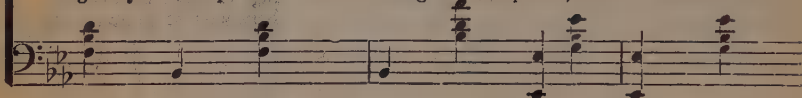
Set me.....



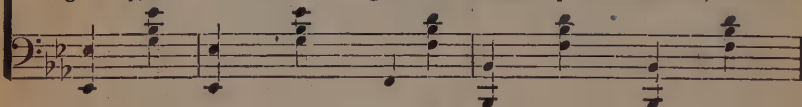
1. 'Tis fall-ing on the housetops, 'Tis patt'ring on the roofs, 'Tis beat-ing
 2. Lift up your heads, ye peo - ple, Lift up your 'fa - ces too, O - pen your
 3. The thirsty hearts are gladden'd, The parch-ed souls are drench'd; Be-neath the



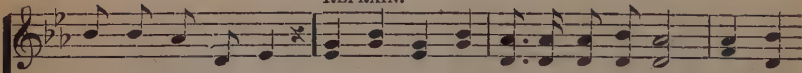
'gainst your win-dow-pane, As the Ho-ly Spir-it moves; 'Tis fall-ing on the
 mouths to sing His praise, And the rain will fall on you; Take down your broad um-
 might - y down-pour Our burn-ing thirst is quench'd; And soon in clouds of



vine-yard And on the field of grain, Lift up your heads, ye peo - ple, And
 brel-las, Put un-be-lief a-way; With trusting, yielding heart re-ceive The
 glo-ry, Our Lord shall come a-gain To take us up to heav-en, With

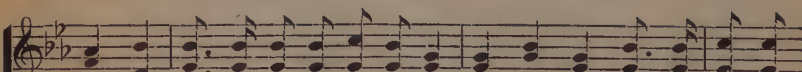


REFRAIN.



drink, and drink a - gain.

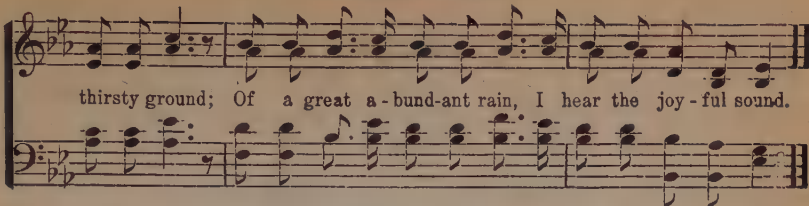
Ho - ly Ghost to - day. Fall-ing, fall-ing, show's of lat-ter rain, Fall-ing,
 Him for aye to reign.



fall-ing, ere our Lord re-turns a-gain; O - pen, o - pen and drink, O



Latter Rain.



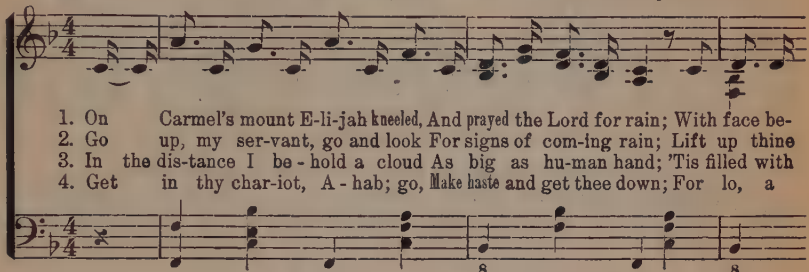
thirsty ground; Of a great a-bund-ant rain, I hear the joy-ful sound.

148

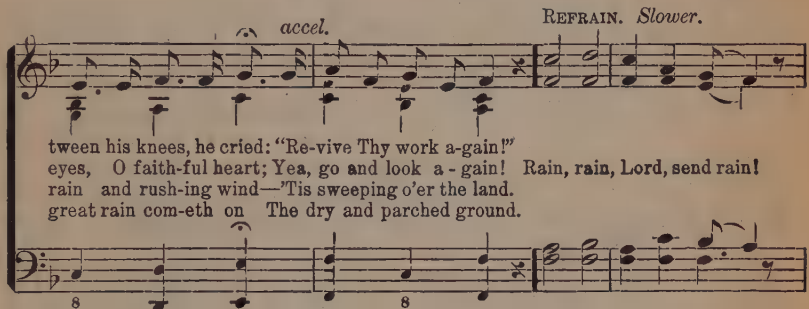
On Carmel's Mount.

A. S. M.

Copyright, 1919, by A. S. McPherson. Almee Semple McPherson.

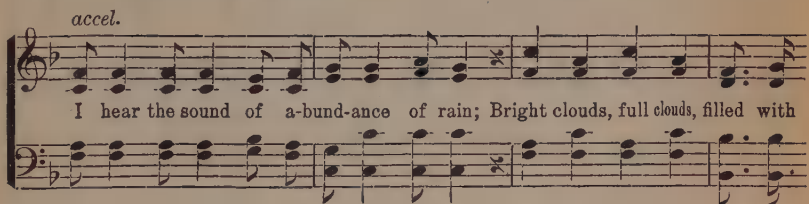


1. On Carmel's mount E-li-jah kneeled, And prayed the Lord for rain; With face be-
 2. Go up, my ser-vant, go and look For signs of com-ing rain; Lift up thine
 3. In the dis-tance I be-hold a cloud As big as hu-man hand; 'Tis filled with
 4. Get in thy char-iot, A-hab; go, Make haste and get thee down; For lo, a



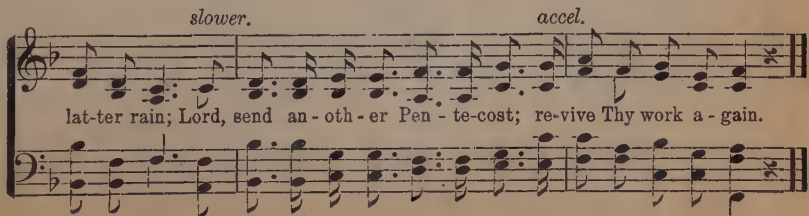
accel. *REFRAIN. Slower.*

tween his knees, he cried: "Re-vive Thy work a-gain!"
 eyes, O faith-ful heart; Yea, go and look a - gain! Rain, rain, Lord, send rain!
 rain and rush-ing wind—'Tis sweep-ing o'er the land.
 great rain com-eth on The dry and parched ground.



accel.

I hear the sound of a-bund-ance of rain; Bright clouds, full clouds, filled with



slower. *accel.*

lat-ter rain; Lord, send an-oth-er Pen-te-cost; re-vive Thy work a - gain.

No. 149.

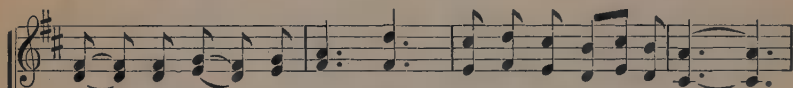
Beautiful Home.

FRANK FOREST.

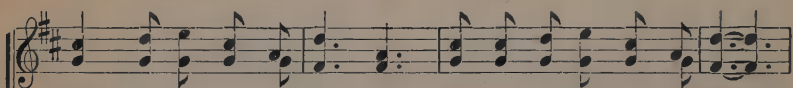
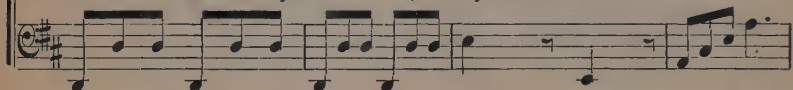
H. R. PALMER.



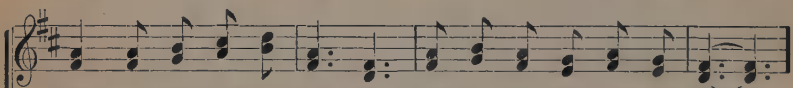
1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright,
 2. Flow - ers for - ev - er are spring - ing, In that home so fair,
 3. Soon shall I join that an - them, Far be - yond the sky;



Where sweet joys su - per - nal Nev - er are dimm'd by night;
 Thousands of children are sing - ing Prais - es to Je - sus there;
 Je - sus be - came my ran - som, Why should I fear to die?



White - robed an - gels are sing - ing Ev - er a - round the bright throne;
 How they swell the glad an - thems Ev - er a - round the bright throne;
 Soon my eyes will be - hold Him Seat - ed up - on the bright throne;



When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?
 When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?
 Then, oh, then shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?



REFRAIN.



Home, beau - ti - ful home, Bright, beau - ti - ful home;
 Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful - home;



By permission.

Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

Home, home of our Sav - ior, Bright, beau - ti - ful home.
Beau - ti - ful,

No. 150. My Sabbath Home.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair - est pal - ace dome,
2. Here to my will - ful, wand'ring heart, The way of life is shown;
3. Here Je - sus stands with lov - ing voice, En - treat - ing me to come

My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sab - bath Home.
Here may I seek the bet - ter part, And gain a Sab - bath Home.
And make of Him my ear - nest choice, In this dear Sab - bath Home.

CHORUS.

Sabbath Home! Blessed Home! Sabbath Home! Blessed Home!
Sweet Home! Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sab - bath Home.

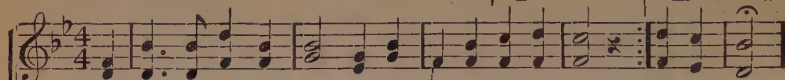
No. 151. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

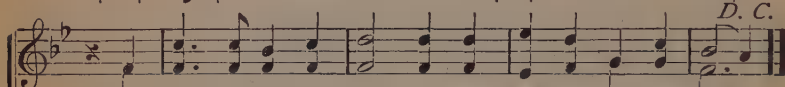
(WEBB. 7s, 6s.)

GEO. J. WEBB.

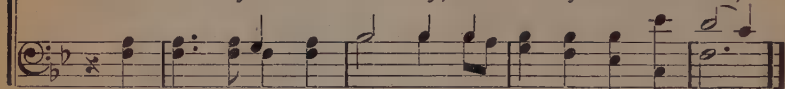
1 2 FINE.



1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; }
 { Lift high your roy - al ban - ner, It must not (Omit.) } suf - fer loss:
 D. C. - Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is (Omit.) Lord in - deed.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall He lead,



2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger
 And strength to strength oppose.

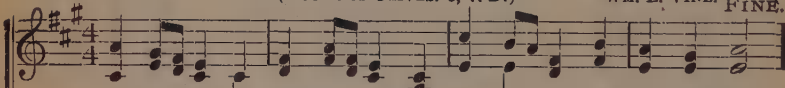
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

No. 152. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

W. WILLIAMS.

(MOUNT OF OLIVES. 8, 7 D.)

WM. L. VINE. FINE.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this barren land:
 D. C. - Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain Whence the healing waters flow;
 D. C. - Strong De - liv - erer, Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side;
 D. C. - Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.



I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand;
 Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my journey through;
 Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side;



No. 153

It May Be at Noon

Mrs. MACY WORTLEY

Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

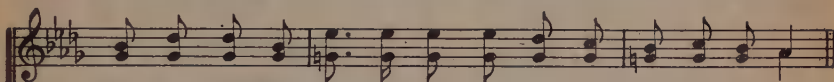
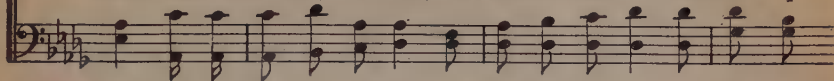
Mrs. LUCY LAISE



1. It may be at noon or evening's sweet gloaming, It may be at
2. The trum-pet shall sound, O blessed a-wak-ing! Our lov'd ones who
3. Then let us pre-pare by watch-ing and wait-ing, With oil in our



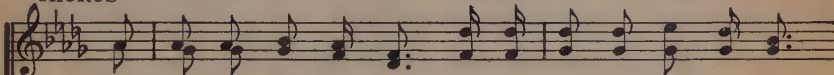
morn or the mid-nigh't's still hour, But this we may know, our Sav-ior
sleep from the grave shall a-rise, And we who re-main be chang'd in
lamps burn-ing brightly and clear, That when He shall come to make up



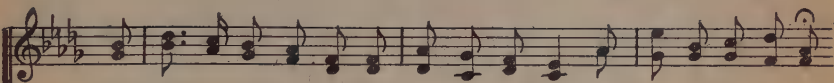
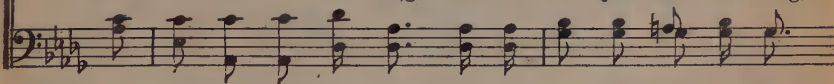
is com-ing With thousands of an-gels, in glo-ry and pow'r.
a moment, All caught up to-geth-er to Him in the skies.
His jew-els We all may re-joice that our Bridegroom is here.



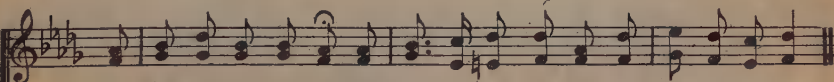
CHORUS



O Je-sus is com ing, hal-le-lu-jah! He's com-ing,

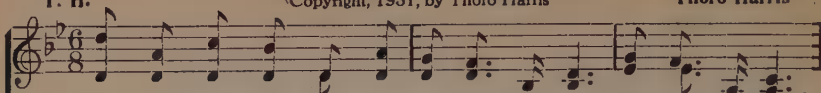


Our might-y Re-deem-er, Pro-tec-tor and Friend. All glo-ry for-ev-er

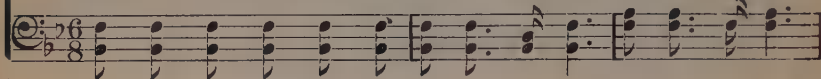


To Je-sus our Sav-ior, We praise and a-dore Him Till a-ges shall end.





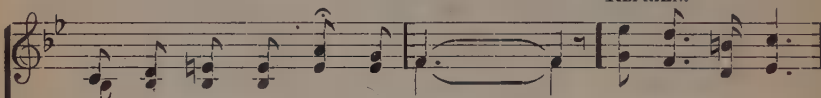
1. Dai - ly we look for our Lord from a - bove, Near - er to - day,
2. Near - er than when we this mes - sage re - ceiv'd, Near - er to - day,
3. Near - er, per - haps, than we dare to ex - pect, Near - er to - day,
4. Na - tions are trem - bling and quak - ing for fear, All hearts to - day
5. What if to - day He should blaze thru the skies, Com - ing to - day,



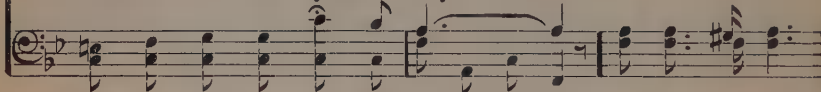
1. near - er to - day, Je - sus our Bride - groom, the Sav - ior we love,
2. near - er to - day, Nev - er in vain have His chil - dren be - liev'd
3. near - er to - day, What tho the world His sal - va - tion re - ject?
4. melt - ing a - way, Lift up your heads, your re - demp - tion is near,
5. ■ - ven to - day? What if His glo - ry should burst on our eyes?



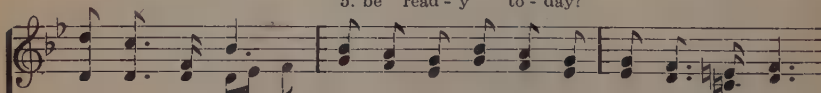
REFRAIN.



1. Near - er His com - ing each day.
- 2, 3. Je - sus draws near - er each day. Near - er to - day,
4. Near - er and near - er each day.
5. Would we be read - y to - day?



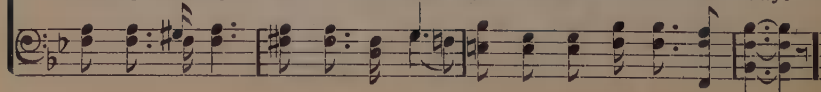
1. His com - ing each day.
- 2, 3. and near - er each day
4. yes, near - er each day.
5. be read - y to - day?



Near - er to - day; This we may know, He is not far a - way;
for

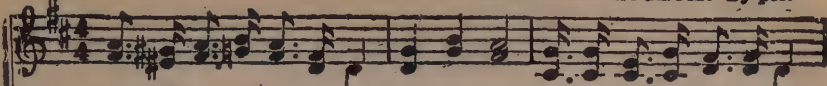


Lift up thine eyes, Look to the skies: Je - sus draws nearer each day.

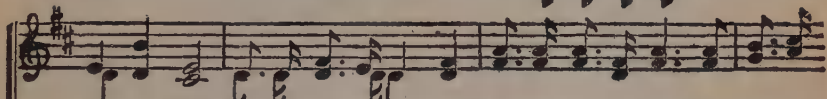
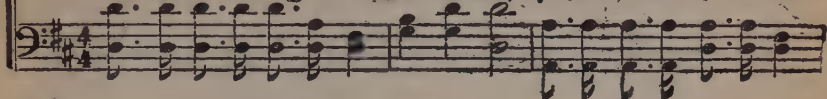


W. G.

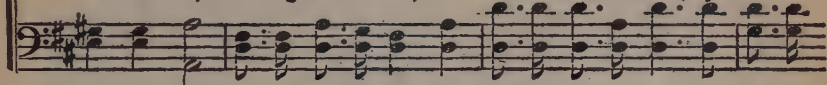
REV. WILLIAM GRUM. By per.



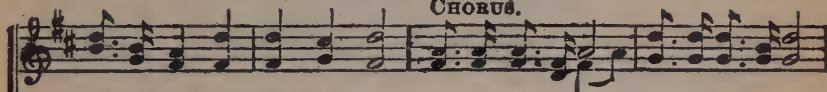
1. When the hosts of Is - ra - el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer - i - cho
2. David, with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi - ant on the field
3. Dan - iel prayed un - to the Lord thrice each day, Then un - to the li - on's den
4. Oft - en with the car - nal mind I was tried, Ask - ing for de - liv - er - ance
5. When like those who've gone before to that land, By death's riv - er cold and dark



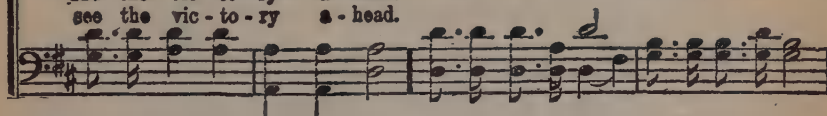
soft - ly trod; Trust - ing in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread, By faith they
all a - lone; Trust - ing in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he
led the way; Trust - ing in the Lord, he did not fear or dread, By faith he
oft I cried, Trust - ing in the Lord, I reckon'd I was dead, By faith I
I shall stand; Trust - ing in the Lord, I will not fear or dread, By faith I



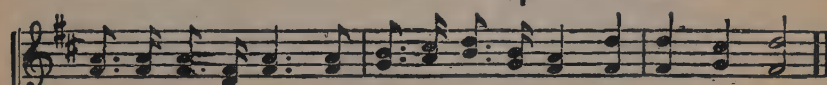
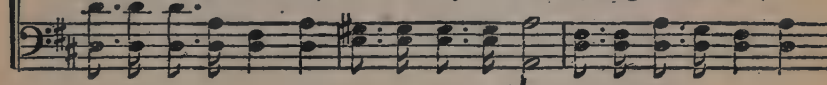
CHORUS.



saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - te - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head. Vic - to - ry a - head! Vic - to - ry a - head!
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
see the vic - to - ry a - head.



Thro' the blood of Je - sus, vic - to - ry a - head; Trusting in the Lord, I



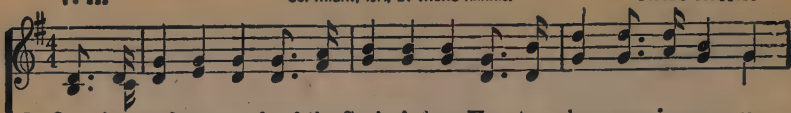
hear the conq'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head.



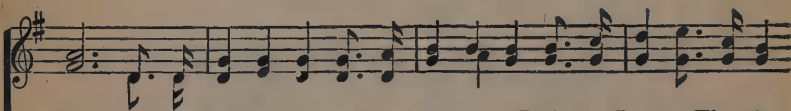
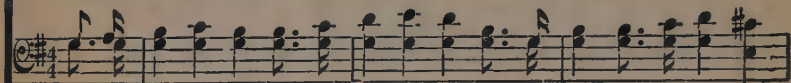
T. H.

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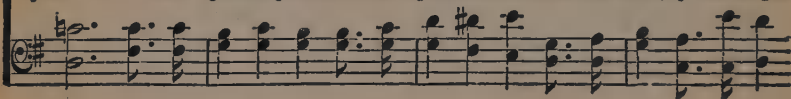
Thoro Harris.



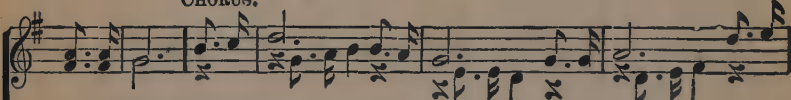
1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re-
2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His foes were
3. His a - ton-ing blood still a - vails to-day: For the king-dom be saved and
4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav-ior in, Bow the heart, in con-tri - tion



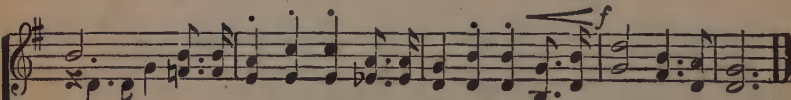
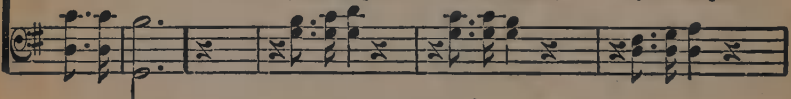
vealed; Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
steeled 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov-ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes
sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a-way—Praise the Lord, by His stripes
yield To the Spir-it's pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes



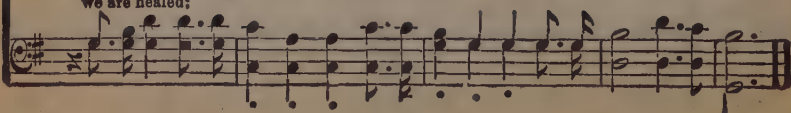
CHORUS.



we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are
By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes



healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.
we are healed;



1. What's the grand-est word That was ev - er heard? 'Tis the sweet old
 2. When the skies are blue What can hope re - new Like the sweet old
 3. What will be the song Of the ran-somed throng But the sweet old

1. sto - ry of His love. What will wand'ers win From the paths of sin But the
 2. sto - ry of His love? What can peace im-part To an ach - ing heart But the
 3. sto - ry of His love! When they see the King All the saints will sing Of the

CHORUS.

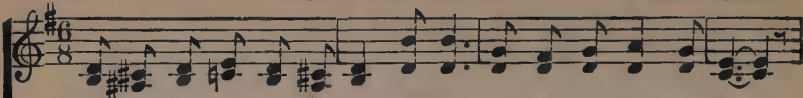
1. sweet old sto - ry of His love?
 2. sweet old sto - ry of His love?
 3. sweet old sto - ry of His love.

{ 'Tis the noblest theme to mortals giv'n, 'Tis the
 { So we'll tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er Till we

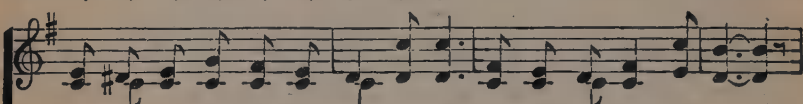
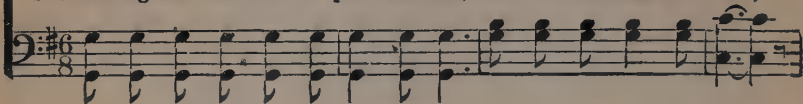
joy of earth, 'tis the praise of heav-en; Nothing else could be as dear to me
 reach our home on the golden shore; And then with all the ransomed souls a - bove

1
 2

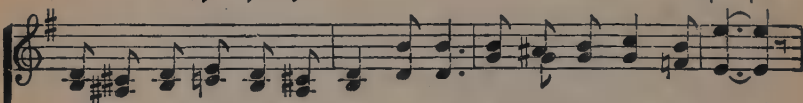
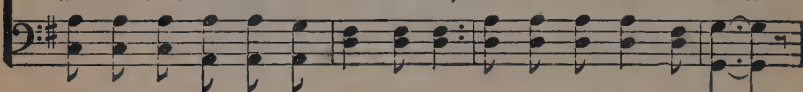
As the sto - ry of Je - sus' love. Sing the sto - ry of His love.
 might-y love.



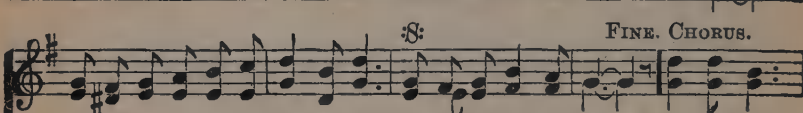
1. Bright is the path that I tread to-day, Blue is the sky a - bove;
2. Sin and its pleasures their charm have lost, I have been cleaned with-in;
3. Noth - ing shall cause me to part from Him, Till I have ceased to roam;



For I am walk - ing the heav'n - ly way, Prais - ing my Sav - ior's love.
 Nev - er a - gain shall my soul be tost Out on the waves of sin.
 Whether thru sun - shine or shad - ows dim, Je - sus will lead me home.

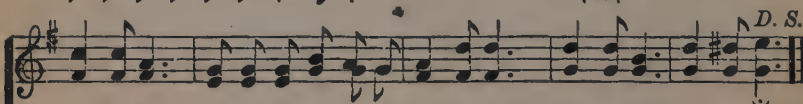
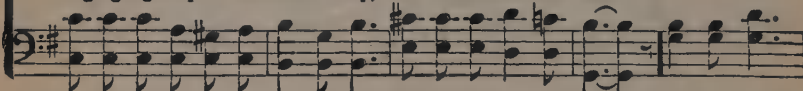


Sweet is the song that my spir - it sings, Leav - ing my drear - y past;
 Je - sus has an - swered my heart's deep plea, From me my bur - den cast;
 Close - ly I'll cling to Him all the way, Fear - ing no storm - y blast,



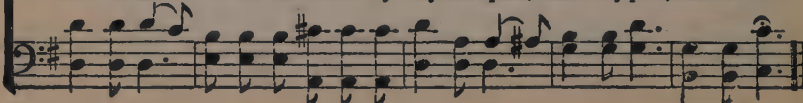
FINE. CHORUS.

"I am a child of the King of kings; Je - sus is mine at last."
 I am as glad as a soul can be - Je - sus is mine at last. Mine at last!
 Singing right up to the land of day, "Je - sus is mine at last."

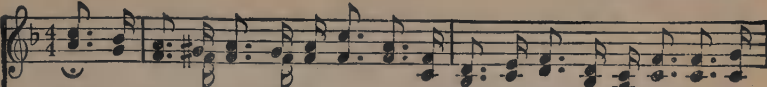


D. S.

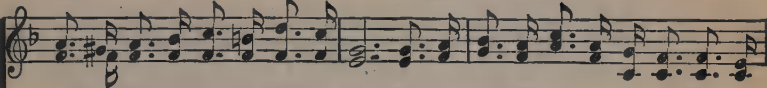
mine at last! Je - sus has hidden my wayward past, Heard my plea, made me free:



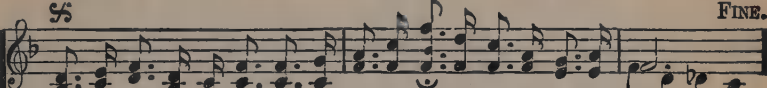
Dion De Marbelle.



1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the

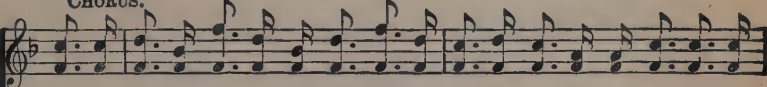


on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

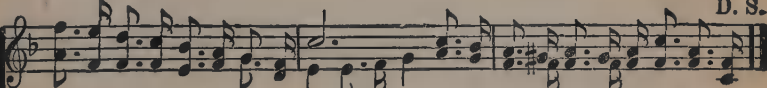


dwel with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 you and me.

D.S.—yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 CHORUS.



Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



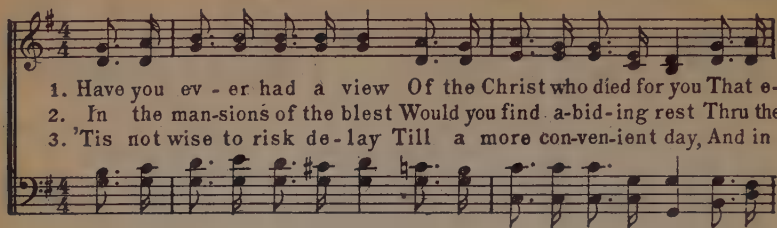
D. S.
 glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

160 Are You Certain You've Been Born Again?

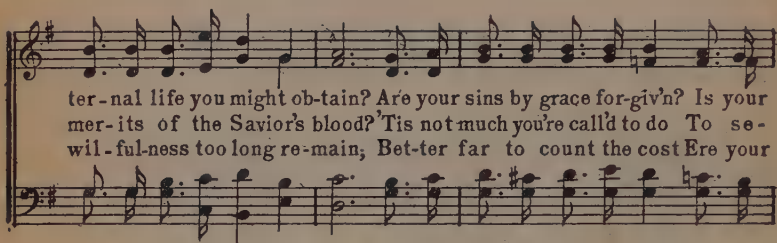
T.H.

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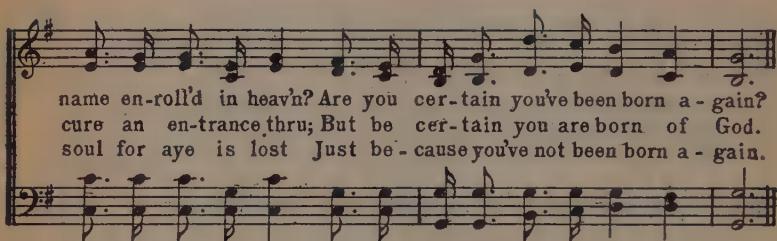
THORO HARRIS



1. Have you ev - er had a view Of the Christ who died for you That e -
2. In the man-sions of the blest Would you find a-bid-ing rest Thru the
3. 'Tis not wise to risk de-lay Till a more con-ven-ient day, And in

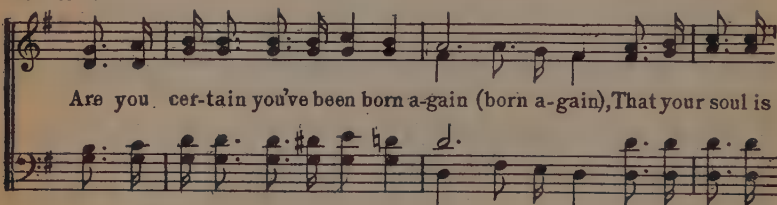


ter-nal life you might ob-tain? Are your sins by grace for-giv'n? Is your
mer-its of the Savior's blood? 'Tis not much you're call'd to do To se-
wil-ful-ness too long re-main; Bet-ter far to count the cost Ere your

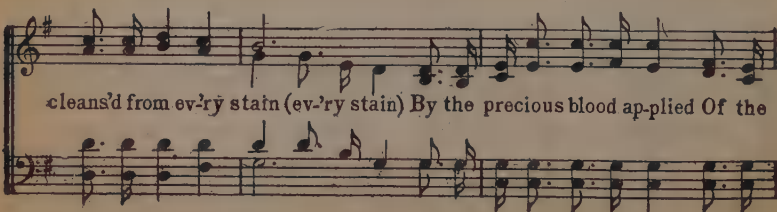


name en-roll'd in heav'n? Are you cer-tain you've been born a - gain?
cure an en-trance thru; But be cer-tain you are born of God.
soul for aye is lost Just be- cause you've not been born a - gain.

CHORUS



Are you cer-tain you've been born a-gain (born a-gain), That your soul is



cleans'd from ev-'ry stain (ev-'ry stain) By the precious blood applied Of the

Savior cru-ci-fied Who en-dur'd for you the cross of pain (the cross of pain)?

If to-night your earthly life should close (suddenly close) Would your spirit

rest in calm re- pose (qui-et re- pose) Till the King of kings shall come

To re-ceive His ransom'd home? Are you certain you've been born a- gain?

161

There is Grace

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

There is grace e- nuf When the road is ruf, There is grace e-nuf When the

fight is tuf, 'Tis a prom-ise I claim In Je-sus' name: There is grace enuf for me.

1. They cru-ci-fied my Sav-ior and nail'd Him to the tree, They cru-ci-

fied my Sav-ior and nail'd Him to the tree, They cru-ci-fied my Sav-ior

and nail'd Him to the tree; And the Lord will bear my spir-it home.

CHORUS

He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead; He rose, He rose,
He did? O yes, a-men! praise God

He rose from the dead; He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead;
O yes, He did,

And the Lord will bear my spir-it home, The Lord will bear my spir-it home.

2. Joseph and Nicodemus laid Jesus in the tomb.

3. The angel came that morning to roll the stone away.

4. Soon Mary came a-running her Savior for to see.

Meet Mother in the Skies.

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Capo 1st fr

USED BY PER.

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.

1. In a lone - ly grave - yard, ma - ny miles a - way, Lies your dear old
 2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is,
 3. Now in true re - pent - ance to the Sav - iour flee, He who pardoned

moth - er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem - 'ries oft re - turn - ing,
 ab - sent, moth - er, kind and true; Ev - er - more she dwells where
 moth - er, mer - cy has for thee; Now He waits to com - fort,

of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies.
 pleas - ure nev - er dies, If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies.
 He will not de - spise, If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies.

D.S. heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.
CHORUS.

Lis - ten to her plead - ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov - ing - ly en -

treat - ing, do no long - er roam; Let your man - hood wa - ken,

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.

C. D. MARTIN.

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W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 8/8. The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The notation is in a traditional, slightly stylized font.

Be-neath His	wings of love	a - bide,	God will take care	of you.
When dangers	fierce your path	as - sail,	God will take care	of you.
Noth-ing you	ask will be	de - nied,	God will take care	of you.
Lean, wea-ry	one, up - on	His breast,	God will take care	of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way.

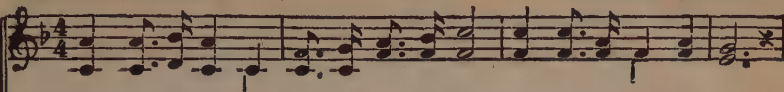
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

Owned by R. E. Winscott,

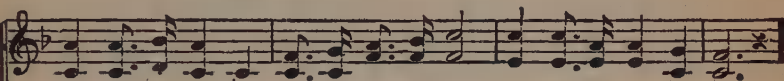
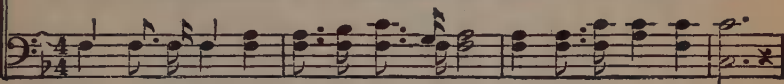
From Gospel Message in Song.

REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

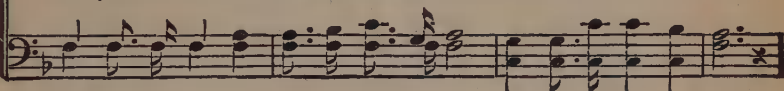
JAMES M. BLACK.



1. If you from sin are long - ing to be free, Look to the Lamb of God;
2. When Satan tempts, and doubts and fears assail, Look to the Lamb of God;
3. Are you a - wea - ry, does the way seem long? Look to the Lamb of God;
4. Fear not when shadows on your path - way fall, Look to the Lamb of God;



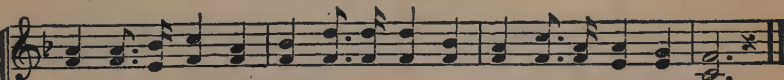
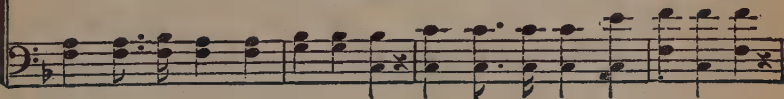
He, to re-deem you, died on Cal - va - ry, Look to the Lamb of God.
 You in His strength shall o - ver all pre-vail, Look to the Lamb of God.
 His love will cheer and fill your heart with song, Look to the Lamb of God.
 In joy or sor - row Christ is all in all, Look to the Lamb of God.



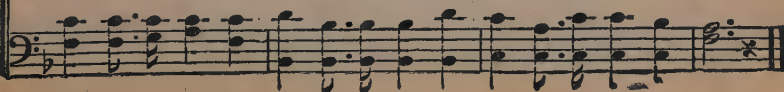
CHORUS.



Look to the Lamb of God, Look to the Lamb of God,
 the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God,



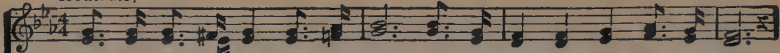
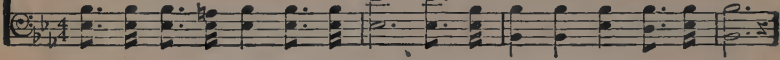
For He a - lone is a - ble to save you, Look to the Lamb of God.

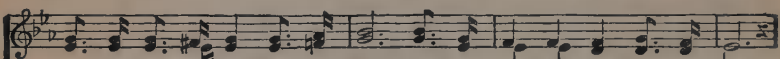


E. R. LATTI.

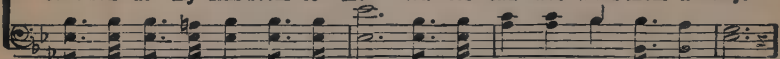
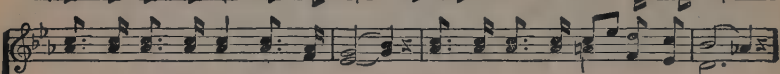
Moderato.

H. S. PERKINS.

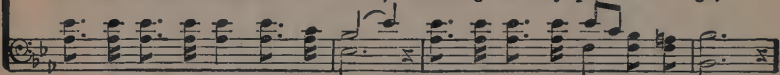
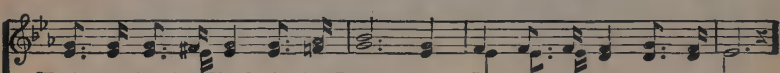
- 
1. Bless-ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
 2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
 3. Fa-ther, I have wan-dered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;
- 



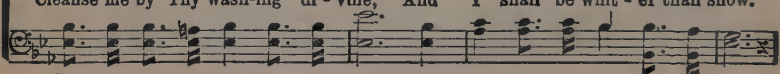
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fount-ain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus to that Fount-ain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.




CHORUS.

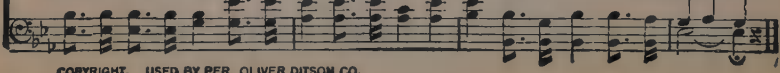


Whit - - er than the snow,..... Whit - - er than the snow;.....

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;

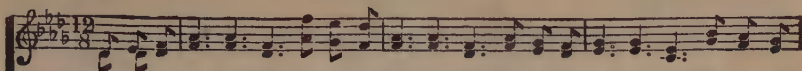
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.



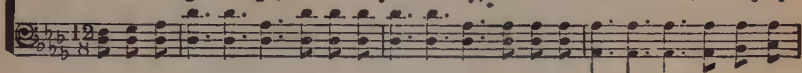
B. E. W.

Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee.

B. E. WARREN.



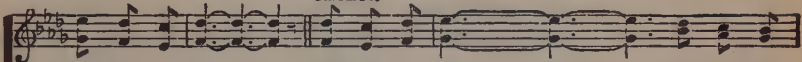
1. Beautiful robes so white, Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright, Where there shall
2. Beautiful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e-ter-ni-ty, When from this
3. Beautiful things on high, O-ver in yonder sky, Thus I shall leave this shore, Counting my



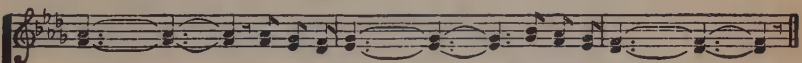
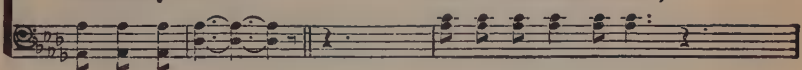
come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in mansions fair,
world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share, Let me cross over there;
treas-ures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to sor-row more,



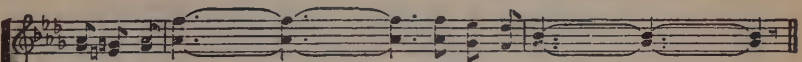
CHORUS.



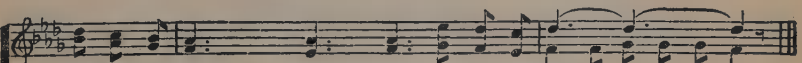
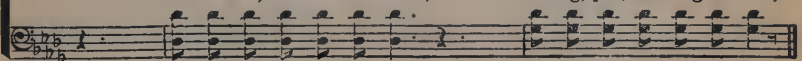
Gath-er us there.... Beau-ti-ful robes,..... Beau-ti-ful
This is my pray'r....
Heav-en-ly store.... Beau-ti-ful robes of white,



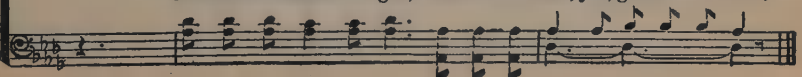
land,..... Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beautiful band,.....
Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright, Beautiful band of might,



Beau-ti-ful crown,..... Shining so fair,.....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shin-ing so fair,

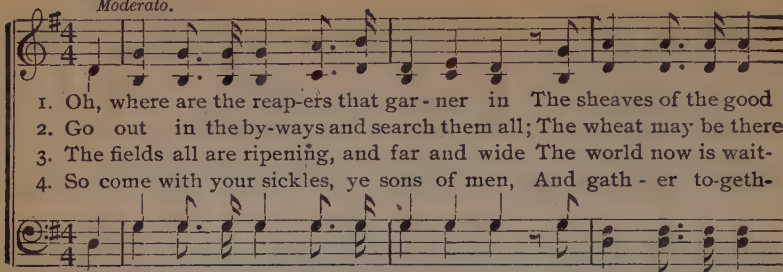


Beau-ti-ful man-sion bright, Gath-er us there.....
Beau-ti-ful mansion bright, Gath-er us there, yes, gath-er us there.

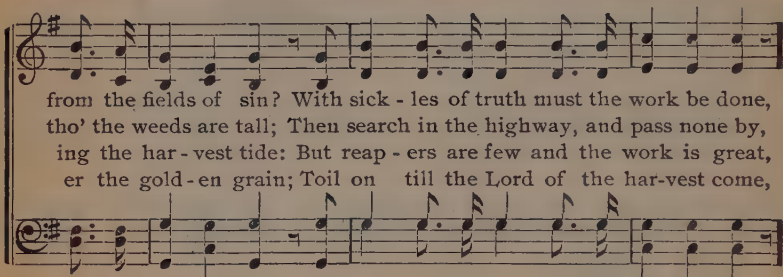


EBEN E. REXFORD.
Moderato.

GEO. F. ROOT.

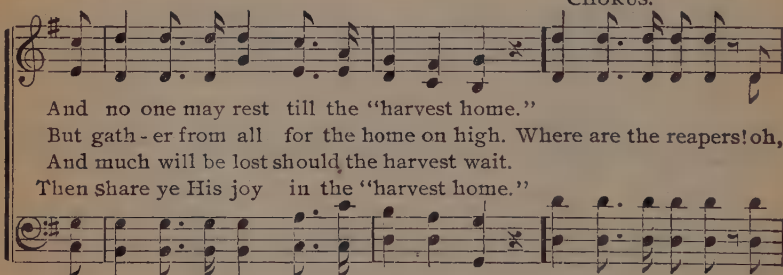


1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good
 2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there
 3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-
 4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-

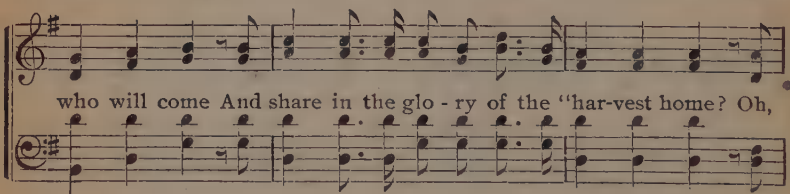


from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth must the work be done,
 tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
 ing the har-vest tide: But reap-ers are few and the work is great,
 er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

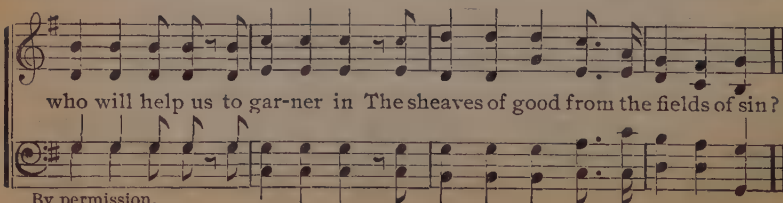
CHORUS.



And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
 But gath-er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers! oh,
 And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
 Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."



who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home? Oh,



who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

SALLIE KEEP BEST.

O. S. GRINNELL.



1. The clouds and mists are breaking, break - - ing a - way;
2. The dark-ness now is breaking, break - - ing a - way;
3. The doubts and fears are breaking, break - - ing a - way;
break - ing, break-ing a - way;



The sun-shine now is com - ing, com - - ing to - day,
The path I see be - fore me, nev - - er I'll stray,
Sweet joy and peace are com - ing, com - - ing to - day,
com - ing, com - ing to - day,



The sunshine of the Sav-ior's love, Its rays are falling from a-bove,
No more I'll wander from the fold, Or suf-fer from the storm or cold,
The Spir-it then my heart shall fill, Each day I'll strive to do His will,



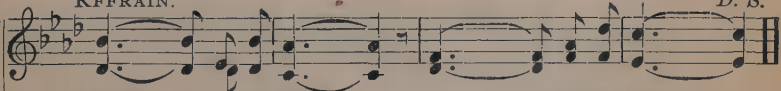
De-scend-ing swift - ly as a dove, Light - ing my way.
The Sav-ior's love my heart shall hold, With Him I'll stay.
His bless - ed word in me ful - fill While I o - bey.
Light-ing, lighting my way.



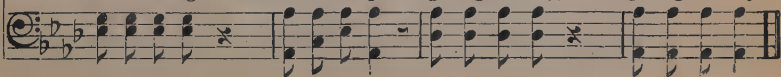
D. S.—The Sav - ior comes and speaks to me, Light - ing the way.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



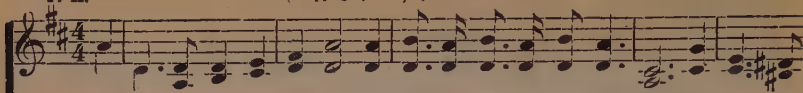
Beau - ti - ful light, Light - ing the way. . . .
Beau-ti - ful light beau-ti-ful light, Lighting the way, lighting the way.



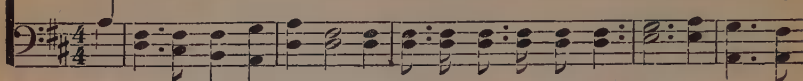

T. H.

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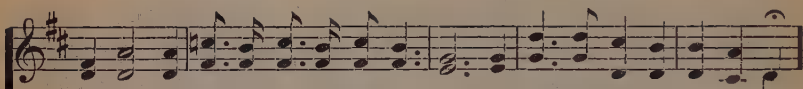
Thoro Harris.



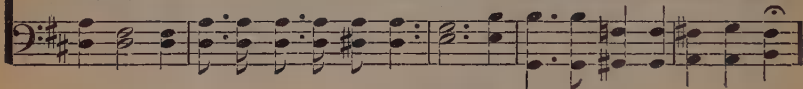
1. I know a chos-en peo-ple Bap-tiz'd in - to the Ho - ly Ghost, Who preach a
 2. These pilgrims are pe - cu-liar, So strange are they in ev - 'ry way; They take the
 3. So might-y are the won-ders Wro't by the pow'r of Je-sus' name; Thru faith to

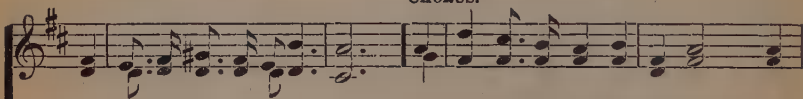
full sal - va - tion That saves un - to the ut - ter - most, With heal - ing for the
 old - time Bi - ble In spite of what the crit - ics say; Be - liev - ing ev - 'ry
 be de - liv - er'd, The blind ones see, and leap the lame; And in an - oth - er


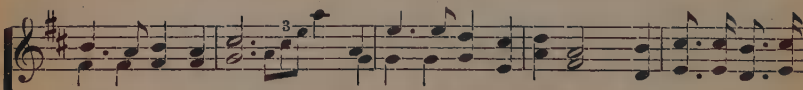
bod - y And par - don for the guilt - y soul, And cleansing in the pre - cious blood
 promise, They look for Je - sus to ap - pear, The Bridegroom for His waiting bride,
 language They nev - er knew, their King they praise, And say, "These are but signs that we



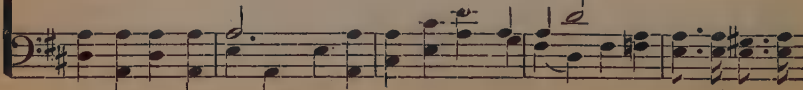
CHORUS.



That makes the vil - est sin - ner whole. Then lift up the bloodstain'd banner, And
 Per - haps be - fore an - oth - er year."
 Are liv - ing in the lat - ter days. Then lift the bloodstain'd banner (high)

proud - ly let it wave; And shout a - loud, "Ho - san - na! Our Je - sus can com -
 skyward wave;



A Peculiar People.

plete-ly save." All glo-ry to God our Fa-ther, All glo-ry to the
hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry (And)

Son, All glo-ry to the Ho-ly Ghost For all the wonders He hath done.

171

The Center of His Will.

T. H.

Copyright, 1920, by Thero Harris.

Thero Harris.

1. I love my gracious Sav-ior, His praise my soul doth fill, While sweetly I am
2. When trials press up-on me, I know He loves me still; No harm o'ertakes His
3. So on I go re-joic-ing His pur-pose to ful-fill, His praise for-ev-er
4. He leads me thru this val-ley Of Ba-ca's night, un-til The morning breaks up

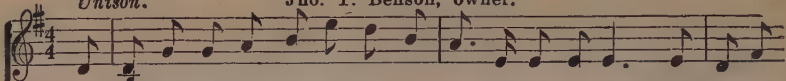
REFRAIN.

1. rest-ing In the cen-ter of His will.
2. children In the cen-ter of His will. In the cen-ter of His will, There I
3. voic-ing, In the cen-ter of His will.
4. on me, In the cen-ter of His will.

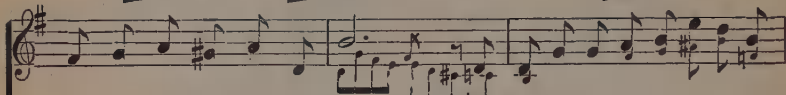
rest me and am still; How sweet to ful-ly trust Him, In the cen-ter of His will!

T. H.
Unison.COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.
Jno. T. Benson, owner.

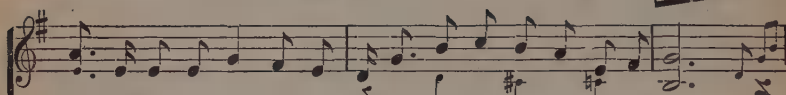
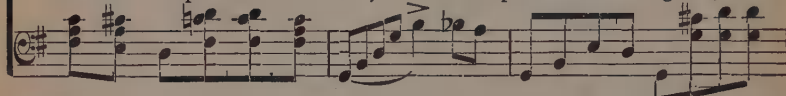
Thoro Harris.



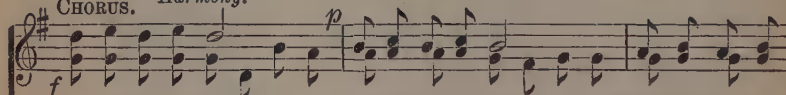
1. O Chris-tian, in these lat-ter days have you the tidings heard— This "gos-pel
2. The signs are all a-round us: in the earth, the sea and sky, The to-kens
3. In co-pious show'rs the lat-ter rain is fall-ing all a-round, The Ho-ly
4. If you this truth be-lieve, O do not i-dle time a-way, Nor fold your



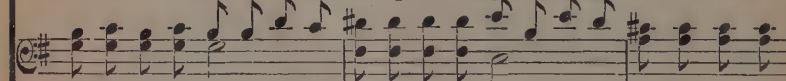
of the kingdom" clear and plain— The sweet and gracious message from the
all u-nite this truth to prove: The com-ing of the Son of man is
Ghost in ful-ness is out-poured; O'er all the earth it falls up-on the
hands in ex-pec-ta-tion vain; But speed Messiah's kingdom, and the



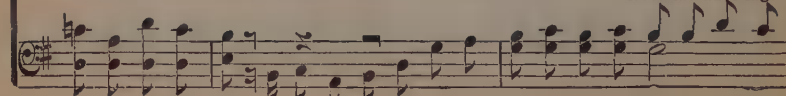
sure pro-phet-ic word, That the bless-ed Christ is com-ing soon a-gain?
draw-ing ver-y nigh; O my broth-er, His ap-pear-ing do you love?
dry and parch-ed ground, This re-fresh-ing from the pres-ence of the Lord.
glad mil-len-nial day When our Je-sus o-ver all the earth shall reign.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

He is com-ing soon, Coming ver-y soon; Tho' the hour we
Heed the warn-ing! Com-ing noon, or night, or morn-ing;



may not know, He'll come within this gen-er-a-tion; He is com-ing soon,
Heed the warn-ing!



He is Coming Soon.

Com-ing ver-y soon: Are you glad our King is coming soon:
Coming noon or night or morning: com-ing ver - y soon?

173

He Never Lost a Case.

T. H.

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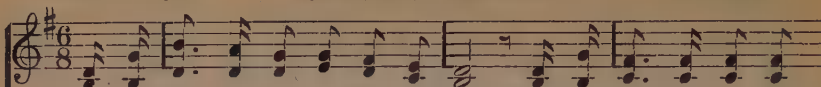
Thoro Harris.

1. Ho, all ye sick and dy - ing Of ev - 'ry tribe and race, On Him a -
2. O'er Satan's pow'r pre-vail - ing, God's rem - e - dy is sure; His mas - ter -
3. One touch of Is - rael's Sav - ior Will all your ills re - move: Ther seek His
4. The Christ hath pow'r for-ev - er To can - cel pain and sin; Now let this
5. From Him new life re - ceiv - ing, Ac - cept His prof - er - ed grace In sim - ple
6. Yea, trust His cleansing pow - er To pu - ri - fy the soul; And straight - way

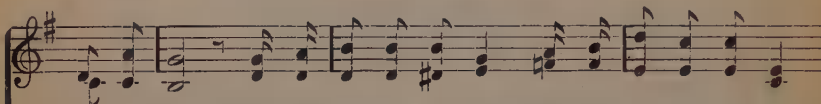
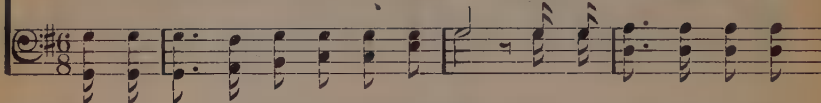
CHORUS.

lone re - ly - ing Who nev - er lost a case—
skill un - fail - ing Your dread dis - ease can cure.
gra - cious fa - vor Whose on - ly fee is love. Come in your sad con - di - tion To
great Re - liev - er His heal - ing work be - gin.
faith, be - liev - ing He nev - er lost a case.
from this hour Be ev - 'ry whit made whole!

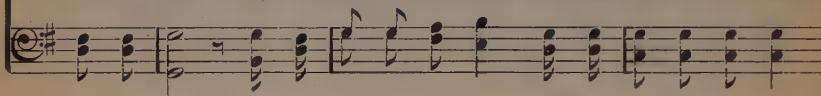
Je - sus "full of grace;" This won - der - ful Phy - si - cian Nev - er lost a case.
truth and grace;



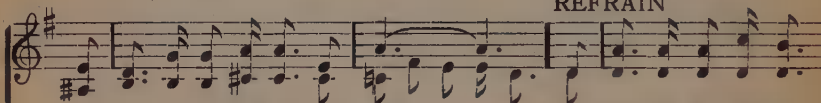
1. Soon the Sav - ior is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing on - ly for those
 2. And the Spir - it is speak - ing to - day Thru His saints, whom He bids
 3. Let us seek for our Lord's ver - y best, For we know He will see
 4. O what rapt - ure, what joy there will be! Earth - ly scenes will be lost



1. who are true, They who read - y are found When the trumpet shall sound;
 2. to be true, That the Bridegroom so near, Ver - y soon will ap - pear:
 3. us safe thru; Tho the lukewarm may sneer And the test be se - vere.
 4. to our view When we meet in the air, Heaven's glo - ries to share:



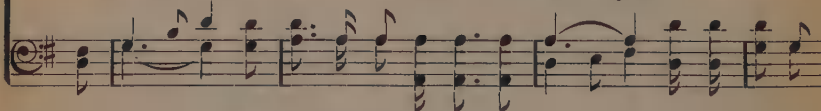
REFRAIN



I want to be read - y, don't you?..... I want to be read - y,
 I want to be ready.

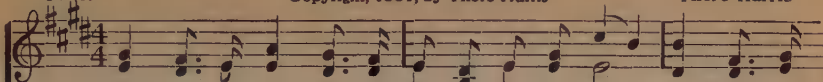


I do,..... My lamp burning steady: Don't you?.... Burning steady
 I do, Don't you?

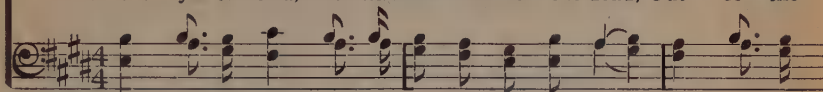


and bright, And my garment wash'd white: I want to be read - y, don't you?

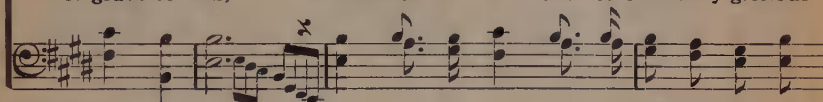




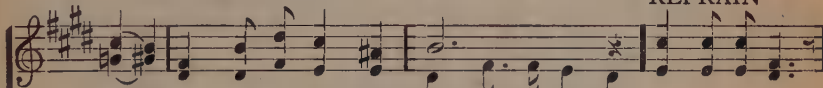
1. I will a-rise, to the Sav-ior I will go, Leav-ing my
2. Glad-ly I come with con-tri-tion for the past, Mak-ing my
3. Tho I have sinn'd, there is mer-cy with my Lord, Par-don and
4. If I con-fess, He the Faith-ful and the Just Prom-is-es
5. Glo-ry to God, who hath rais'd me from the dead, Out of the



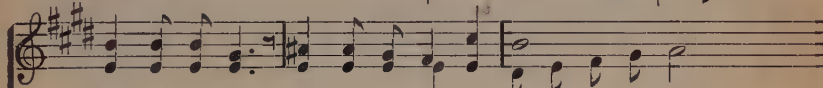
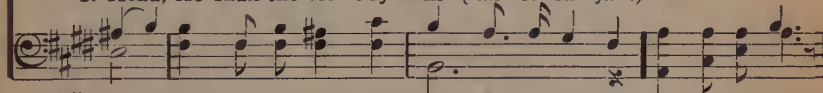
1. sin-ful ways; Christ has re-deem'd me from all my bit-ter
2. peace with God; Here at His feet all the heav-y load I
3. joy for me; Bear-ing the yoke in o-be-dience to His
4. to for-give; His Ho-ly Spir-it en-a-bles me to
5. grave of sin; Henceforth u-ni-ted to Christ my glorious



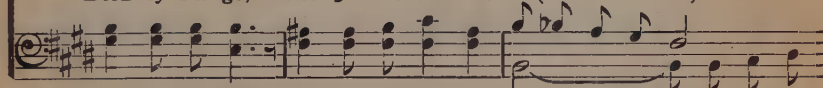
REFRAIN



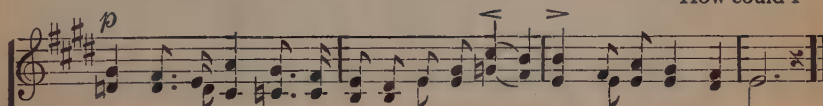
1. woe, Tun-ing my heart to praise (praise to Je-sus).
2. cast, Plead-ing the prec-ious blood (of my Sav-ior). Now will I go,
3. word, I would His fol-l'wer be (true to Je-sus).
4. trust, Teaching me how to live (how to please Him).
5. Head, He shall the vic-t'ry win (hal-le-lu-jah!)



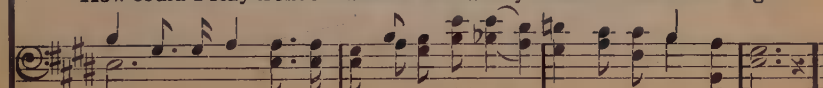
Bold-ly I'll go, For Je-sus loves me so. (He loves me so).



How could I



How could I stay from the blessed fold a-way? Back to His arms I'll go.



stay

1 If the world from you withhold all its sil-ver and its gold And you
2 If your bod-y suf-fer pain and your health you can't re-gain And your
3 When your en-e-mies as-sail and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-
4 When your youthful days are gone and old age is steal-ing on And your

have to get a-long with meager fare, Just re-mem-ber in His word how He
soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel. He can
get the Lord in heaven answers pray'r. He will make a way for you and will
bod-y bends beneath the weight of care, He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go

feeds the lit-tle bird. Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
lead you safe-ly thru, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

CHORUS D.S. Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

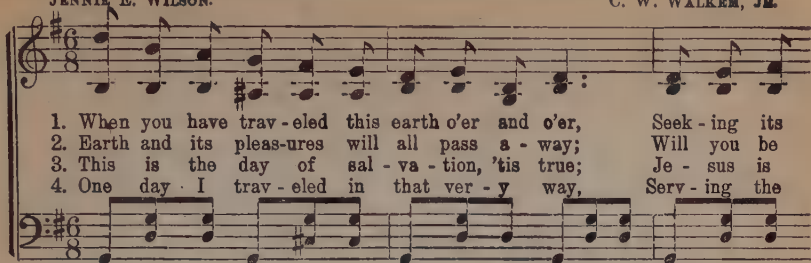
Leave it there, O leave it there, leave it there. O leave it there, Take your

bur-den to the Lord and leave it there. O leave it there; If you

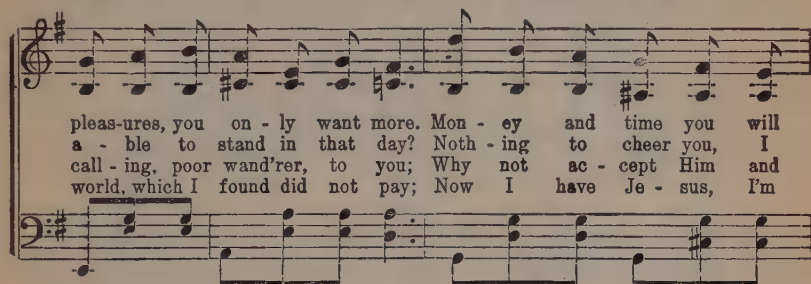
trust and nev-er doubt, He will sure-ly bring you out;

JENNIE E. WILSON.

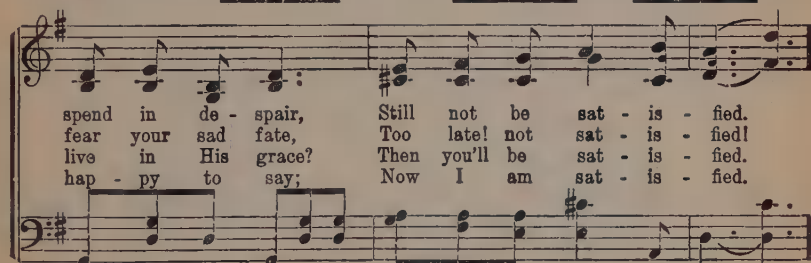
C. W. WALKER, JR.



1. When you have trav-eled this earth o'er and o'er, Seek - ing its
2. Earth and its pleas-ures will all pass a - way; Will you be
3. This is the day of sal - va - tion, 'tis true; Je - sus is
4. One day I trav-eled in that ver - y way, Serv - ing the

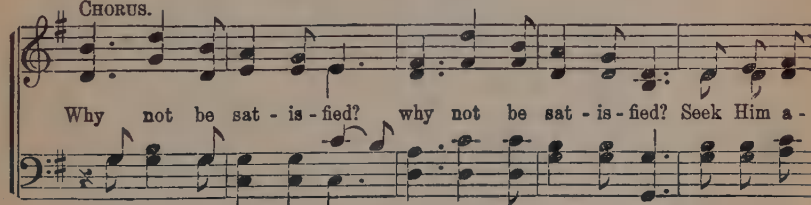


pleas-ures, you on - ly want more. Mon - ey and time you will
a - ble to stand in that day? Noth - ing to cheer you, I
call - ing, poor wand'rer, to you; Why not ac - cept Him and
world, which I found did not pay; Now I have Je - sus, I'm

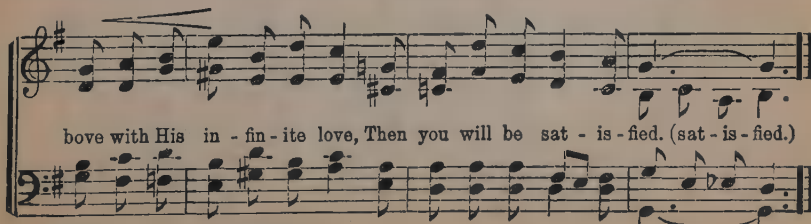


spend in de - spair, Still not be sat - is - fied.
fear your sad fate, Too late! not sat - is - fied!
live in His grace? Then you'll be sat - is - fied.
hap - py to say; Now I am sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.



Why not be sat - is - fied? why not be sat - is - fied? Seek Him a -



bove with His in - fin - ite love, Then you will be sat - is - fied. (sat - is - fied.)

1. In a little while the day will dawn, When darkness passes a - way,
 2. In a little while and we shall see, Yes, know and see face to face,
 3. In a little while the Lord will come, I know not when it will be,
 4. In a little while, oh! wea - ry one, Life's battles all will be o'er,

The glo - ry of the Lord will shine In beau - ti - ful, endless day.
 "For we shall know as we are known," Oh, wonderful day of grace.
 A lit - tle while and we shall see The Sav - ior of Cal - va - ry.
 The gates of pearl will ope for us, Where parting will be no more.

CHORUS.

Oh, that won - - der - ful day, . . . it is not . . . far a -
 Won - der - ful day, won - der - ful day, not far a - way,

way, . . . When the Lord . . in the clouds . . . will appear . . .
 not far a - way, Je - sus will come, come in the clouds, come to His own,

to His own, . . . And the church . . as the Bride . . .
 come to His own, Church as the Bride, church as the Bride,

Oh! Wonderful Day. Concluded.



then will be glo-ri - fied; . . . Oh, that won - - der-ful
 be glo-ri - fied, be glo-ri-fied; Oh, that won-der-ful, won-der-ful

day of the Lord will be known! . . .
 day of the Lord, yes, that won-der - ful day of the Lord will be known.

No. 179

Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Scotch Air.



1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat, Hum - bly I fall, Pleading Thy
 2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
 3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat Hum - bly I fall, Pleading Thy

prom-ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be - gin,
 un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
 prom-ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

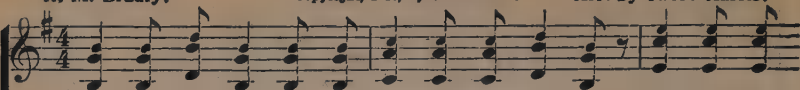
Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
 'Tis all my hope and plea: Je-sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
 This all my hope shall be, Je-sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

Down in the Valley.

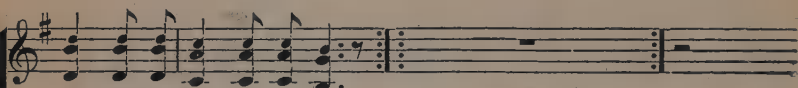
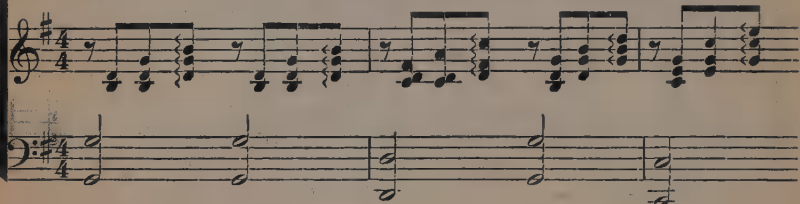
H. M. Bradly.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

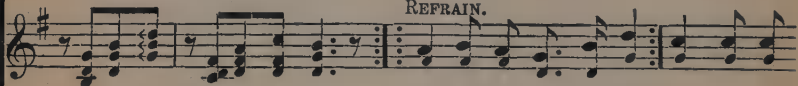


1. { Down in the val - ley a - mong the sweet grass - es, Walks my Be -
Haste I to fol - low my Sav - ior and lov - er; How the winds
2. { Knowst Thou I seek Thee? O haste to dis - cov - er Where is the
Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon - tide, Shel - tered near
3. { Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er, Lured by Thy
Hide not Thy face from the heart that a - dores Thee; Hast thou not
4. { Gent - ler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels, Bright - er Thy
Gath - er, O gath - er me close to thy bo - som, Faint with Thy

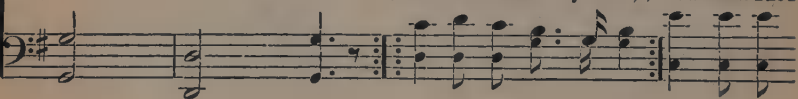


1. lov - ed; His foot - prints I see; }
whis - per Thy dear voice to me! }
2. place of Thy fra - grant re - treat - }
foun - tains unsearch'd by the heat. }
3. beau - ty to dwell in Thy love: }
sought me and called me Thy dove? }
4. smile than the sun in the sky; }
lov - li - ness there let me die. }

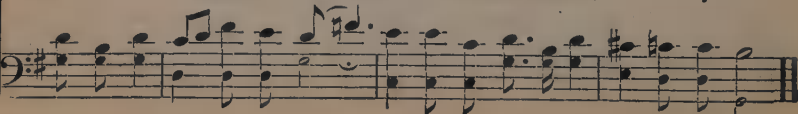
REFRAIN.



{ O Thou blest Son of God, }
{ Who shed for me Thy blood, } How couldst Thou



love me so, Je - sus my Lord? How couldst Thou love me so, Je - sus my Lord?



Priscilla J. Owens.

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1. We have heard the joy-ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 4. Give the winds a might-y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

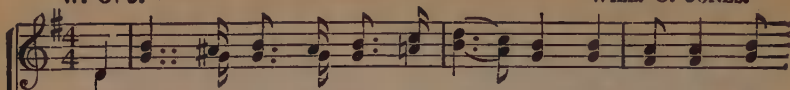
Spread the ti-dings all a-round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin-ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By His death and end-less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na-tions now re-joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the steep-s and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech-o back, ye o-cean caves;
 Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer-cy craves;
 Shout sal-va-tion full and free, High-est hills and deep-est caves;

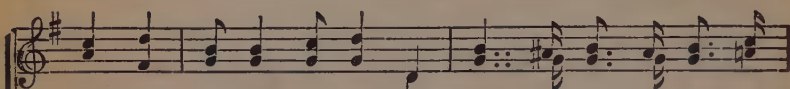
On-ward! —'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic-to-ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

W. O. J.


WILL. O. JONES.




1. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll light-en the
 2. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll free - ly for-
 3. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll guide all the
 4. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll cleanse and re-



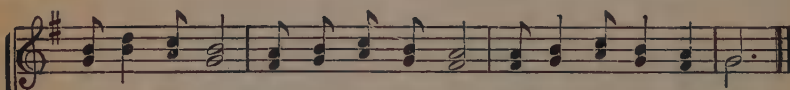
way, He'll light-en the way; Just tell him all your grief and
 give, He'll free-ly for-give; O bring him all your sins and
 way, He'll guide all the way; He'll fill thee with his ho - ly
 fine, He'll cleanse and re-fine; He'll sanc - ti - fy and give thee



an - guish, He'll make your night as day.
 sor - row, The peace of Christ re-ceive. } Look on his face,
 pres - ence,--O trust him and o - bey!
 pow - er, When he is whol - ly thine.



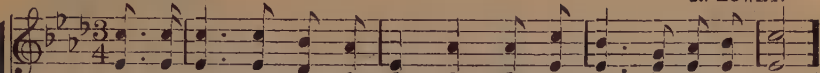
trust-ing in his blood; Live by his grace, 'neath the crimson flood; Just




look on his face, matchless and di - vine, And in his like-ness shine.


FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

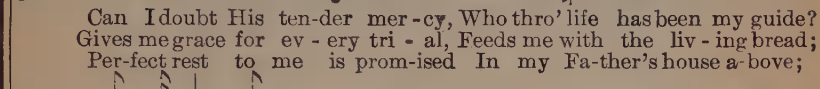
- 
1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
 2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
 3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; O the full - ness of His love!



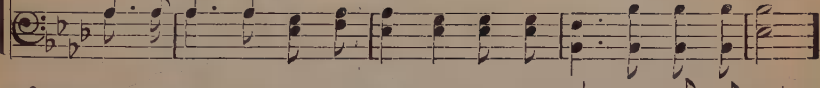
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
 Gives me grace for ev - ery tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove;




Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est comfort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
 When my spir - it, clothed immor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
 This my song thro' end-less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way;

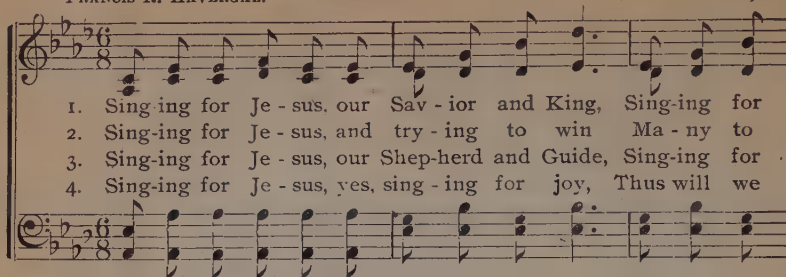


For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thro' end-less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way.

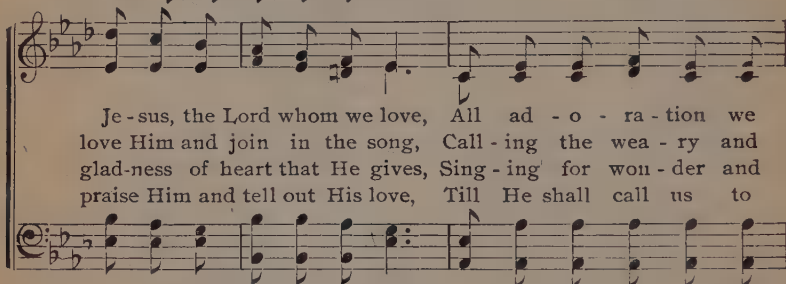


FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

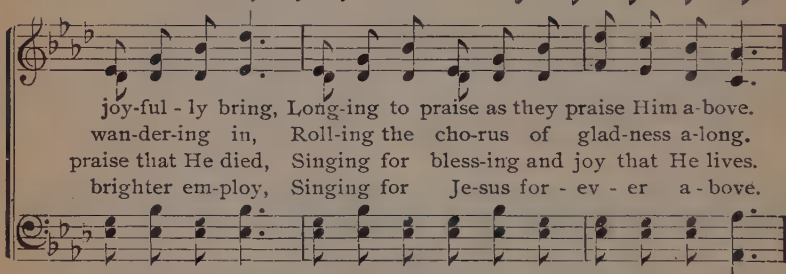
O. S. GRINNELL,



1. Sing-ing for Je - sus, our Sav - ior and King, Sing-ing for
 2. Sing-ing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Ma - ny to
 3. Sing-ing for Je - sus, our Shep-herd and Guide, Sing-ing for
 4. Sing-ing for Je - sus, yes, sing - ing for joy, Thus will we

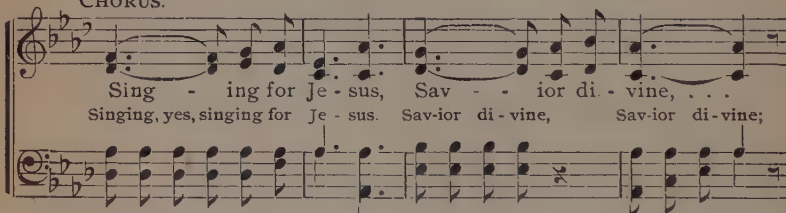


Je - sus, the Lord whom we love, All ad - o - ra - tion we
 love Him and join in the song, Call - ing the wea - ry and
 glad-ness of heart that He gives, Sing - ing for won - der and
 praise Him and tell out His love, Till He shall call us to

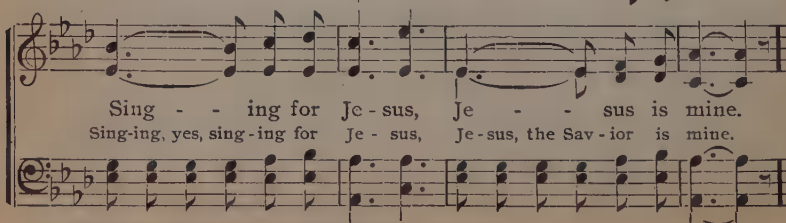


joy-ful - ly bring, Long-ing to praise as they praise Him a - bove.
 wan-der-ing in, Roll-ing the cho-rus of glad-ness a-long.
 praise that He died, Singing for bless-ing and joy that He lives.
 brighter em-ploy, Singing for Je - sus for - ev - er a - bove.

CHORUS.



Sing - ing for Je - sus, Sav - ior di - vine, . . .
 Singing, yes, singing for Je - sus. Sav-ior di - vine, Sav-ior di - vine;



Sing - - ing for Je - sus, Je - - sus is mine.
 Sing-ing, yes, sing-ing for Je - sus, Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine.

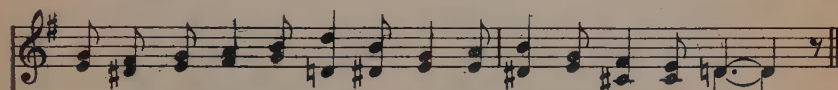
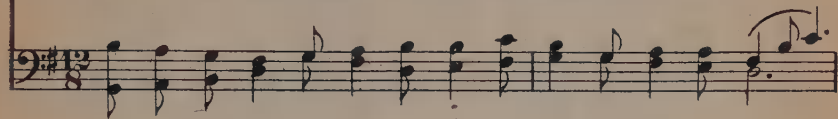
T. H.

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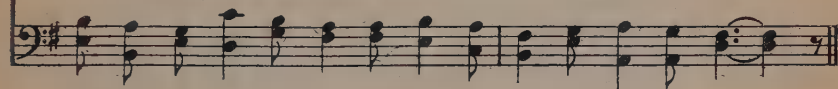
THORO HARRIS



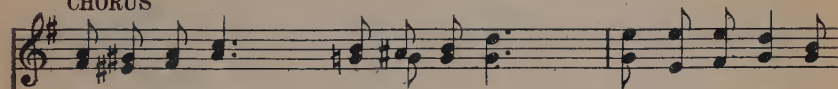
1. Let all u-nite in grate-ful strain With seraphs near the throne
2. Ye dwellers far a-bove the hight Where mortals yet have soar'd,
3. Let the in-car-nate God re-ceive The praise of tongues di-vine,
4. Let all the na-tions glad-ly join In praise to His dear name,



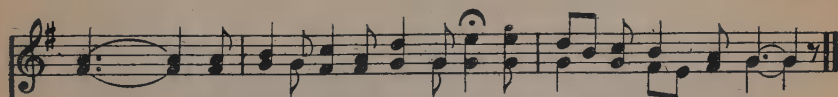
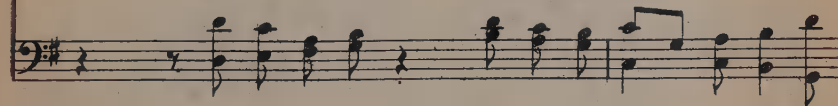
To sing a-loud the sweet re-frain Of what our Lord hath done.
 We have than you a greater right To mag-ni-fy the Lord,
 While we who on His name be-lieve Ex-claim, "The Christ is mine,"
 Je-sus our King, the Man di-vine Of ev-er-last-ing fame,



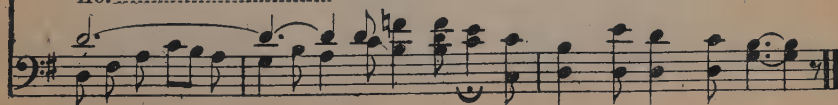
CHORUS



Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, High-ly ex-al-ted
 Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb,



Hel! The angels cry; The saints reply, "He gave His life for me!"
 Hel!



High-ly ex-al-ted; Angels cry,

Life's Railway to Heaven.

(Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men).

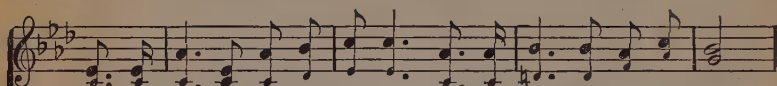
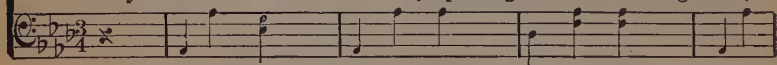
M. E. Abbey.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

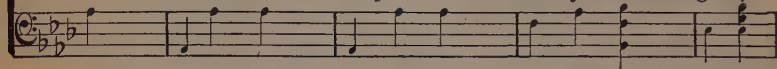
Charlie D. Tillman.

Solo or Duet. *Tempo ad lib.*M. 72 = 

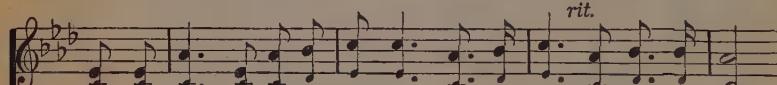
1. Life is like ■ moun-tain rail-road, With an en - gi - neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up-grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tion; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor-dan's swell-ing tide,



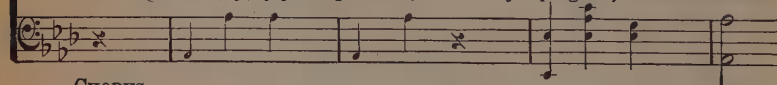
We must make the run suc-cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
 See that Christ is your con-duc-tor On this light-ning train of life;
 On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
 You be - hold the Un-ion De-pot In - to which your train will glide;



Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
 Al - ways mind - ful of ob-struc - tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
 There you'll meet the Su-perin-ten-dent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



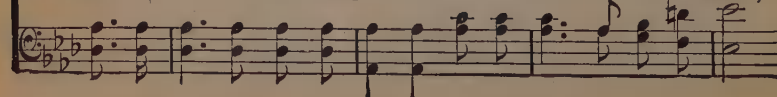
Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 With the heart - y, joy - ous plaud-it, "Wea - ry pil-grim, wel-come home!"



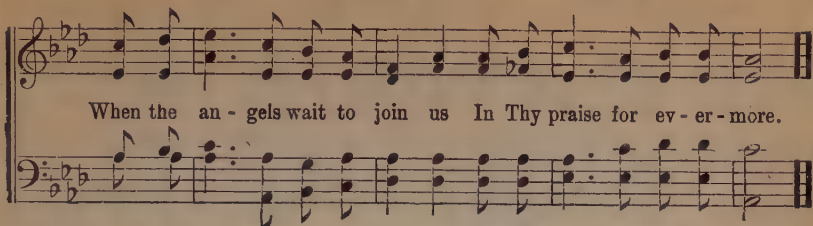
CHORUS.



Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that bliss-ful shore;



Life's Railway to Heaven.—Concluded.



When the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for ev - er - more.

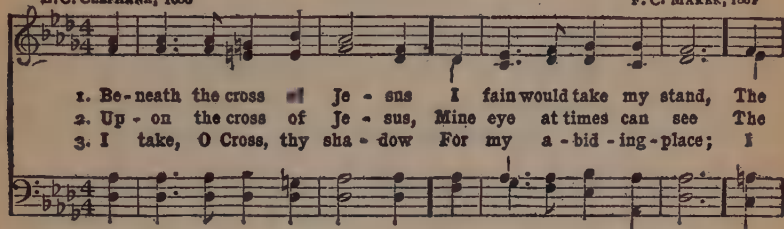
187

Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

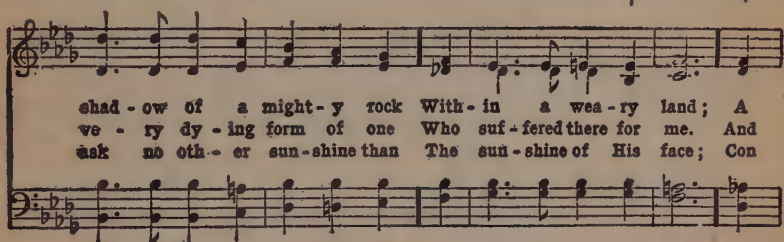
E. C. CLEPHANE, 1853

"ST. CHRISTOPHER"

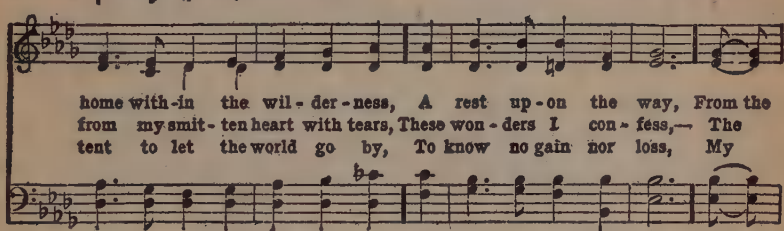
F. C. MAKER, 1882



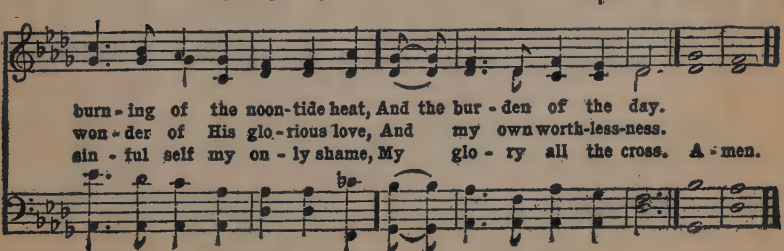
1. Be - neath the cross Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see The
3. I take, O Cross, thy sha - dow For my a - bid - ing - place; I



shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A
ve - ry dy - ing form of one Who suf - ered there for me. And
ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face; Con



home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the
from my smit - ten heart with tears, These won - ders I con - fess, — The
tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss, My



burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
won - der of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A - men.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris

Presto staccato

D. C.-1. Gal-lant sol-diers on the field of bat-tle, Hear the trumpet sounding,
2. For-ward fac-ing, while our great Commander, Je-sus Christ the glorious,

Songs of joy resounding; Truth pur-su-ing, Treach'rous foes subduing,
O-ver all vic-to-rious, Leads His le-gions To the star-ry re-gions

FINE. CHORUS

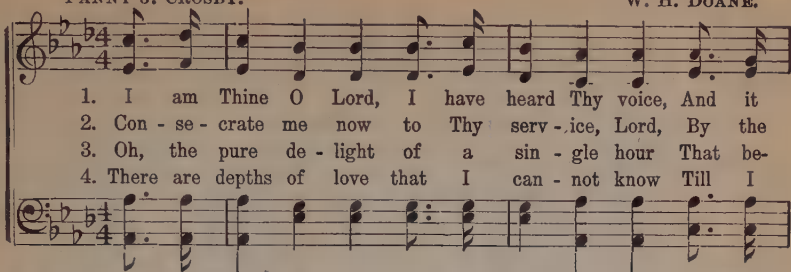
Mov-ing on to vic-to-ry. For-ward marching in the roy-al way,
Of the King's e-ter-nal home. le-gions loyal,

On-ward press-ing, eag-er for the fray, Shout-ing glo-ry,
sol-diers loy-al,

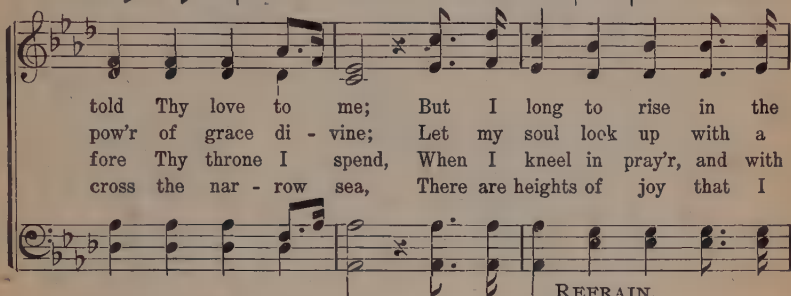
tell-ing out the sto-ry, Know-ing we shall win the day. Hal-le-lu-jah!
tell the sto-ry,
day.....

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

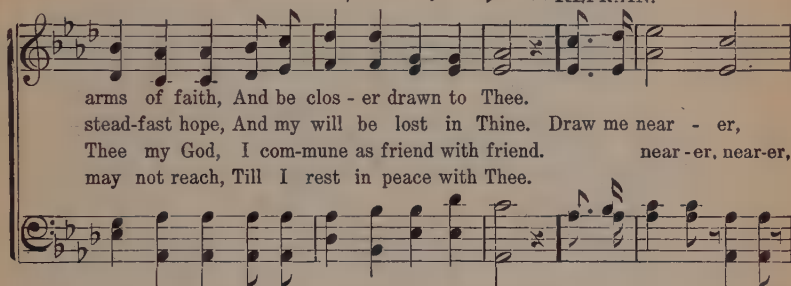


1. I am Thine O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the
 3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I

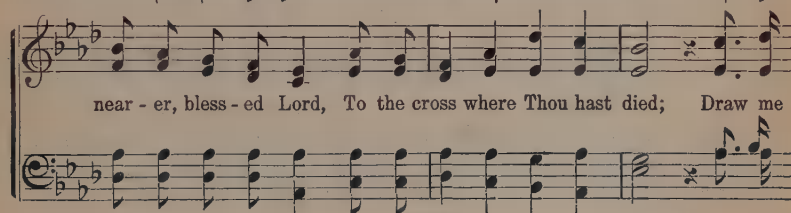


told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
 pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
 fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
 cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

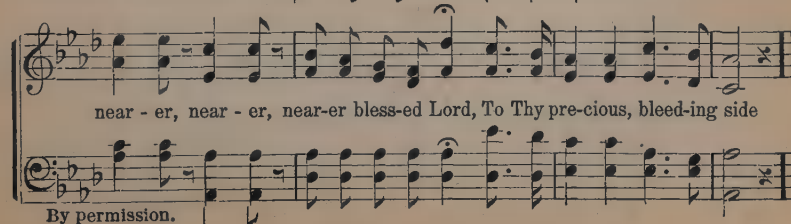
REFRAIN.



arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
 Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near-er, near-er,
 may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.



near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

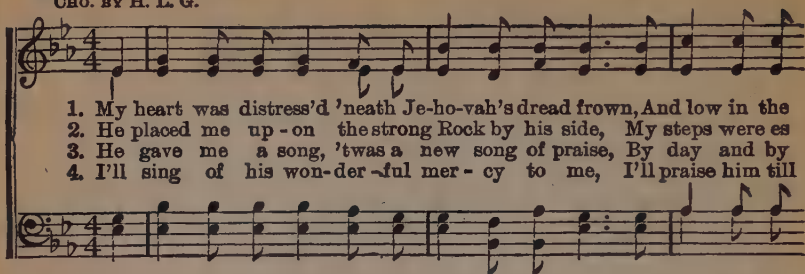


near - er, near - er, near-er bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side

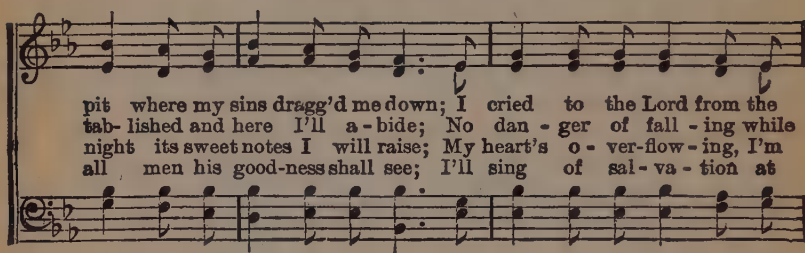
He Brought Me Out

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

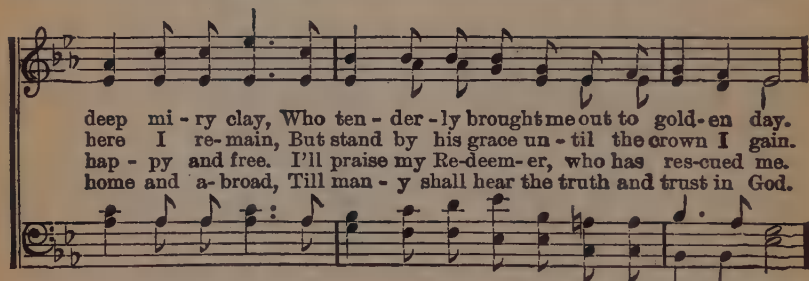
CHO. BY H. L. G.



1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
4. I'll sing of his won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise him till

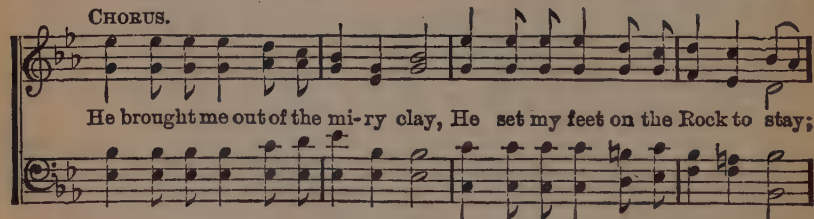


pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the
 tab - lish - ed and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
 night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
 all men his good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at

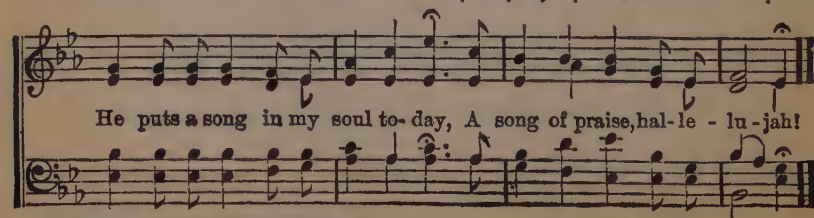


deep mi - ry clay, Who ten - der - ly brought me out to gold - en day.
 here I re - main, But stand by his grace un - til the crown I gain.
 hap - py and free. I'll praise my Re - deem - er, who has res - cued me.
 home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

CHORUS.



He brought me out of the mi - ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;



He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy,.....
 2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright, There is joy,.....
 3. When a pil-grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy,.....
 There is joy,

there is joy; When he turns to God in the gos - pel way,
 there is joy; When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light,
 there is joy; When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side,
 there is joy;

CHORUS.

There is joy, There is joy, there is joy. There is joy a - mong the

an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring,..... When a
 mu - sic ring,

sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend - ing low be - fore the King.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His wond'rous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'nly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mercy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death and hell.
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His
 Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, With His

blood He pur-chased me, On the
 blood He purchased me, He purchased me, He purchased me; On the

With His blood
 cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the
 cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the

My Redeemer.—Concluded.

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt, and made me free, and made me free, and made me free,

No. 193. The Precious Name.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je-sus with you, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je-sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
 If temp-tations 'round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.
 When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him When our journey is complete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
 Precious name, O how sweet,

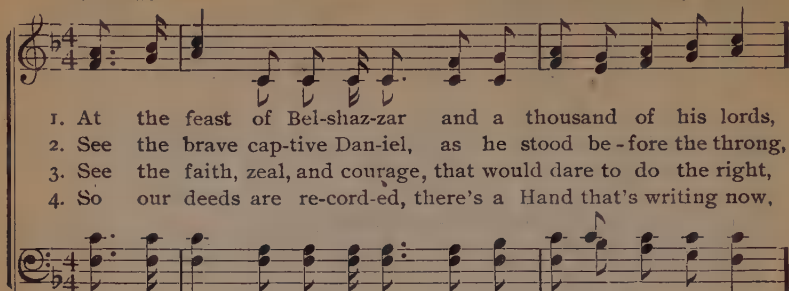
Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

By permission.

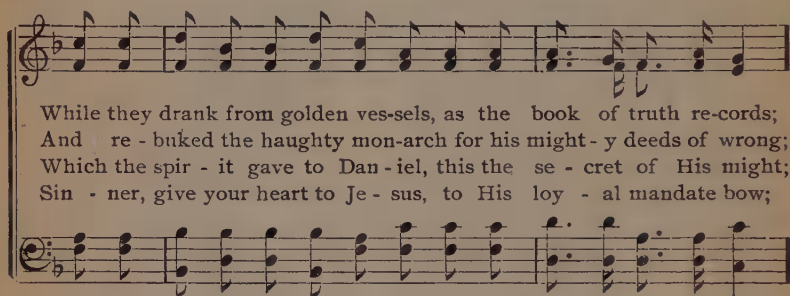
No. 194. The Handwriting on the Wall.

K. SHAW.

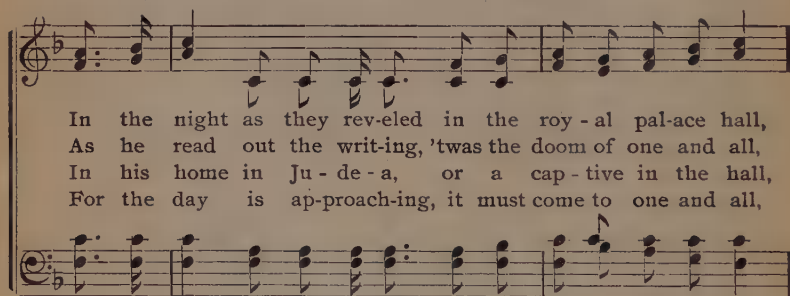
KNOWLES SHAW. ATT. by R. H. M.



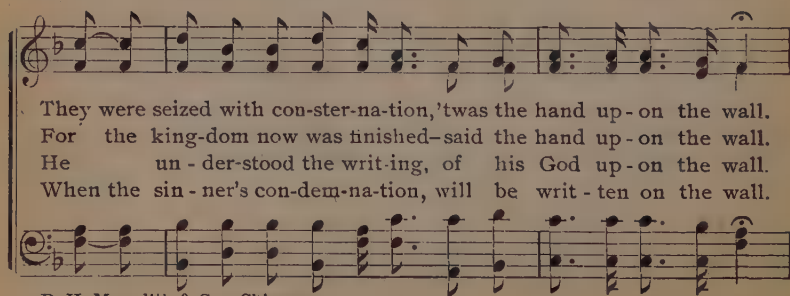
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords,
 2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng,
 3. See the faith, zeal, and courage, that would dare to do the right,
 4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writing now,



While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords;
 And re-buked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
 Which the spir-it gave to Dan-iel, this the se-cret of His might;
 Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His loy-al mandate bow;



In the night as they rev-eled in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
 As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all,
 In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,
 For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must come to one and all,



They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
 For the king-dom now was fin-ished-said the hand up-on the wall.
 He un-der-stood the writ-ing, of his God up-on the wall.
 When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion, will be writ-ten on the wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the
that is writing on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God that is
wall, Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or shall it be, "Found
writ-ing on the wall,
trust-ing?" While that hand is writ-ing on the wall.
writ-ing on the wall.

No. 195.

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION

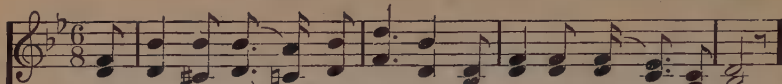
Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

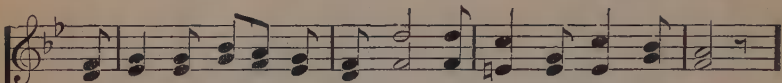
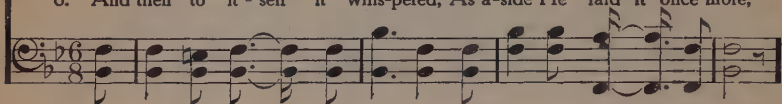
What can make me whole a - gain, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus,
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus,
Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus,
This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus,

CHORUS.

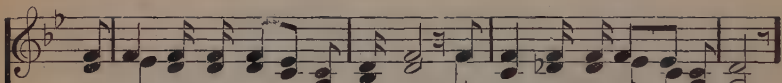
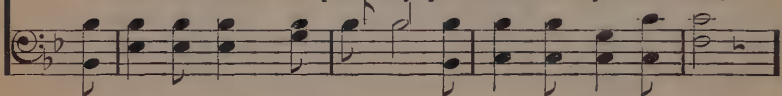
Oh, pre-cious the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth-er Fount I know Nothing but the blood of Jesus.



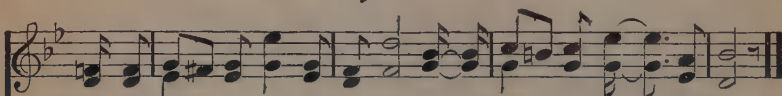
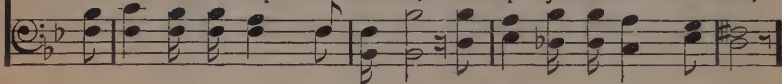
1. The Mas - ter stood in His gar - den A - mong the lil - lies so fair
2. My lil - lies need to be wa - ter'd, The heav'n-ly Mas - ter said;
3. The Mas - ter saw and He rais'd it From dust in which it lay;
4. So forth to the foun-tain He bore it, And filled it full to the brim;
5. The droop - ing lil - lies He wa - ter'd Till all re - viv - ing a - gain,
6. And then to it - self it whis-pered, As a-side He laid it once more,



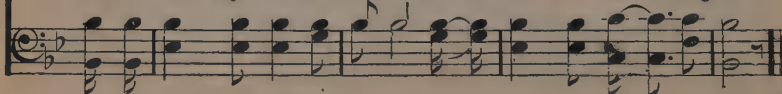
1. His own right hand had plan - ted And train'd with ten - der care.
2. Where-in shall I draw it for them And raise each droop-ing head?
3. He smil'd as He gent - ly whis-per'd, My work it shall do to - day;
4. How glad the earth - en ves - sel To be of use to Him!
5. The Mas - ter saw with pleas-ure He la - bor'd not in vain.
6. I still will lie in the path - way Just where I lay be - fore;



1. He look'd on their snow - y bloss-oms And mark'd with ob-ser - vant eye
2. But close to His feet in the path-way, All emp - ty and frail and small,
3. 'Tis on - ly am earth - en ves - sel, But close it is ly - ing to me;
4. He pour'd forth the liv - ing wa - ter, All o - ver the lil - lies fair,
5. His own hand had drawn the wa - ter Re - fresh - ing the thirst - ing flow'rs;
6. For close would I keep to the Mas - ter, And emp - ty would I re - main;



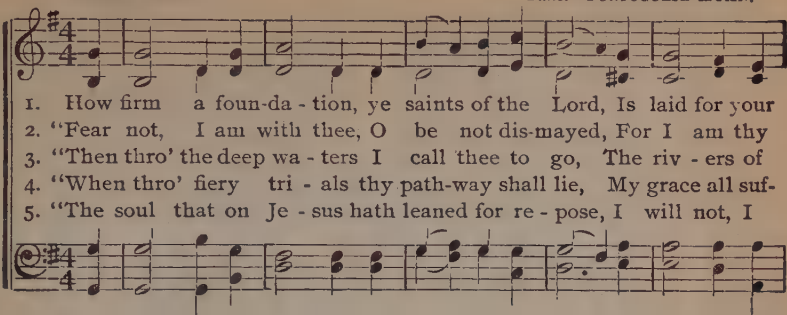
1. That His flow'rs were sad-ly droop-ing, For their leaves were parch'd and dry.
2. Was an eath - en ves-sel ly - ing Which seem'd of no use at all.
3. Tho so small, 'tis clean and emp - ty, That is all it needs to be.
4. Till emp - ty was the ves - sel And a - gain He fill'd it there.
5. But He used the earth - en ves-sel To con - vey the liv - ing show'rs.
6. Perchance some day He'll use me To wa - ter His lil - lies a - gain.



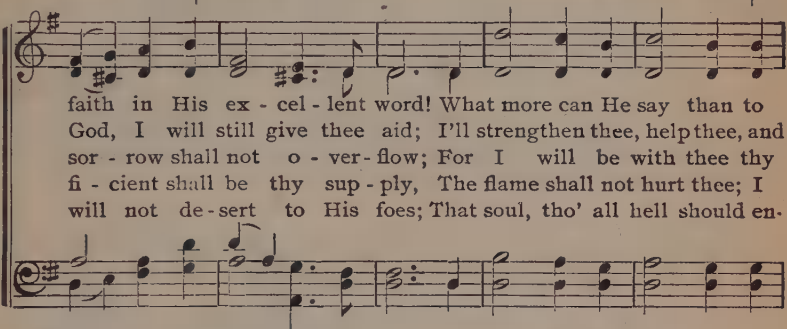
No. 197. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

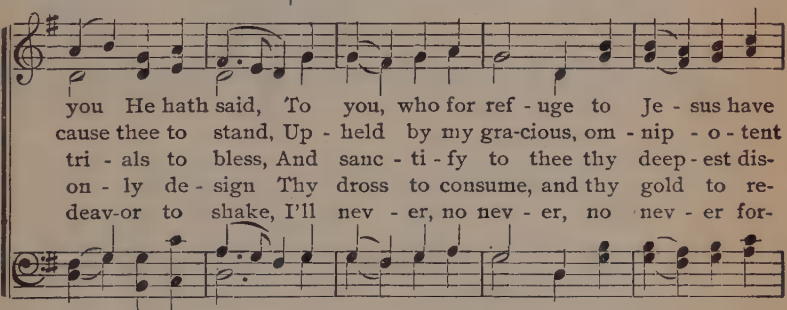
Tune:—PORTUGUESE HYMN.



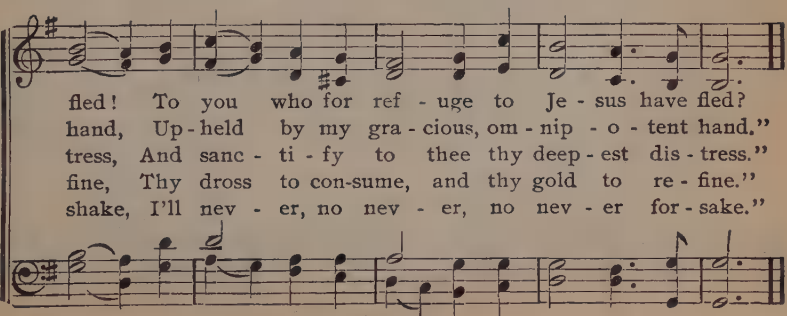
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "Then thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-
 5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
 will not de-sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-



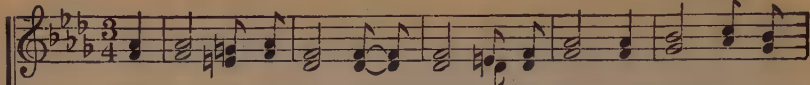
you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-



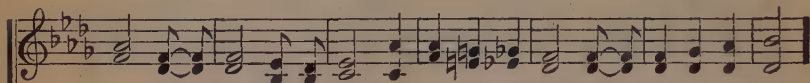
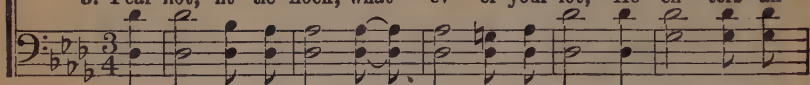
fled! To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand."
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."
 shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

P. R.

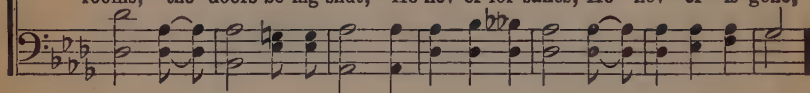
Paul Rader.



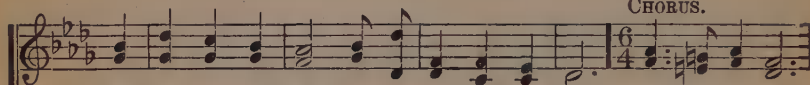
1. Fear not, lit-tle flock, from the cross to the throne, From death in-to
2. Fear not, lit-tle flock, He go-eth a-head, Your shep-herd se-
3. Fear not, lit-tle flock, what-ev-er your lot, He en-ters all



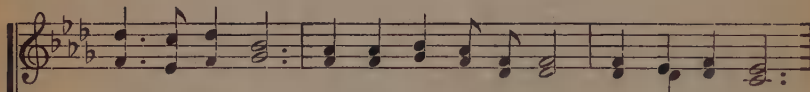
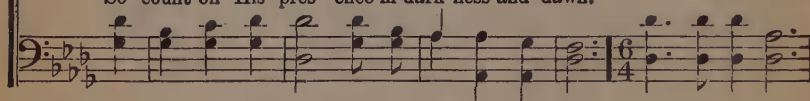
life He went for His own; All pow-er in earth, all pow-er a-bove,
 lect-eth the path you must tread; The wa-ters of Ma-rah He'll sweeten for thee,
 rooms, "the doors be-ing shut," He nev-er for-sakes; He nev-er is gone,



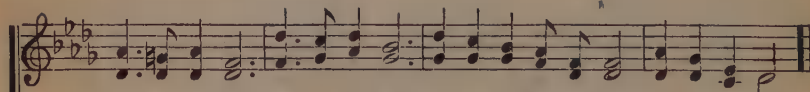
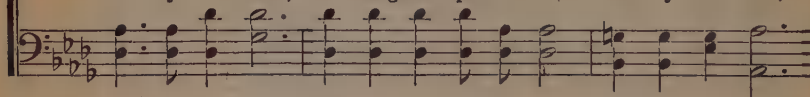
CHORUS.



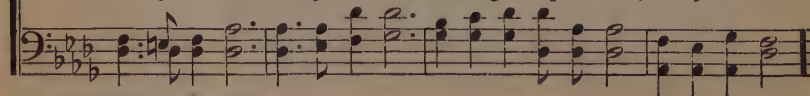
Is giv-en to Him for the flock of His love. On-ly be-lieve,
 He drank all the bit-ter in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 So count on His pres-ence in dark-ness and dawn.



on-ly be-lieve; All things are pos-si-ble, on-ly be-lieve,



On-ly be-lieve, on-ly be-lieve; All things are pos-si-ble, on-ly be-lieve.

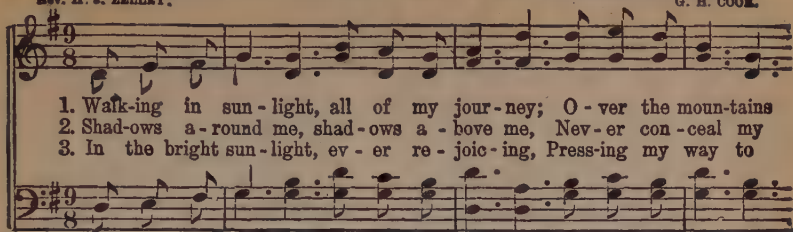


Heavenly Sunlight.

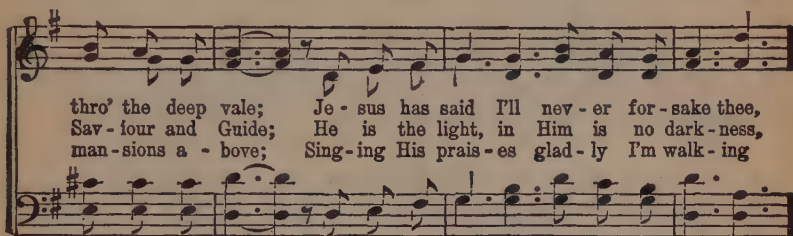
"I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness."—John 9:12.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

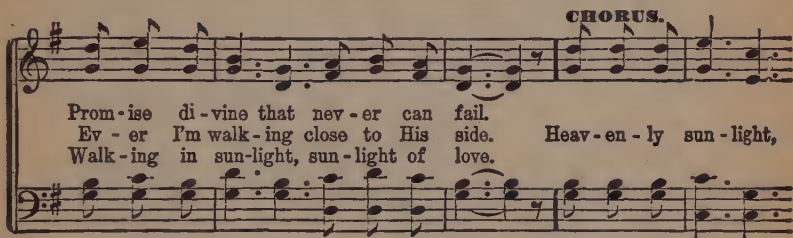


1. Walk-ing in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the moun-tains
 2. Shad-ows a-round me, shad-ows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

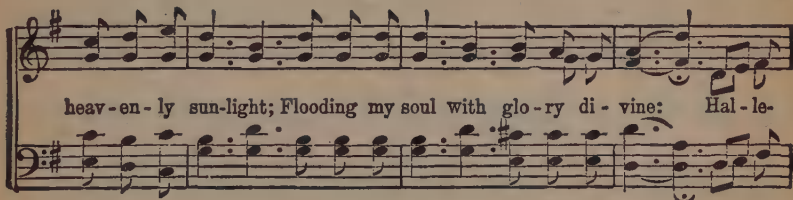


thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
 Sav-four and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark-ness,
 man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing His prais-es glad-ly I'm walk-ing

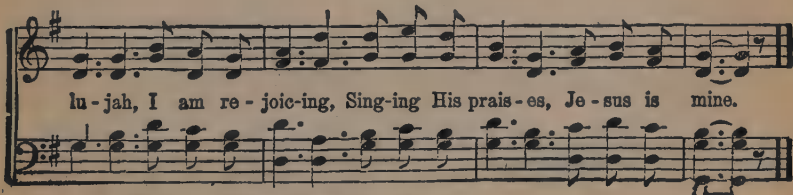
CHORUS.



Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail. Heav-en-ly sun-light,
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side.
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.



heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-



lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

He Healed Them All

Copyright, 1930, by Thoro Harris
Matt. 23: 16.

Thoro Harris

T. H.

Semi-Chorus

1. The mul - ti - tude throng'd Him on ev' - ry hand, But Je sus
2. He bore ev' - ry sick - ness on Cal - v'ry's tree, O yes, He
3. Dear suf - fer - er, close to the Mas - ter press, On Him thy

healed them all; In - firm - i - ties fled at His
He healed them all;
bore them all! Be - lieve in His prom - ise and
He bore them all;
Heal - er call; O touch but the hem of His
might - y Heal - er call;

Semi-Chorus

CHORUS

stern command, And Je - sus healed them all.
thou shalt see, That Je - sus heal - eth all. Not one was turn'd by our
seam - less dress, For Je - sus heal - eth all.

Lord a way; "Thy faith hath sav'd thee," we hear Him say; To none who

sought did He answer nay, But Je - sus healed them all.
Je - sus (He) healed them all.

He changes not, He's the same to - day, And Je - sus heal - eth all.

No. 201. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER.

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee;
 2. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,
 3. I am trust-ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail,
 4. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus; Nev - er let me fall;
 Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great . . . and free.
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All . . . my need.
 Words which Thou Thy - self shalt give me Must . . . pre - vail.
 I am trust - ing Thee for ev - er, And . . . for all.

No. 202.

Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHEBURY.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me-to me- As Thou didst
 break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
 I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, Oh, liv - ing word.
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.

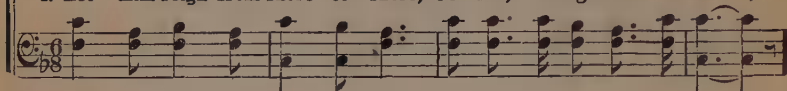
No. 203. Jesus, the Light of the World.

M. A.

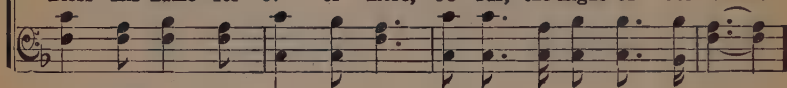
Arr.



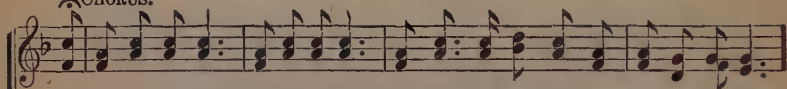
1. Glo - ry to our Lord and King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Here His pres - ence is so sweet, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. There's no dark - ness when He's near, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Let Him reign from shore to shore, Je - sus, the Light of the world;



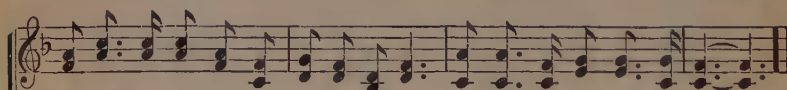
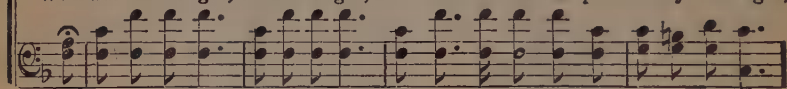
Let us all His prais - es sing Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Ev - 'ry day He guides our feet, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 All our paths are bright and clear, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Bless His name for ev - er - more, Je - sus, the Light of the world.



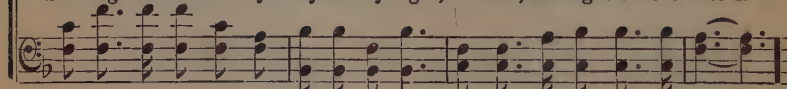
CHORUS.



We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright;

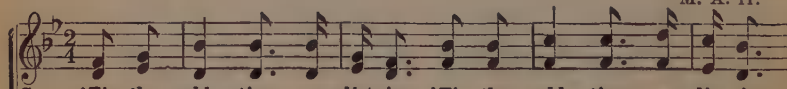


Shin - ing a - round us by day and by night, Je - sus, the Light of the world.



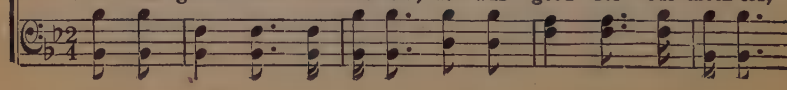
No. 204. The Old Time Religion.

M. A. rr.



CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,

1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,



Old Time Religion. Concluded.

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.

3 It has saved our fathers.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.

■ It was good for the Hebrew children.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas.

8 It will do when I am dying.

9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 205. Savior, More Than Life to Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er,

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er, near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

REFRAIN.

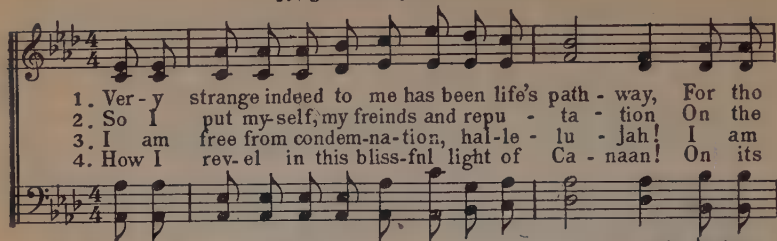
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r,
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

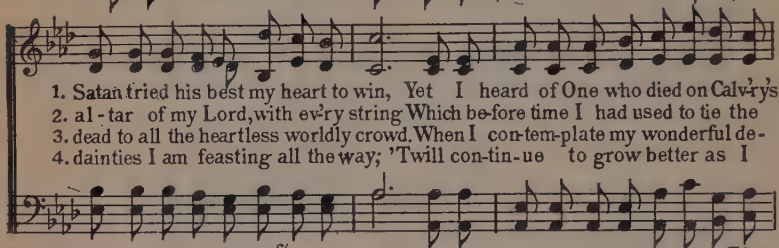
Wells of Salvation

With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation — Isa 12:3

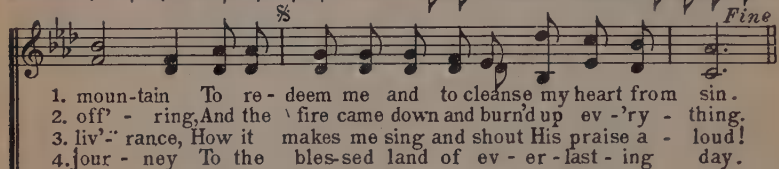
Copyright 1925 by Thoro Harris



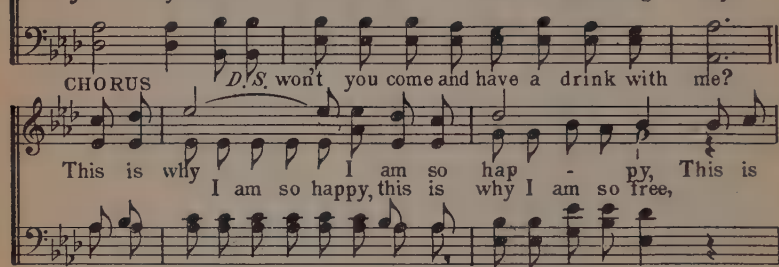
1. Ver-y strange indeed to me has been life's path - way, For tho
 2. So I put my-self, my freinds and repu - ta - tion On the
 3. I am free from condem-na-tion, hal-le - lu - jah! I am
 4. How I rev-el in this bliss-ful light of Ca - naan! On its



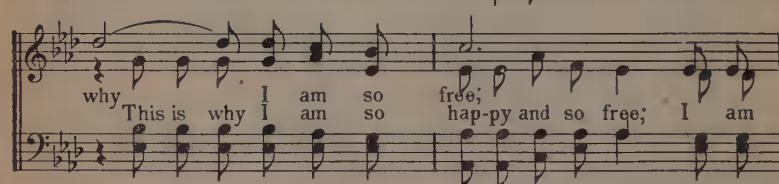
1. Satan tried his best my heart to win, Yet I heard of One who died on Calv'ry's
 2. al-tar of my Lord, with ev'ry string Which before time I had used to tie the
 3. dead to all the heartless worldly crowd. When I con-tem-plate my wonderful de-
 4. dainties I am feasting all the way; 'Twill con-tin-ue to grow better as I



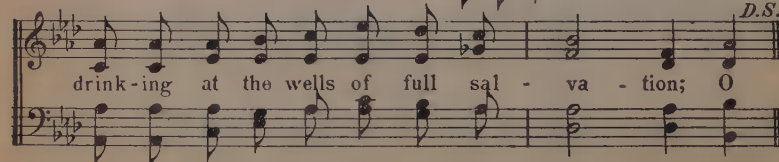
1. moun-tain To re-deem me and to cleanse my heart from sin.
 2. off' - ring, And the fire came down and burn'd up ev - 'ry - thing.
 3. liv' - rance, How it makes me sing and shout His praise a - loud!
 4. jour - ney To the bles-sed land of ev - er - last - ing day.



CHORUS *D.S.* won't you come and have a drink with me?
 This is why I am so hap - py, This is
 I am so happy, this is why I am so free,



why This is why I am so free;
 so hap-py and so free; I am



D.S.
 drink-ing at the wells of full sal - va - tion; O

mp *f*

1. { Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!.. }
 2. { Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [Omit] }
 3. { God of E - li - jah, hear our cry, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!.. }
 4. { He'll make us fit to live or die, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [Omit] }
 5. { 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!.. }
 6. { The fire will meet our ev-'ry need, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [Omit] }

mf *cres.* *f*

fire; Lock down and see this waiting host, Give us the promised Ho-ly Ghost, We
 fire; To burn up ev-'ry trace of sin, To bring the light and glo-ry in, The
 fire; For strength to ev-er do the right, For grace to con-quer in the fight, For

want an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 rev - o - lu - tion now be - gin, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 pow'r to walk the world in white, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

ISAAC WATTS.

(HAMBURG L. M.)

GREGORIAN.

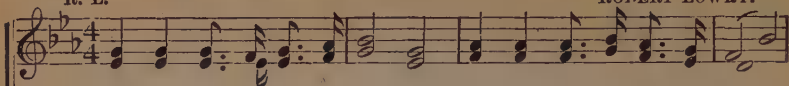
1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 3. Since I, who was un-done and lost, Have par-don thro' His name and word;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a trib - ute far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 For-bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
 Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.

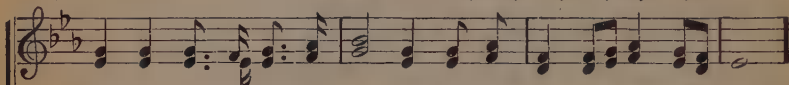
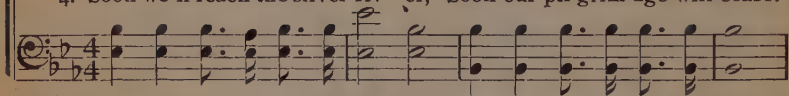
No. 209. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

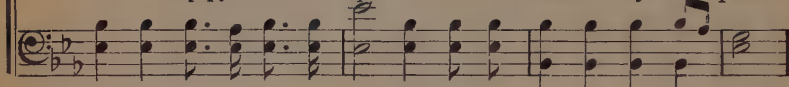
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray;
3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the silver riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease:

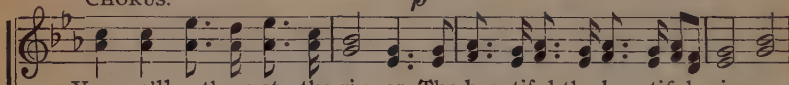


With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev-er All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

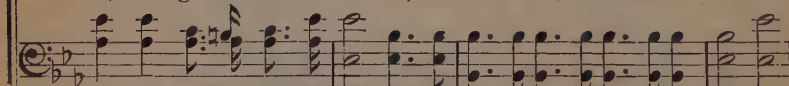


CHORUS.

p



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er; The beautiful, the beautiful riv-er—



Gather with the saints at the riv-er, That flows by the throne of God.



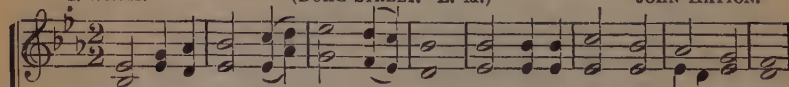
No. 210.

Jesus Shall Reign.

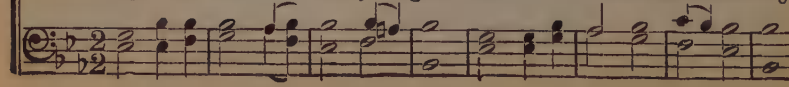
I. WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

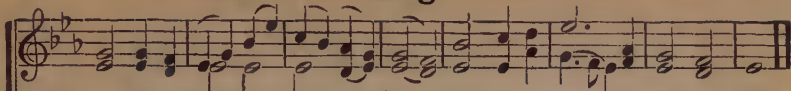
JOHN HATTON.



1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;
2. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. People and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;



Jesus Shall Reign. Concluded.



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev'ry morning sac - ri - fice.
And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.



4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns, The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
And weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
5 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King.
Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the long amen.

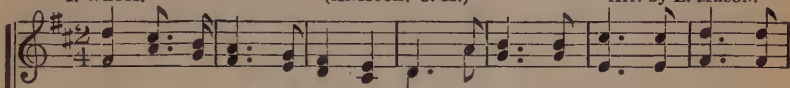
No. 211.

Joy to the World.

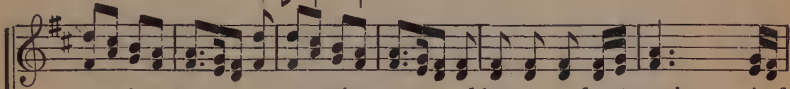
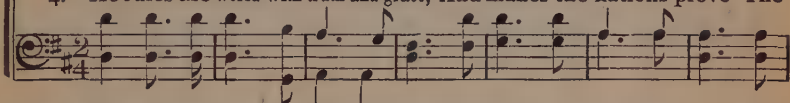
I. WATTS.

(ANTIOCH, C. M.)

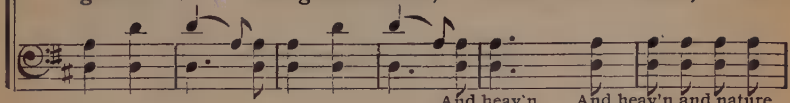
Arr. by L. MASON.



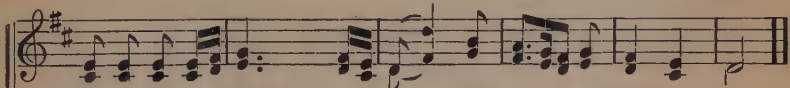
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns, Let men their songs employ; While
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The



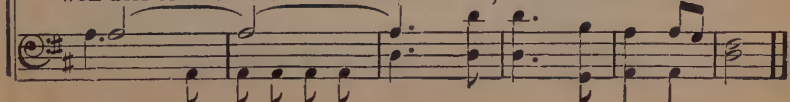
ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And



And heav'n, And heav'n and nature



heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love. And won - ders, won - ders of His love.



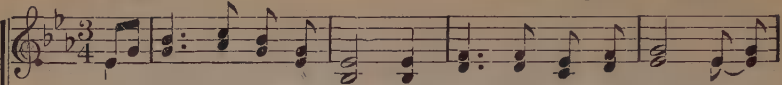
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

No. 212.

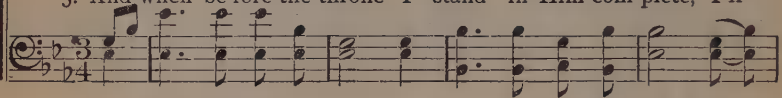
All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

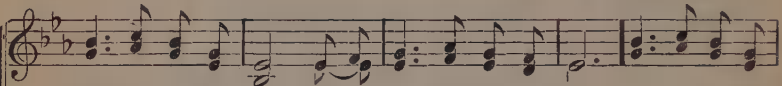
JOHN T. GRAPE.



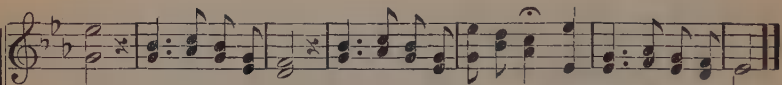
1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a-lone, Can
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll



CHORUS.



weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all. Je-sus paid it
change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
"Je-sus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.
lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.



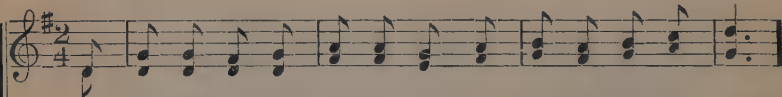
all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.



No. 213. Around the Throne of God.

ANNIE SHEPHERD.

HENRY E. MATHEWS.



1. A-round the throne of God in heav'n, The ransomed millions stand;
2. In flow-ing robes of spot-less white, See ev-'ry one ar-ray'd.
3. Be-cause the Sav-ior shed His blood To wash a-way their sin;
4. On earth they sought the Savior's grace, On earth they lov'd His name;



Around the Throne of God. Concluded.



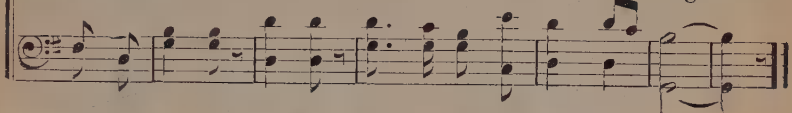
A host whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho - ly, hap-py band.
Dwell-ing in ev - er - last-ing light, And joys that nev-er fade.
Bathed in that pure and pre-cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So now they see His bless-ed face, And stand be fore the Lamb.



CHORUS.



Sing-ing, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

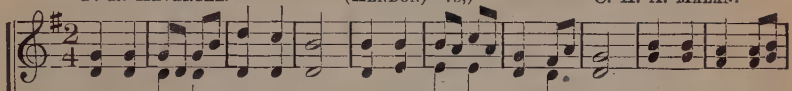


No. 214. Take My Life and Let it Be.

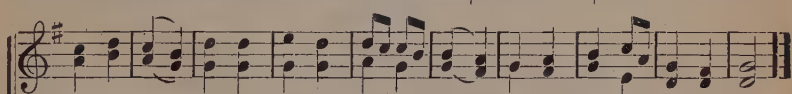
F. R. HAVERGAL.

(HENDON) 78.)

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with messages from thee; Take my sil-ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my intel-



let them move At the impulse of thy love, At the impulse of thy love.
let me sing, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect, and use Every pow'r as thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.



- 5 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own!
It shall be thy royal throne.

- 6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store,
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee!

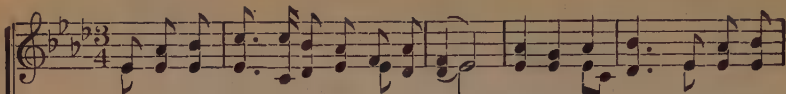
No. 215.

Lead, Kindly Light.

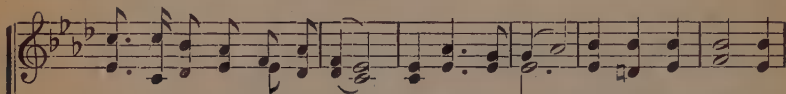
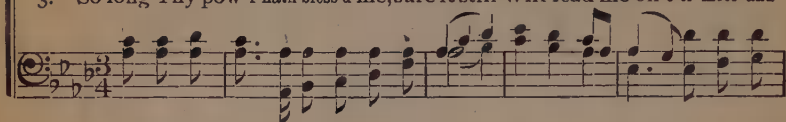
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

(LUX BENIGNA, 10s, 4s, 10s.)

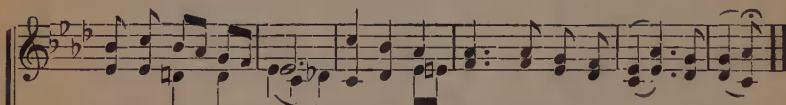
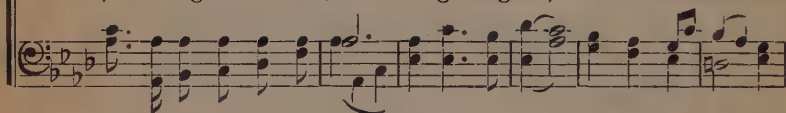
JOHN B. DYKES.



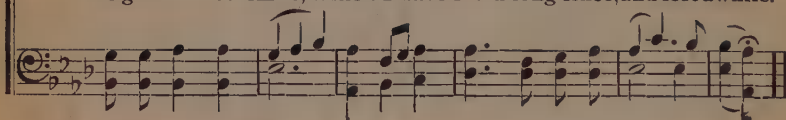
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me. day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years. an-gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

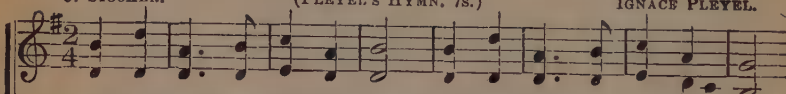


No. 216. Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

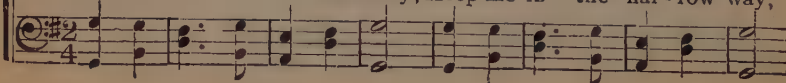
J. STOCKER.

(PLEYEL'S HYMN, 7s.)

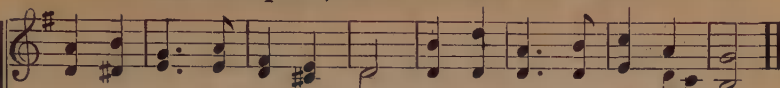
IGNACE PLEYEL.



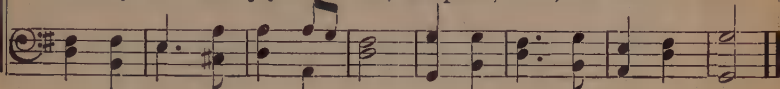
1. Gracious Spir - it, love di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine!
2. Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the burdened sin - ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray; Keep me in the nar - row way;



Gracious Spirit, Love Divine. Concluded.



All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy heav'n-ly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His pre-cious blood.
Breathe Thyself in - to my breast, Ear-nest of im-mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

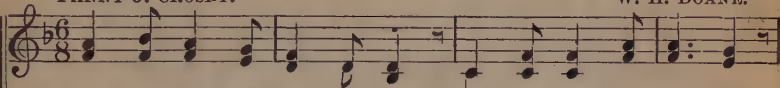


No. 217.

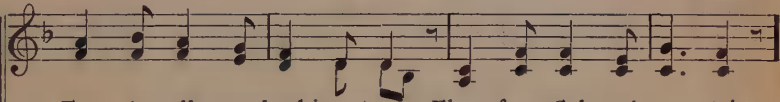
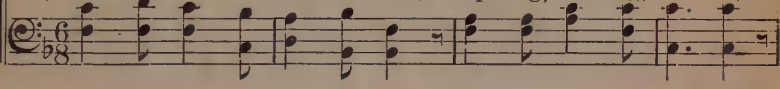
Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

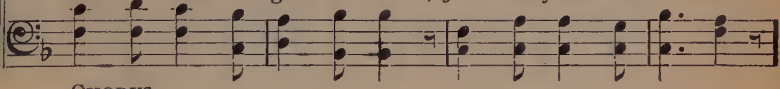
W. H. DOANE.



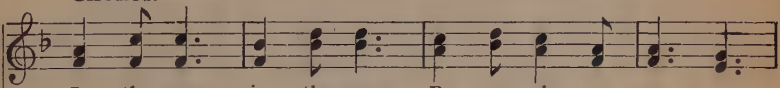
1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious fount-ain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring it scenes be-fore me;
4. Near the cross, I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing, ev - er,



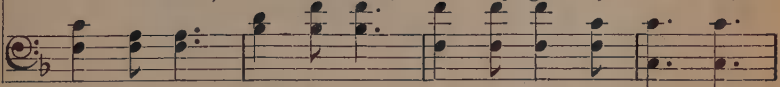
Free to all— a heal-ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the bright and Morn-ing Star Shed its beams a-round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.



CHORUS.



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

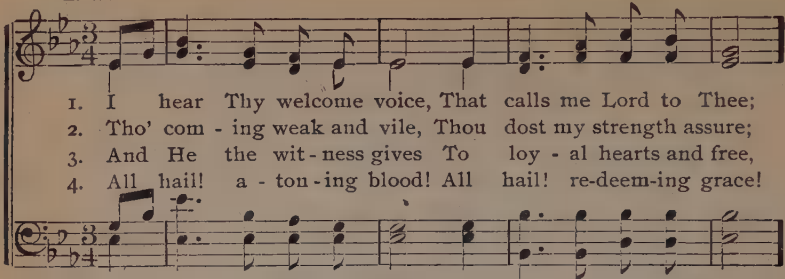


By permission.

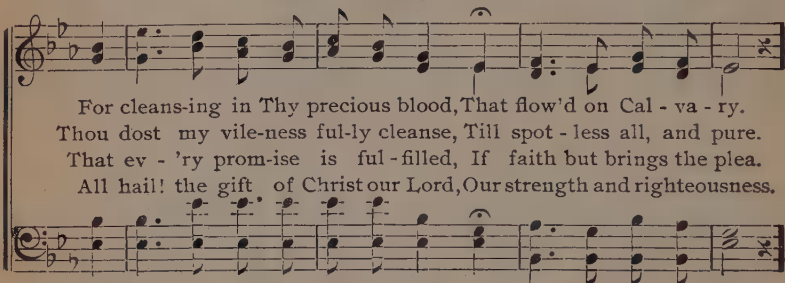
No. 218. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me Lord to Thee;
 2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure;
 3. And He the wit - ness gives To loy - al hearts and free,
 4. All hail! a - ton - ing blood! All hail! re - deem - ing grace!

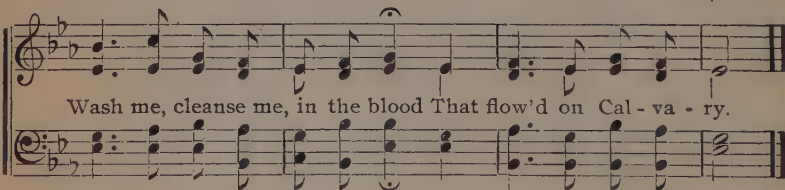


For cleans - ing in Thy precious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
 Thou dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
 That ev - 'ry prom - ise is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea.
 All hail! the gift of Christ our Lord, Our strength and righteousness.

CHORUS.



I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee!



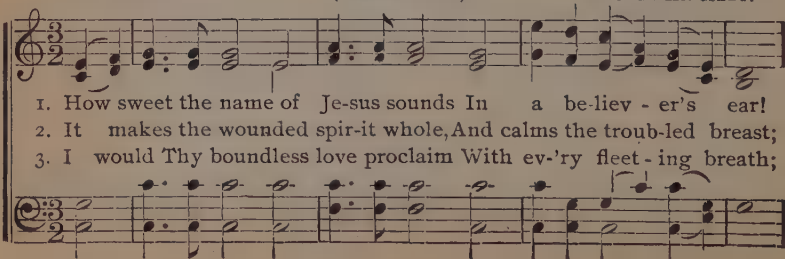
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

No. 219. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON.

(HEBER. C. M.)

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
 3. I would Thy boundless love proclaim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds. Concluded.

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hungry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 So shall the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

No. 220. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

H. F. LYTE.

(ELLESIDE. 8, 7.)

MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
 2. Let the world despise, forsake me, They have left my Savior too;
 3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, disaster, scorn and pain!

Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain:

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hop'd and known;
 Oh, while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might;
 I have called Thee, "Abba, Father," I have stay'd my heart on Thee,

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

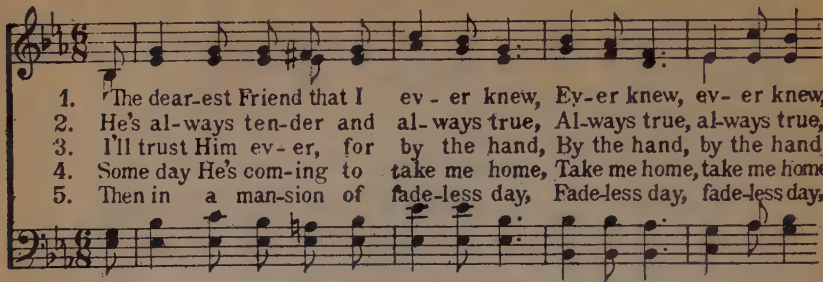
No.221

This Redeemer of Mine

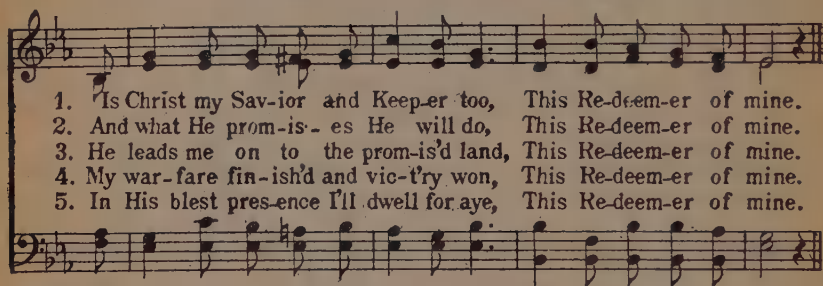
A. J. H.

Copyright, 1934, by Thoro Harris

A. J. HODGE

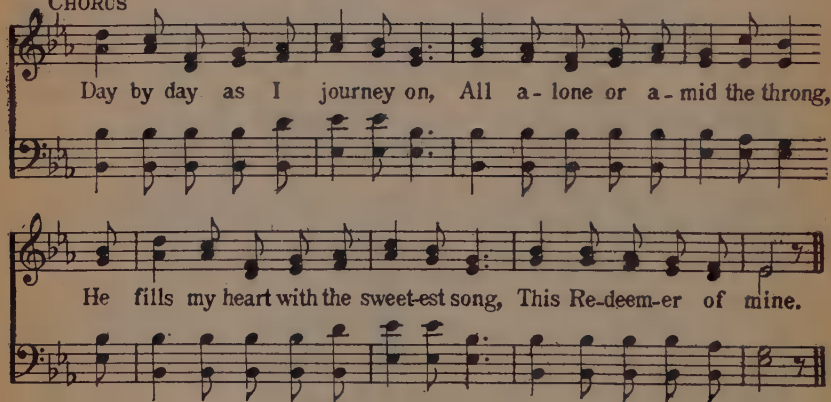


1. The dear-est Friend that I ev - er knew, Ey-er knew, ev - er knew,
 2. He's al-ways ten-der and al-ways true, Al-ways true, al-ways true,
 3. I'll trust Him ev - er, for by the hand, By the hand, by the hand
 4. Some day He's com-ing to take me home, Take me home, take me home,
 5. Then in a man-sion of fade-less day, Fade-less day, fade-less day,



1. Is Christ my Sav-ior and Keep-er too, This Re-deem-er of mine.
 2. And what He prom-is- es He will do, This Re-deem-er of mine.
 3. He leads me on to the prom-is'd land, This Re-deem-er of mine.
 4. My war-fare fin-ish'd and vic-t'ry won, This Re-deem-er of mine.
 5. In His blest pres-ence I'll dwell for aye, This Re-deem-er of mine.

CHORUS



Day by day as I journey on, All a-lone or a-mid the throng,
 He fills my heart with the sweet-est song, This Re-deem-er of mine.

No.222

Where He Leads Me

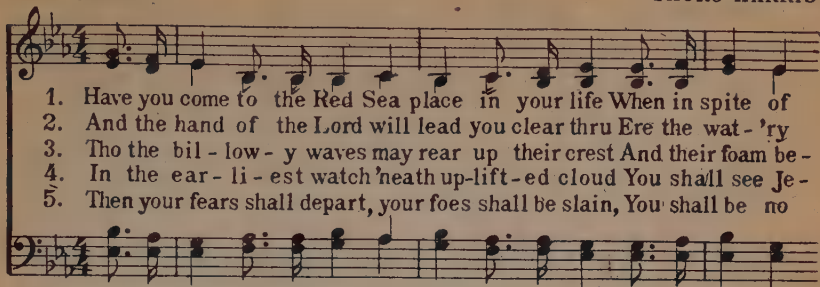
1. I can hear my Savior calling :||
 Take thy cross and follow Me.

REF: Where He leads me I will follow :||
 I'll go with Him all the way,

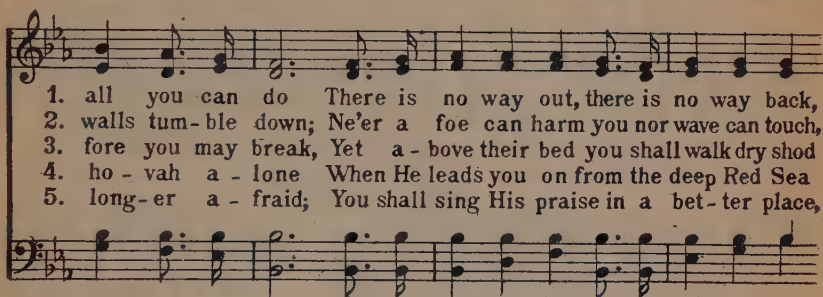
2. I'll go with Him thru the garden:||
 I'll go with Him all the way.

3. I'll go with Him thru the judgment:||
 4. He will give me grace and glory:||

Hazel Mason

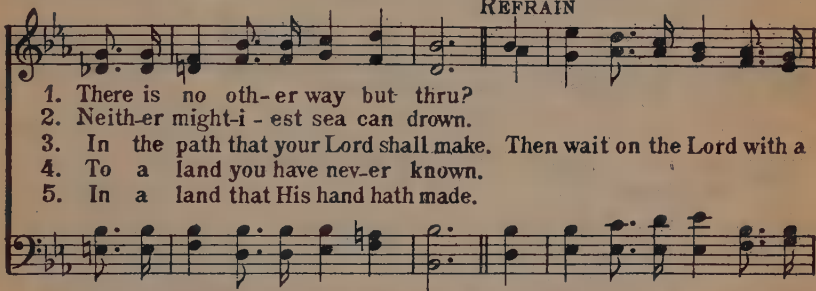


1. Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life When in spite of
2. And the hand of the Lord will lead you clear thru Ere the wat- 'ry
3. Tho the bil - low - y waves may rear up their crest And their foam be -
4. In the ear - li - est watch 'neath up-lift-ed cloud You shall see Je -
5. Then your fears shall depart, your foes shall be slain, You shall be no

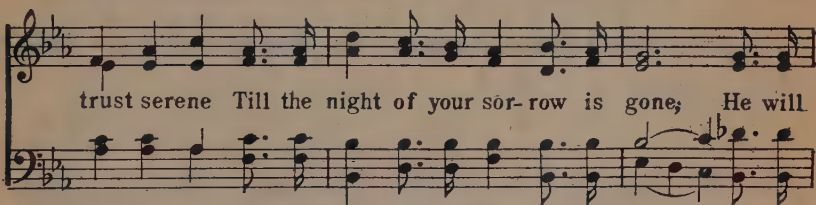


1. all you can do There is no way out, there is no way back,
2. walls tum - ble down; Ne'er a foe can harm you nor wave can touch,
3. fore you may break, Yet a - bove their bed you shall walk dry shod
4. ho - vah a - lone When He leads you on from the deep Red Sea
5. long - er a - fraid; You shall sing His praise in a bet - ter place,

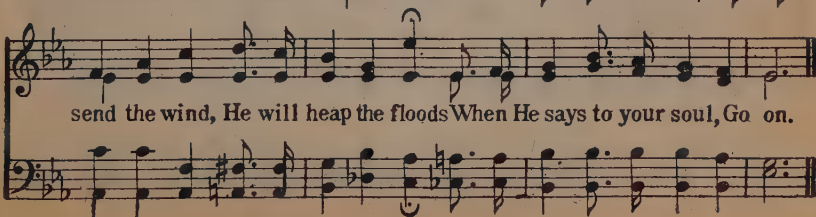
REFRAIN



1. There is no oth - er way but thru?
2. Nei - ther might - i - est sea can drown.
3. In the path that your Lord shall make. Then wait on the Lord with a
4. To a land you have nev - er known.
5. In a land that His hand hath made.



trust serene Till the night of your sor - row is gone; He will



send the wind, He will heap the floods When He says to your soul, Go on.

London Hymn Book.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
 2. Once I was lost and far down, deep in sin, Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
 pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And

FINE CHORUS. D. S.
 pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
 now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
 tell the world a-round the peace that He doth give.
 purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
 3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

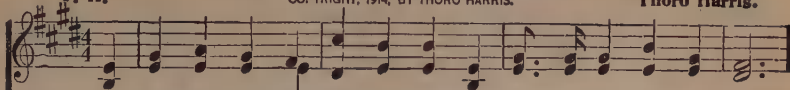
How Wonderful Jesus Is!

"His name shall be called Wonderful."

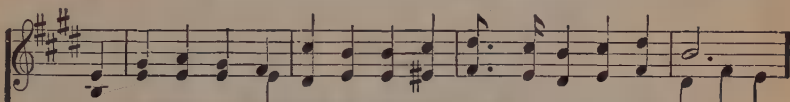
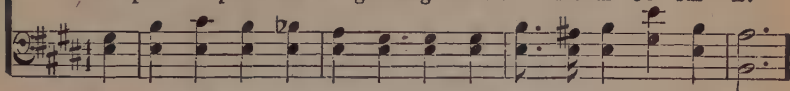
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

T. H.



1. Je - ho-vah's arm is now revealed: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
2. Great Sac - ri - fice or-dained by God, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
3. The Li - on strong of Ju - dah He, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
4. He pleads be-fore the courts of heav'n, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
5. He bears our sor - rows far a-way, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
6. His death-less love let saints de-clare: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
7. His per - fect praise let an - gels sing: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!



1. "For Him hath God the Father sealed:" How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
2. Pro - claim thru all the earth a-broad How won - der-ful Je - sus is.
3. The smit - ten Lamb of Cal - va - ry, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
4. Thru His a - tonement peace is giv'n: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
5. In His pre - vail - ing name we pray: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
6. And speak His glo - ry ev'-ry-where: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
7. And make the bells of heav - en ring: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!

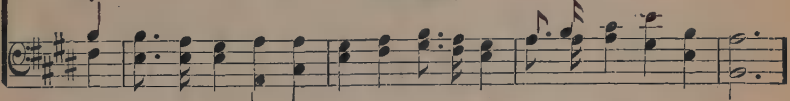
Di - vine-



CHORUS.



How won - der-ful Je - sus is! All glo - ry and praise be His,
ly So might-y



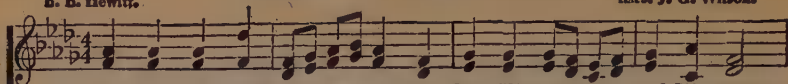
Heav'n's fair - est One, God's matchless Son: How wonderful Je - sus is!



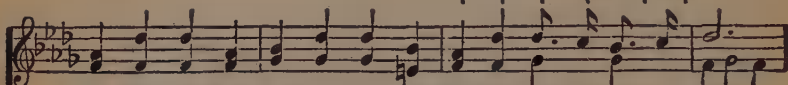
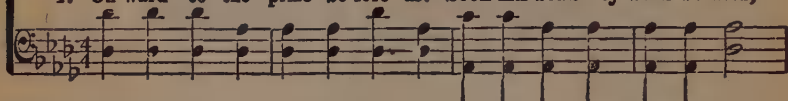
E. B. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1898. BY MRS. J. G. WILSON. USED BY PER,

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.



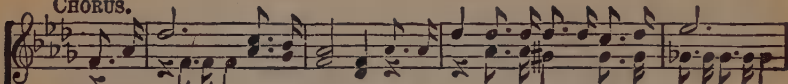
1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o-ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His bead-ty we'll be-hold;



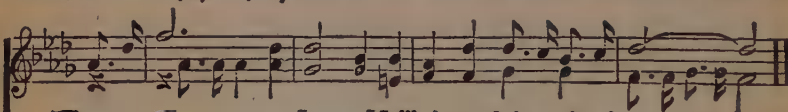
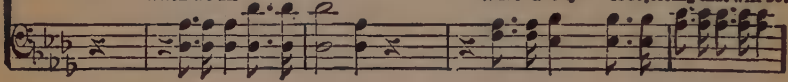
In the man-sions bright and bless-ed He'll pre-pare for us a place.
 But-when trav-'ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
 Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.



CHORUS.



When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
 When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!



When we see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the victory.....
 When we all and about the vic-tory.

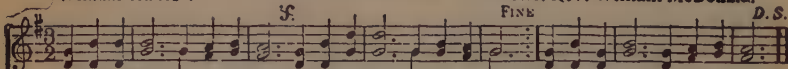


William Hunter.

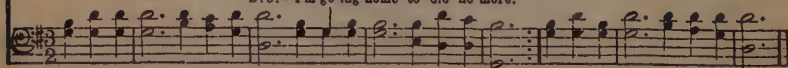
Arr. Rev. William McDonald.

FINE

D. S.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; } I'm going home, I'm going home,
 Its glit-ter-ing tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. } To die no more, To die no more.
 D. S.—I'm going home to die no more.



- 2 My Father's house ■ built on high, 3 While here, a stranger far from home, 4 Let others seek a home below, {flow;
 Far, far above the starry sky; Affliction's waves may round me toss, Which flames devour, or waves o'er
 When from this earthly prison free, Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor, Be mine the happier lot to own
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be My heavenly mansion is secure. A heav'nly mansion near the throe-

No. 229.

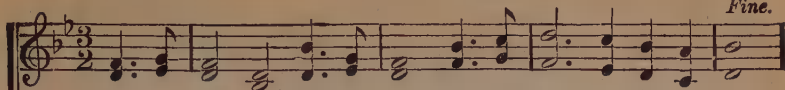
Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

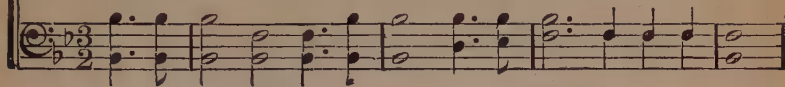
(TOPLADY. 7s.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.

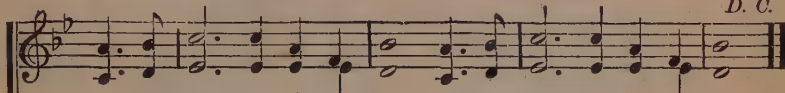
Fine.



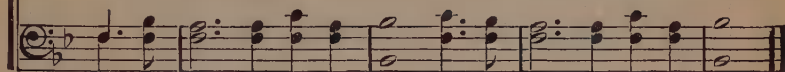
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee:
D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



D. C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

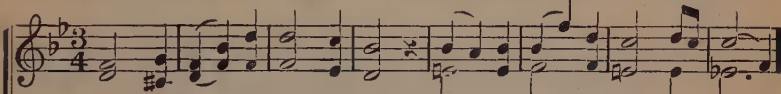
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 230. Holy Ghost! with Light Divine.

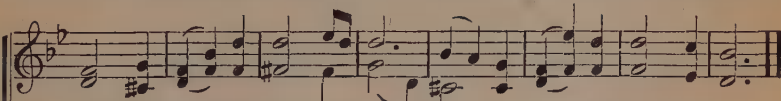
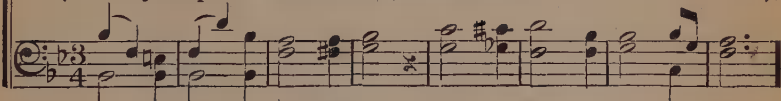
ANDREW REED.

(LAST HOPE. 7s.)

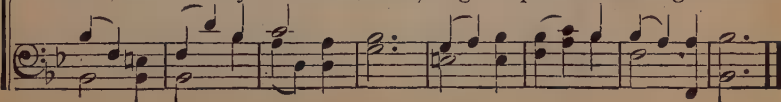
L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho-ly Ghost! with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho-ly Ghost! with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Ghost! with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho-ly Spir - it! all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con-trol, Held do - min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign alone.



No. 231.

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my-self of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 232. Blest Be the Tie that Binds

JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS S. M.)

GEO. NAEGELI.

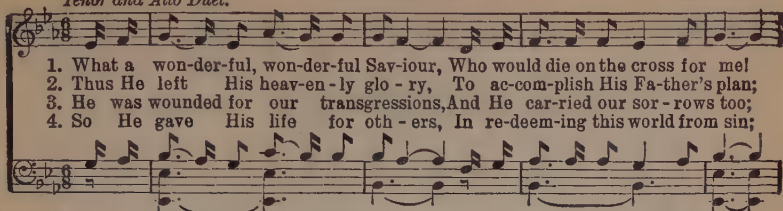
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

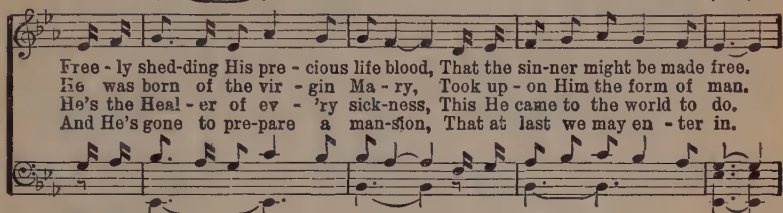
He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

F. A. G.
Tenor and Alto Duet.COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY F. A. GRAVES.
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F. A. GRAVES.

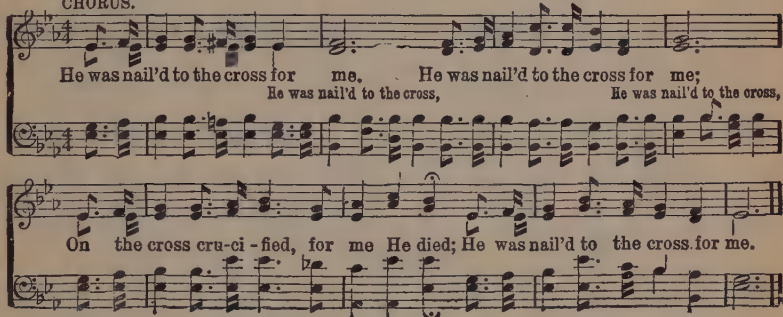


1. What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heav-en-ly glo - ry, To ac-com-plish His Fa-ther's plan;
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car-ried our sor - rows too;
4. So He gave His life for oth - ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;



Free-ly shed-ding His pre - cious life blood, That the sin-ner might be made free.
He was born of the vir - gin Ma - ry, Took up - on Him the form of man.
He's the Heal - er of ev - 'ry sick-ness, This He came to the world to do.
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en - ter in.

CHORUS.

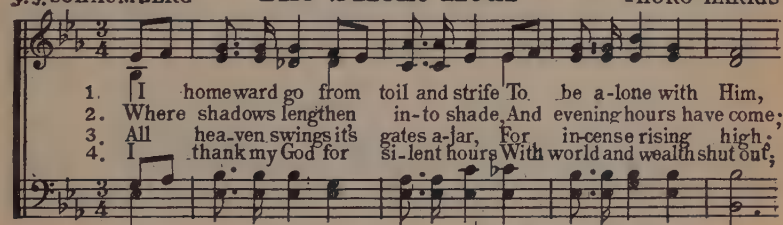


He was nail'd to the cross for me. He was nail'd to the cross for me;
He was nail'd to the cross, He was nail'd to the cross,
On the cross cru-ci-fied, for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.

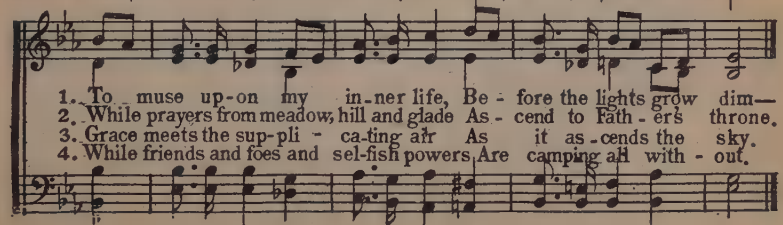
J. J. SCHAUMLERG

The Silent Hour

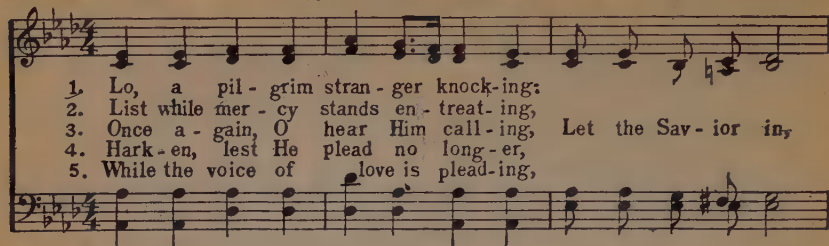
THORO HARRIS



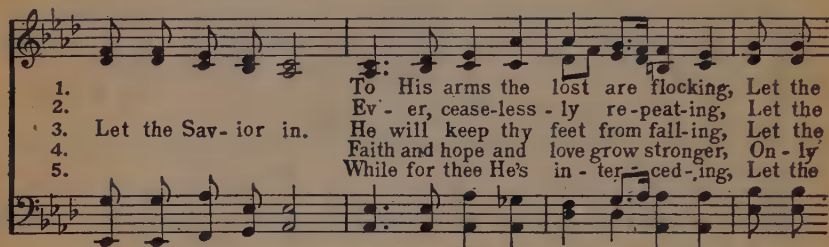
1. I homeward go from toil and strife To be a-lone with Him,
2. Where shadows lengthen in-to shade And evening hours have come;
3. All hea-ven swings its gates a-jar, For in-cense rising high;
4. I thank my God for Si-lent hours With world and wealth shut out;



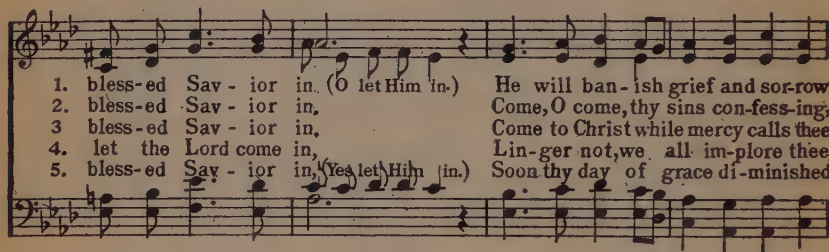
1. To muse up-on my in-ner life, Be - fore the lights grow dim-
2. While prayers from meadow, hill and glade As - cend to Fath - ers throne.
3. Grace meets the sup-pli - ca-ting air As it as-cends the sky.
4. While friends and foes and sel-fish powers, Are camp-ing all with - out.



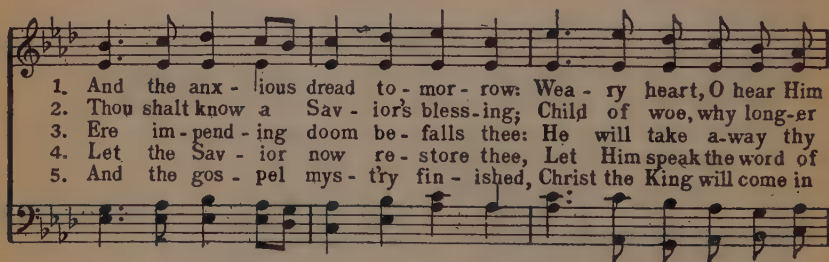
1. Lo, a pil - grim stran - ger knock-ing:
 2. List while mer - cy stands en - treat-ing,
 3. Once a - gain, O hear Him call-ing, Let the Sav - ior in,
 4. Hark - en, lest He plead no long - er,
 5. While the voice of love is plead-ing,



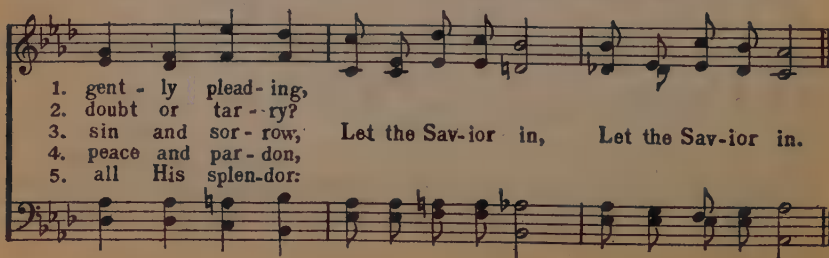
1. To His arms the lost are flocking, Let the
 2. Ev - er, cease-less - ly re - peat-ing, Let the
 3. Let the Sav - ior in. He will keep thy feet from fall-ing, Let the
 4. Faith and hope and love grow stronger, On - ly
 5. While for thee He's in - ter - ced-ing, Let the



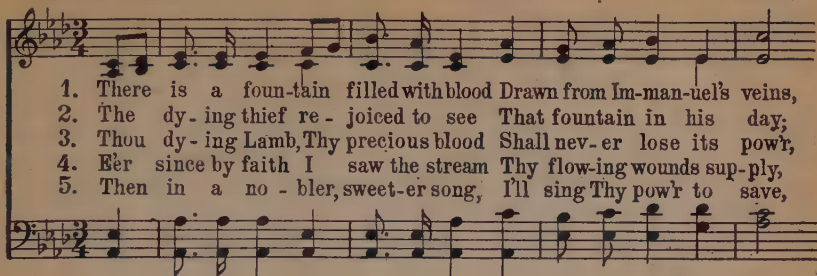
1. bless-ed Sav - ior in. (O let Him in.) He will ban - ish grief and sor - row
 2. bless-ed Sav - ior in. Come, O come, thy sins con - fess-ing,
 3. bless-ed Sav - ior in. Come to Christ while mercy calls thee
 4. let the Lord come in, Lin - ger not, we all im - plo - re thee,
 5. bless-ed Sav - ior in. (Yes let Him in.) Soon thy day of grace di - minished



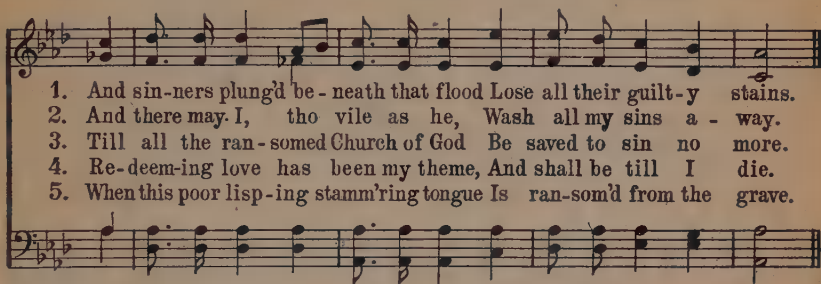
1. And the anx - ious dread to - mor - row: Wea - ry heart, O hear Him
 2. Thou shalt know a Sav - ior's bless-ing; Child of woe, why long - er
 3. Ere im - pend - ing doom be - falls thee: He will take a - way thy
 4. Let the Sav - ior now re - store thee, Let Him speak the word of
 5. And the gos - pel mys - t'ry fin - ished, Christ the King will come in



1. gent - ly plead-ing,
 2. doubt or tar - ry?
 3. sin and sor - row, Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.
 4. peace and par - don,
 5. all His splen - dor:

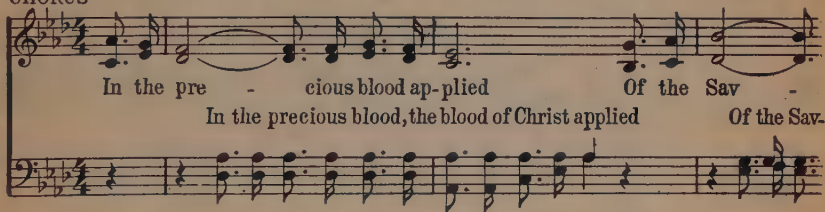


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re- joiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

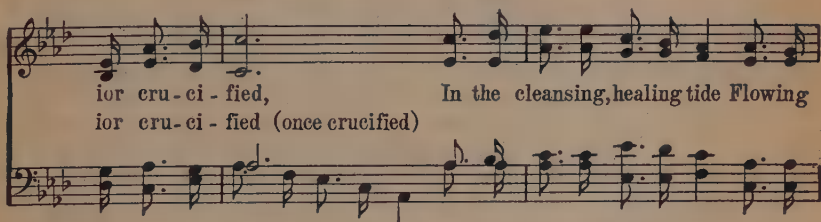


1. And sin-ners plung'd be- neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
2. And there may I, tho vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
3. Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
4. Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
5. When this poor lisp-ing stamm'ring tongue Is ran-som'd from the grave.

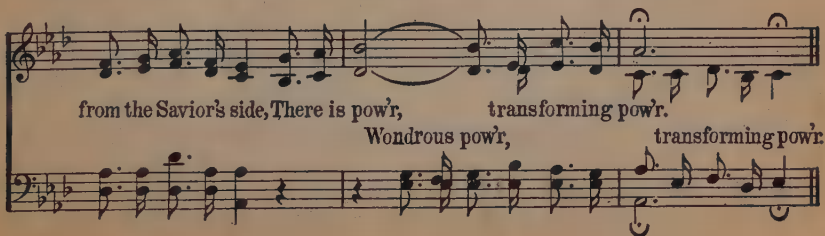
CHORUS



In the pre - cious blood ap-plied Of the Sav -
In the precious blood, the blood of Christ applied Of the Sav.



ior cru-ci-fied, In the cleansing, healing tide Flowing
ior cru-ci-fied (once crucified)



from the Savior's side, There is pow'r, transforming pow'r.
Wondrous pow'r, transforming pow'r.

In the Sweet By and By

Copyright, 1929, by Thoro Harris

In the sweet by and by,..... In the sweet

by and by,..... They're build-ing a pal-ace for me o-ver
by and by,..... When war-fare is done and the vic-to-ry

there: O that will be glo-ry beyond compare! won In the sweet by and by.

I Owe

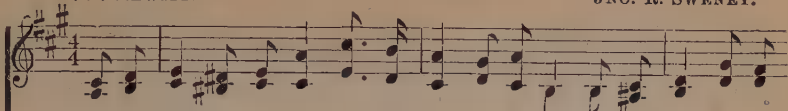
Copyright, 1929, by Thoro Harris

I owe, I owe, I owe, I owe, A debt of love to Christ I know I

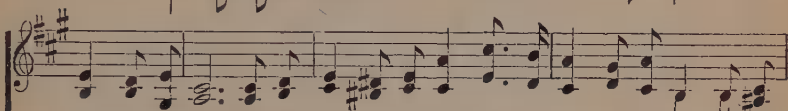
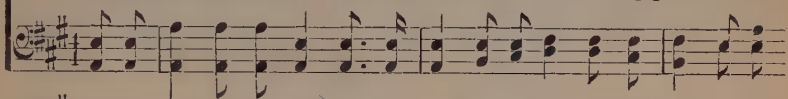
owe; Back to the world I dare not go Be-cause a debt of love I owe.

E. E. HEWITT.

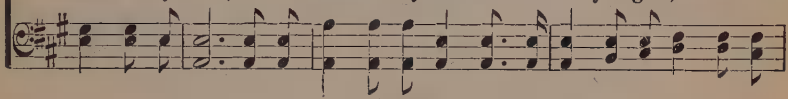
JNO. R. SWENEY.



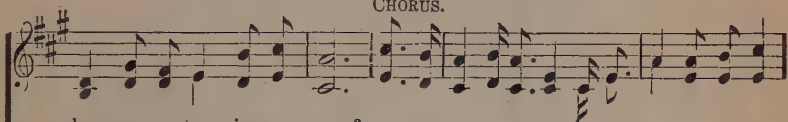
1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray; Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his



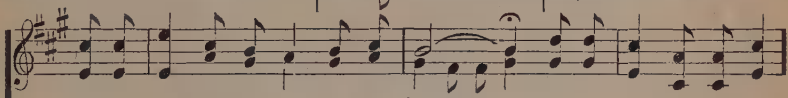
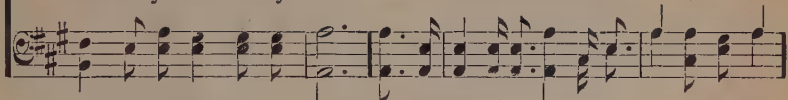
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine it the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there



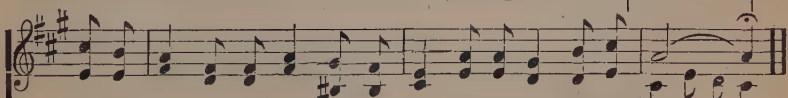
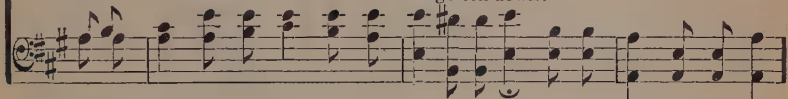
CHORUS.



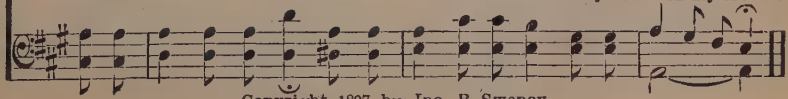
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
be an-y stars in my crown.



When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?



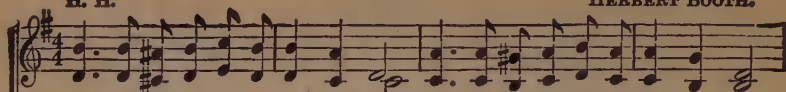
In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . .
an-y stars in my crown?



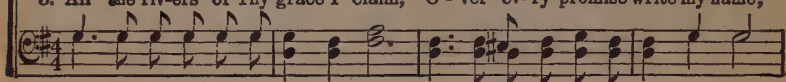
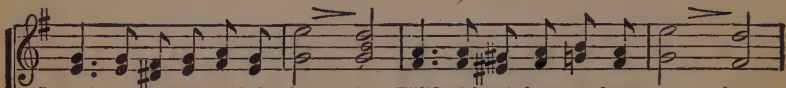
H. H.

By PERMISSION.

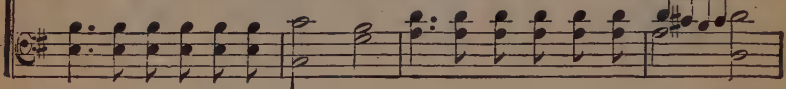
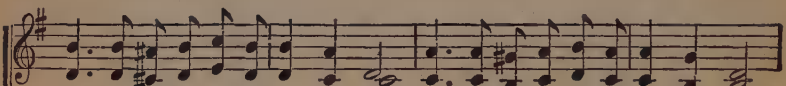
HERBERT BOOTH.



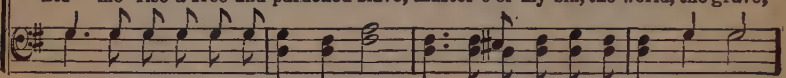

1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re-peat,
 2. Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de-nied,
 3. All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev'-ry promise write my name;


Stain'd with guilt, myself ab - hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;
 To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Can'st Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
 As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing,


Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir-it free?
 By the love and pit-y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
 Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

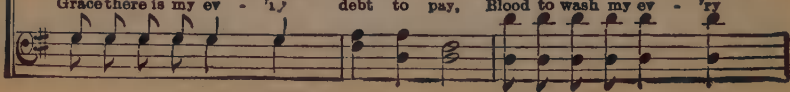
Raise my sink - ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more.
 Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
 Charg - ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.



CHORUS.



Grace there is my ev'-ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev'-ry



Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

The Penitent's Plea.

sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!
Pow'r to keep me sin - less for me, for me!

241

The Savior With Me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I must have the Sav - iour with me, For I dare not walk a - lone,
2. I must have the Sav - iour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Sav - iour with me, In the on - ward march of life,
4. I must have the Sav - iour with me, And His eyes the way must guide,

I must feel His pres - ence near me, And His arm a - round me thrown.
He can whis - per words of com - fort That no oth - er voice can speak.
Thro' the tem - pest and the sun - shine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan, Till I cross the roll - ing tide.

CHORUS.

Then my soul shall fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He

will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
will, where He will, I will go,

1. Com-plete in Him, O praise the Lord! In Him com-plete, 'tis
 2. The law's de-mands did Christ ful-fil, He liv'd to do His
 3. What hope more blest? what joy more sweet? What perfect rest! in

God's own word; His Heir and Son be-come mine own, Se-cures my
 Fa-ther's will; And now be-fore the throne He stands, My name en-
 Him com-plete; So may I stand God's searching test, For-ev-er

CHORUS.

ti-tle to the throne. Complete in Him, it is His
 grav-en on His hands. Complete in Him, it
 safe, for-ev-er blest. Complete in Him, it

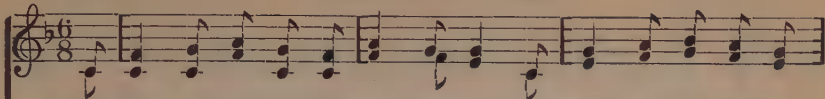
word; Complete in Him, O praise the Lord! In Je-sus
 is His word; Complete in Him,

all yes, all per-fec-tions meet, In Him a-lone I stand com-plete.

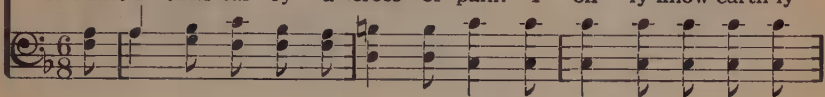
Caroline L. Goodenough

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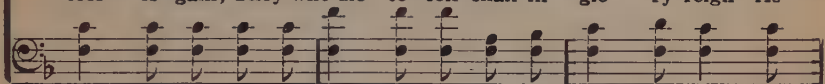
Thoro Harris



1. My Sav - ior calls me His cross to share, My heart responds with an
 2. His jeering foes mock'd with taunt and scorn, By cru - el nails were His
 3. Must I then car - ry a cross of pain? I on - ly know earth-ly



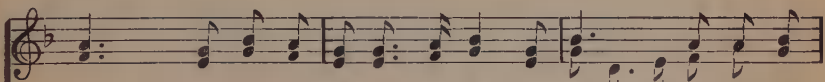
earn - est pray'r That I may not shrink, but may e - ven dare To
 kind hands torn, And His brow was pierc'd by the crown of thorn: How
 loss is gain; They who die to self shall in glo - ry reign As



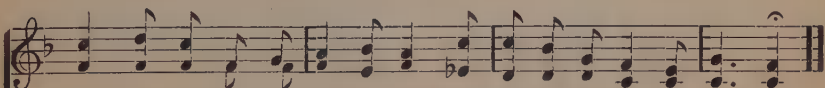
CHROUS.



go to the cross with Je - sus.
 meek-ly 'twas borne by Je - sus! I must go to the cross with
 kings on a throne with Je - sus.



Je - sus, I must go to the cross with Je - sus; Help me
 Je - sus to-day, Him all the way;

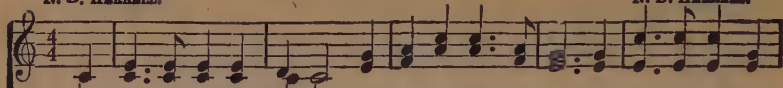


now, my Sav-ior, Thine own to be And glad-ly to fol - low Je - sus.

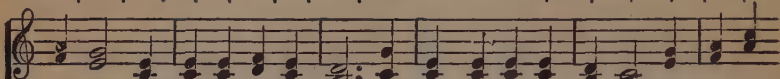
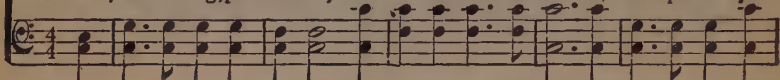


N. B. HERRELL.

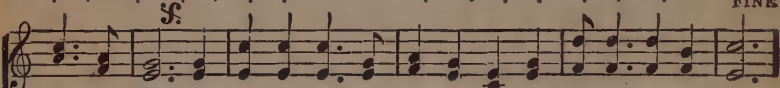
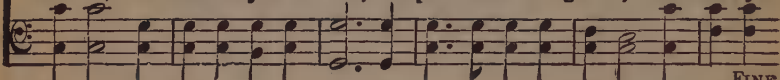
N. B. HERRELL.



1. There is a grand excursion, That's running through the land; Her name is Great Sal-
2. She stops at Pardon station To take on all that's there, A - gain at Full Sal-
3. Her rails are the pro - mis-es, She's lit with perfect love, And whistles Hal-le-
4. Her time book is the Bi - ble; So read, and you may know When she is due in
5. The pil-grims of past ages, John, Andrew and St. Paul, Have rode on this ex-
6. Then, come along, poor sinner, There's room on board for all; Christ purchased you a



va-tion, 'Twas built by God's right hand; Her en-gi-neer is Je - sus, She's run by
 va-tion, Col - lects an-oth-er fare; Then hastens on to Glo-ry, A-cross the
 lu - jahl As home-ward she doth move; Her bell is chiming Glo-ry, As up-ward
 Glo-ry, All glist'ning white as snow; In - to the u-nion de - pot She'll run in
 cursion, Redeemed from Eden's fall; They ran thru clouded valleys, O'er mountains
 tick - et, He waits for you to call; The prom-ise now giv-en, "The stars you

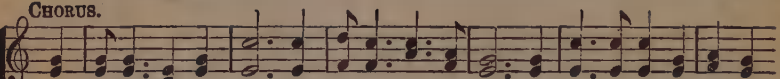


FINE

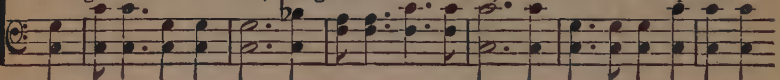
power di - vine;
 plains of time;
 she doth climb; I'm going home to ed en On this good old Bi - ble line.
 just on time; I'm going home to
 they did climb; They reach their home in
 shall outshine; Come go a - long to



CHORUS.



This good old Bi-ble line, This good old Bi-ble line, I have a ticket purchased



D. C.

On this good old Bible line; Stop-overs are not granted, She runs on schedule time;



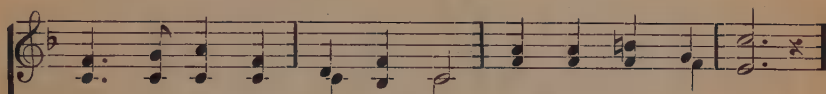
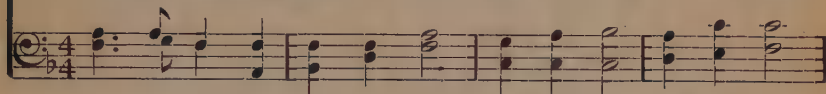
T. H.

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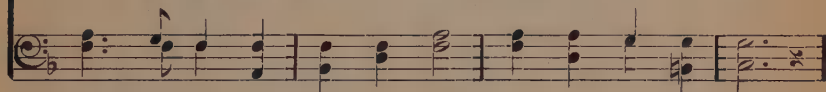
Thoro Harris



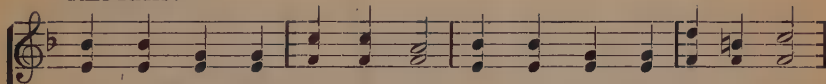
1. Once for me my Sav - ior died, All I need, all I need,
2. He for-gives my ev - 'ry sin, All I need, all I need,
3. Je - sus pu - ri - fies my heart, All I need, all I need,
4. He im-parts His life to me, All I need, all I need,
5. Now be-fore the Fa - ther's throne, All I need, all I need,
6. While I draw this mor - tal breath, All I need, all I need,
7. When the King re - turns to reign, All I need, all I need,
8. Now and ev - er - more the same, All I need, all I need,



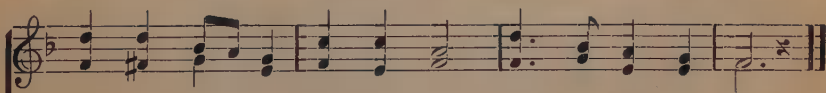
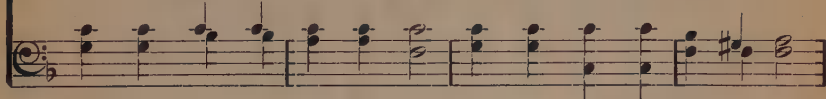
1. All my wants by Him sup - plied, He is all I need.
2. He a - bides my soul with - in, He is all I need.
3. I will ne'er from Him de - part, He is all I need.
4. From the curse of death set free, He is all I need.
5. He ac - cepts me as His own, He is all I need.
6. Ev - ven to the gates of death, He is all I need.
7. I will sing this glad re - frain, Christ is all I need.
8. Glo - ry to His peer - less name, He is all I need.



REFRAIN



By His Spir - it's might - y pow'r I am whole this ver - y hour;

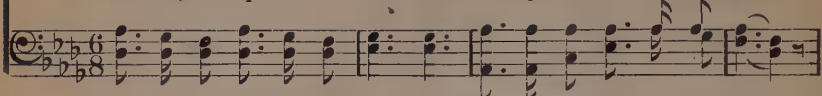


His re - deem-ing grace I plead, He is all I need.

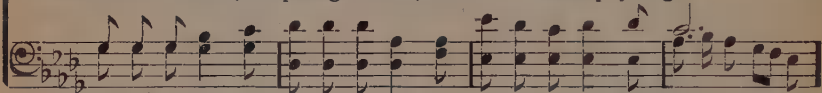




1. Join-ing the ar-my ce-les-tial Here in this val-ley of woe,
2. Je-sus the Cap-tain all-glo-rious Wins ev-'ry bat-tle, we know;
3. On-ward we move to yon ci-ty, Fear-less-ly press-ing the foe;
4. Charging the ranks of A-poll-yon, Ut-ter-ly rout-ing the foe,
5. Brother, line up for the con-flict! Would you true manliness show,

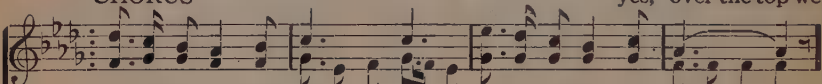


1. Marching right on Till vict'ry be won And o-ver the top we go.
2. Wonders we do And mir-a-cles too, As o-ver the top we go.
3. Glo-ry to God! We win by the blood, And o-ver the top we go.
4. By grace divine We'll break up his line And o-ver the top we'll go.
5. Shoulder the cross, Despising the loss, As o-ver the top you go.

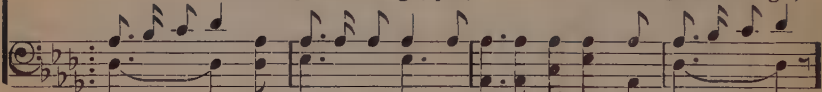


CHORUS

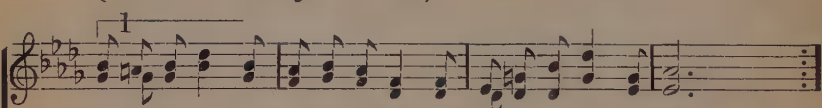
yes, over the top we



O-ver the top with Je-sus, O-ver the top we go,.....
with Je-sus we go, yes, with Je-sus we go;



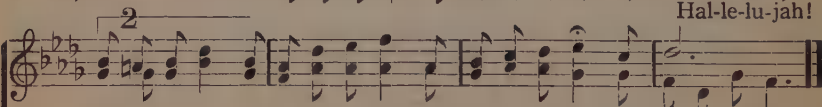
{ Go..... with Je-sus,
{ On..... with Je-sus,



Shout ye and sing While Jesus the King Leads onward against the foe.

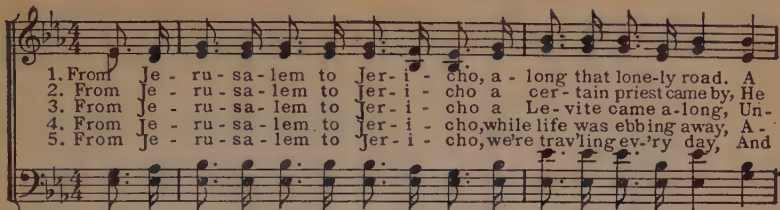


Hal-le-lu-jah!

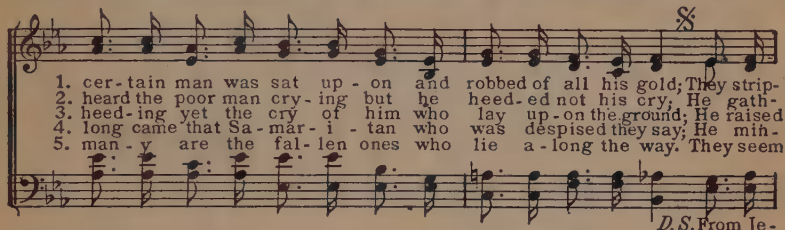


Vict'ry is sure If we but endure While o-ver the top we go.
right bravely we go.



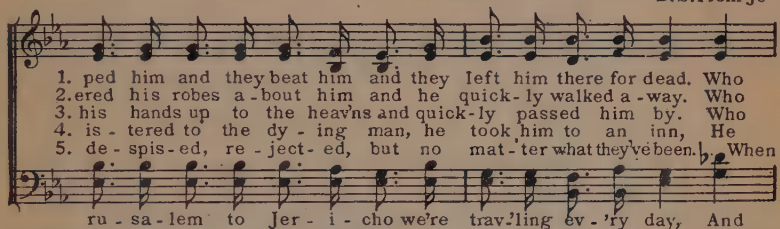


1. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, a - long that lone - ly road. A
 2. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho a cer - tain priest came by, He
 3. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho a Le - vite came a - long, Un -
 4. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, while life was ebbing away, A -
 5. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, we're trav'ling ev - 'ry day, And



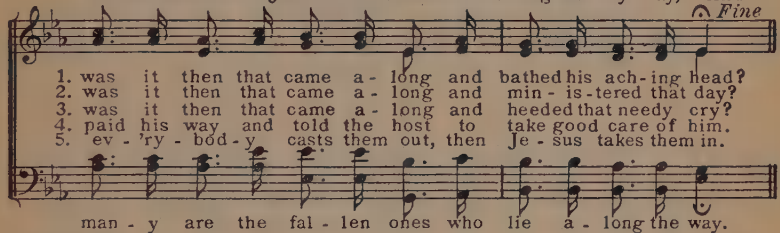
1. cer - tain man was sat up - on and robbed of all his gold; They strip -
 2. heard the poor man cry - ing but he heed - ed not his cry; He gath -
 3. heed - ing yet the cry of him who lay up - on the ground; He raised
 4. long came that Sa - mar - i - tan who was despised they say; He min -
 5. man - y are the fal - len ones who lie a - long the way. They seem

D.S. From Je -



1. ped him and they beat him and they left him there for dead. Who
 2. ered his robes a - bout him and he quick - ly walked a - way. Who
 3. his hands up to the heav'ns and quick - ly passed him by. Who
 4. is - tered to the dy - ing man, he took him to an inn, He
 5. de - spis - ed, re - ject - ed, but no mat - ter what they've been, When

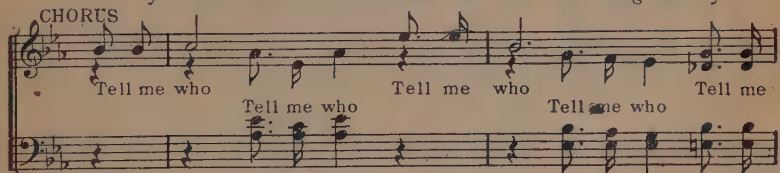
ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho we're trav'ling ev - 'ry day, And



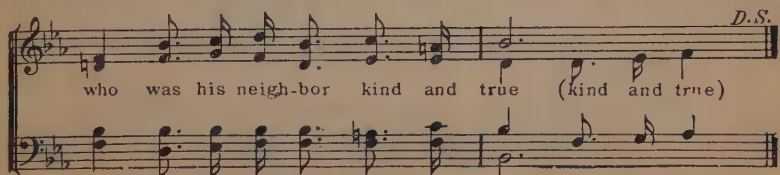
1. was it then that came a - long and bathed his ach - ing head?
 2. was it then that came a - long and min - is - tered that day?
 3. was it then that came a - long and heed - ed that needy cry?
 4. paid his way and told the host to take good care of him.
 5. ev - 'ry - bod - y casts them out, then Je - sus takes them in.

man - y are the fal - len ones who lie a - long the way.

CHORUS



Tell me who Tell me who Tell me who Tell me



who was his neigh - bor kind and true (kind and true)

R L.

Slow.

Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
 3. Death can-not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

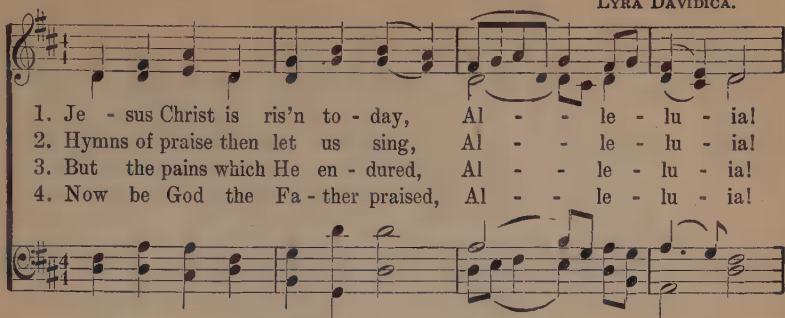
CHORUS. *Faster.*

com-ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!
 seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
 bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord! He a - rose,

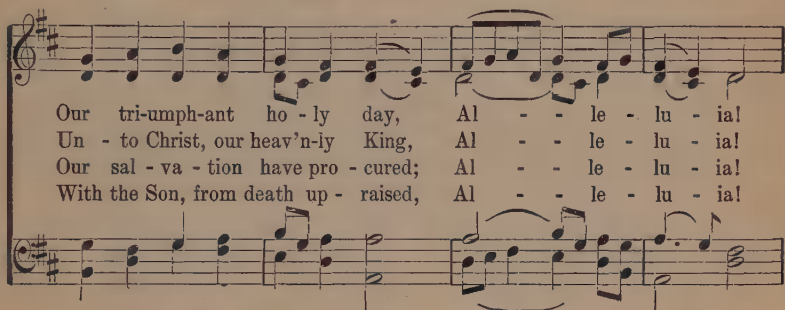
might - y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic-tor from the
 He a - rose!

dark do-main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

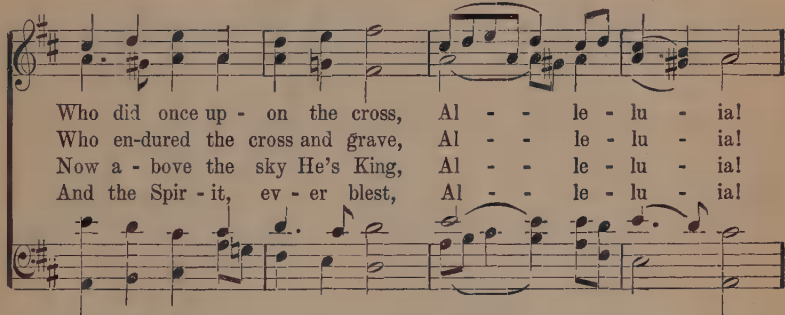
rosel He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rosel
 He a - rose! He a - rose!



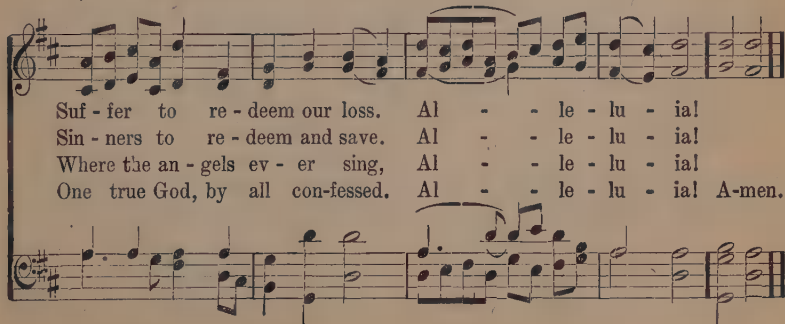
1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 3. But the pains which He en - dured, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 4. Now be God the Fa - ther praised, Al - - le - lu - ia!



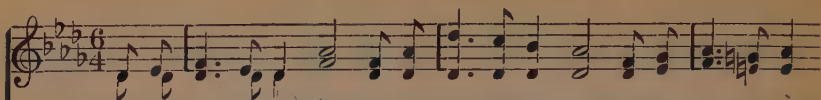
Our tri-umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Un - to Christ, our heav'n-ly King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 With the Son, from death up - raised, Al - - le - lu - ia!



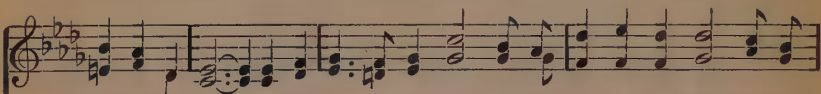
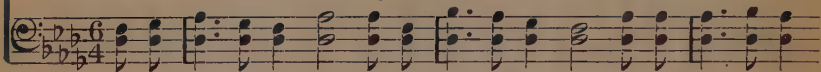
Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Who en-dured the cross and grave, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Now a - bove the sky He's King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 And the Spir - it, ev - er blest, Al - - le - lu - ia!



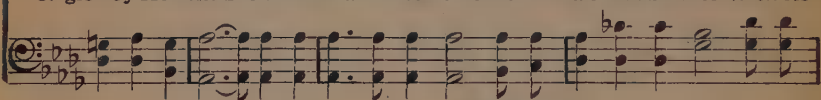
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 One true God, by all con-fessed. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-men.



1. When my soul is oppress, When my heart is distrest With the weight of life's
2. Mor - tal nev - er hath trod That dear cit-y of God Where the cold wind of
3. There the legions of light Praise the King day and night; Heaven's court with their
4. Where the an - gels a-wait Just with-in the pearl gate We will go when our
5. Nev - er fall - eth the night, For the Lamb is the light; All the land with His



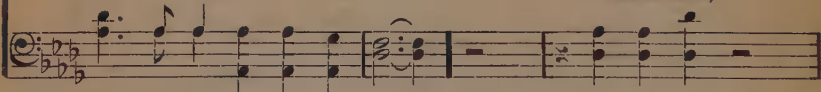
1. burdens and ills, I will lift up my mine eyes To yon blest Paradise With its
2. death never chills; There no fears can appall, There no tears ever fall, On the
3. melody thrills While there rolls a new song By the great blood-wash'd On the
4. dear Father wills; Then what joy there will be When our lov'd ones we see On the
5. glo - ry He fills. Soon He'll call us to come To our fair Eden home With its



REFRAIN



beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills. O the beau - - ti - ful
O those hills,



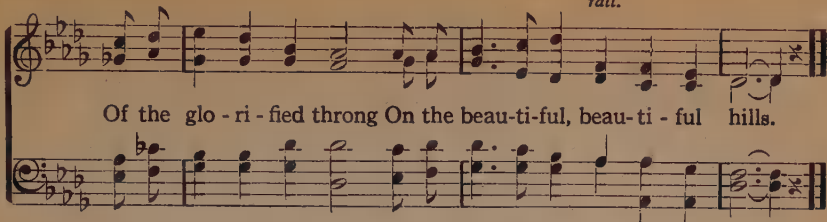
hills..... By the cool,..... spark - ling rills!.....
ver - dant hills, Sun - ny hills by the cool, sparkling rills!



We shall rest on those beau - ti - ful hills, There to join the glad song



rall.



Of the glo - ri - fied throng On the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful hills.

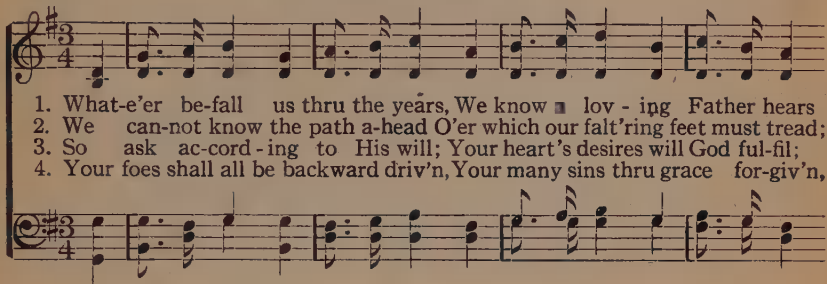
251

Pray and Trust

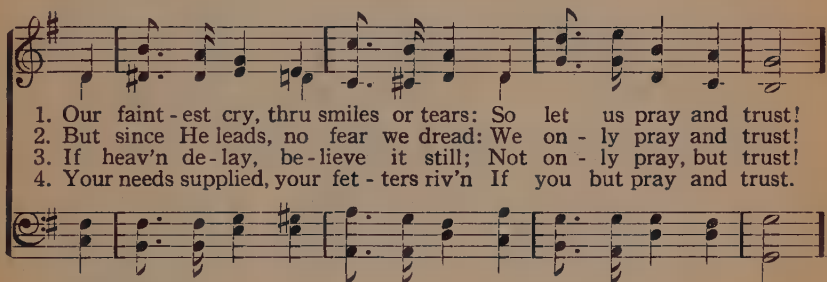
T. H.

Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

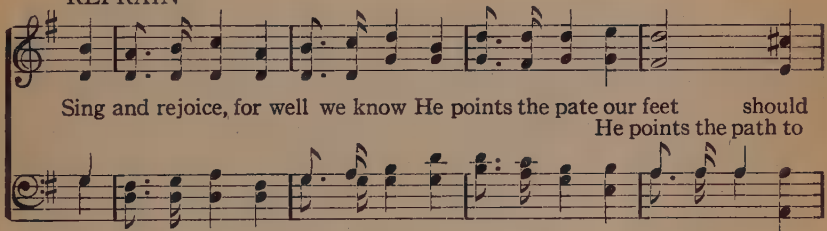


1. What-e'er be-fall us thru the years, We know a lov - ing Father hears
2. We can-not know the path a-head O'er which our falt'ring feet must tread;
3. So ask ac-cord-ing to His will; Your heart's desires will God ful-fill;
4. Your foes shall all be backward driv'n, Your many sins thru grace for-giv'n,

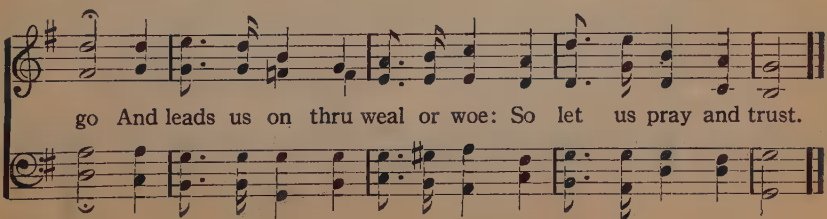


1. Our faint - est cry, thru smiles or tears: So let us pray and trust!
2. But since He leads, no fear we dread: We on - ly pray and trust!
3. If heav'n de-lay, be-lieve it still; Not on - ly pray, but trust!
4. Your needs supplied, your fet - ters riv'n If you but pray and trust.

REFRAIN



Sing and rejoice, for well we know He points the path our feet should
He points the path to



go And leads us on thru weal or woe: So let us pray and trust.

1. "A-bide ye in Me," Supreme consecration! A-bid-ing in Thee, Thou
 2. A-bid-ing in Thee, Se-cure in Thy fa-vor, Christ-on-ly I see, My
 3. In Je-sus complete, My spir-it re-joic-es; How blest the retreat, So
 4. But O, if such peace, Such blessing are for me Where sorrows increase, Where

1. Prince of sal-va-tion; Re-ceiving Thy life, This wondrous enjoyment Hath
 2. con-quer-ing Sav-ior. How can I for-get My call-ing one hour? I
 3. far from earth's noises! Naught else could afford Such blessing, such pleasure; I
 4. tri-als be-fall me, What raptures unknown When God shall a-wake me And

REFRAIN.

1. sav'd me from strife In Thy ho-ly employment.
 2. faint not nor fret, With this secret of pow-er. What fel - low-ship
 3. trust in the Lord, My dor-a-ble treasure.
 4. up to His throne In the glo-ry shall take me. A-bid-ing in Him, what

sweet,..... What rap - ture com-plete!..... What
 fel-low-ship sweet! A-bid-ing in Him, what rap-ture com-plete! As

ho - ly com-mun - ion! By faith I - bide in Him.
 branch to the vine, I'm His, He is mine;

S. O. SHELDON.

C. W. WALKER, JR.

With majesty.

1. Je - sus shall o - ver the earth be King; All peo-ple their rich-es to
 2. Blood shall no long - er de - file the street, Swords in - to plow-shares shall
 3. Deafness and blind-ness shall then be healed, Lameness for - ev - er shall
 S. Sunshine in shame shall not light the day; Moon-light for - ev - er shall

Him shall bring. Bells on the hors - es with peace shall sound, Je - sus shall
 then be beat. Bat - tles and ru - mors of wars shall cease; Je - sus shall
 be re-pealed. Sick - ness and sor - row shall all take wing, When on Mount
 fade a - way. God and the Lamb the e - ter - nal light, Shin-ing shall

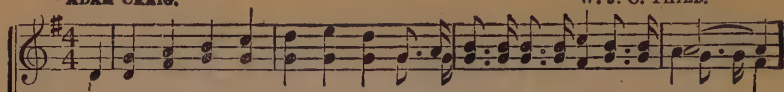
stand then on Zi - on's ground. Glo - ry to
 reign as the King of peace.
 Zi - on, He reigns as King. Glo - ry to Je - sus,
 glis - ten ex - ceed-ing bright.

Je - sus we'll sing, Wor - ship to Him we'll bring, Play on a
 Wor - ship to Him,

harp of a thousand strings And reign with the King of Kings.
 of Kings.

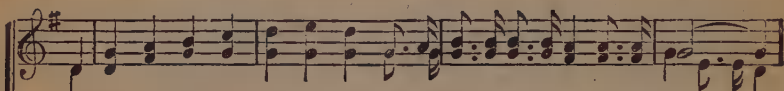
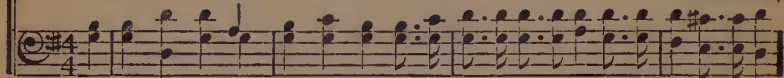
ADAM CRAIG.

W. J. C. THIEL.



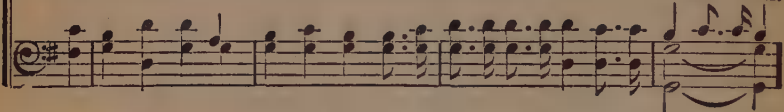
1. I'll tell you why I am so glad, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
2. I once was blind, He pitied me, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
3. My burden now is rolled a-way, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
4. 'Twas faith in Him that sav'd my soul, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
5. My pathway shines in glorious light, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
6. I'm ready now when life shall end, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;

of the cross;

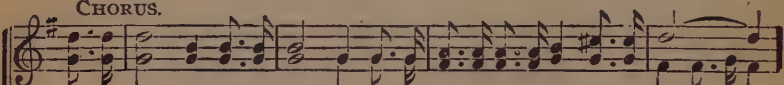


My life in Him is nev - er sad, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
 My eyes He open'd, now I see, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
 And He is now my strength and stay, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
 He made my wounded spirit whole, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
 He fills my soul with pure delight, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
 For now He is my Savior, Friend, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.

of the cross.

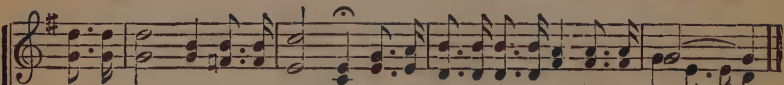
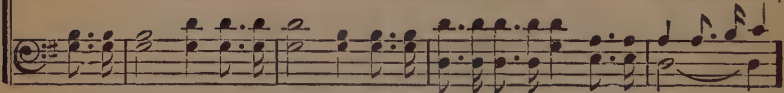


CHORUS.



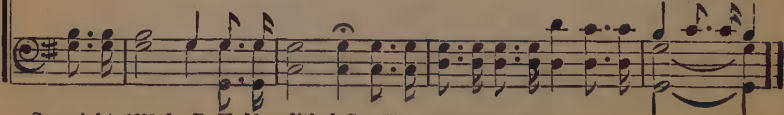
Jesus saved me, Hal-le-lu - jah! Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;

of the cross;

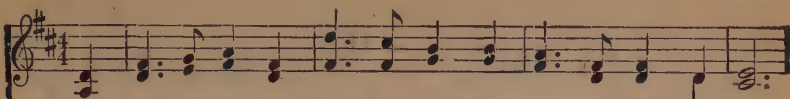


Jesus saved me, Hal-le-lu - jah! Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.

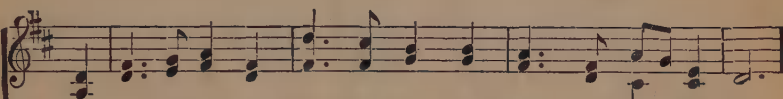
of the cross



Rev. J. C. Ludgate.



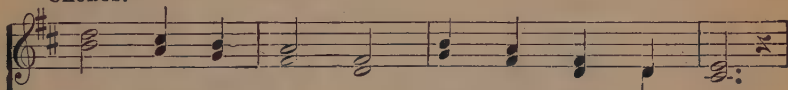
1. A friend of Je - sus, Oh what bliss That one so weak as I
2. A friend when oth - er friend - ships cease, A friend when oth - ers fail;
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way
4. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near;
5. A friend when life's rough voyage is o'er, A friend when death is past;



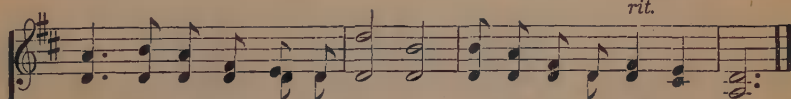
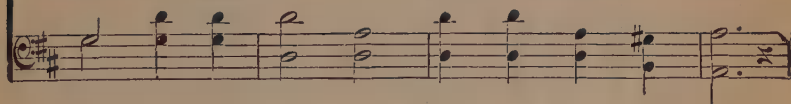
Should ev - er have a friend like this To lead me to the sky.
 A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend who will pre -vail.
 A friend to steer my weak, frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.
 A friend as thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
 A friend to greet on Heav - en's shore, A friend when home at last.



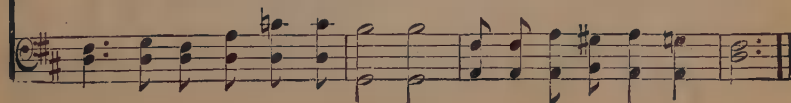
CHORUS.



Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship Di - vine;



Oh what bless - ed sweet com - mun - ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine.

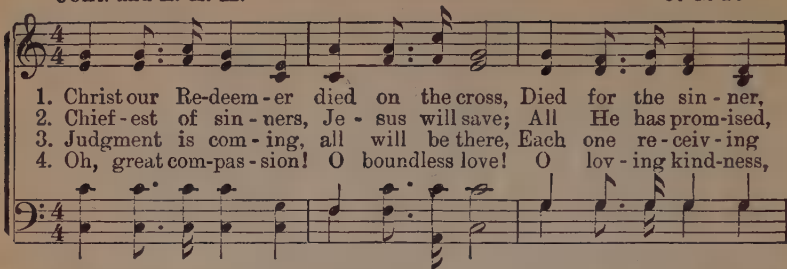


When I See the Blood.

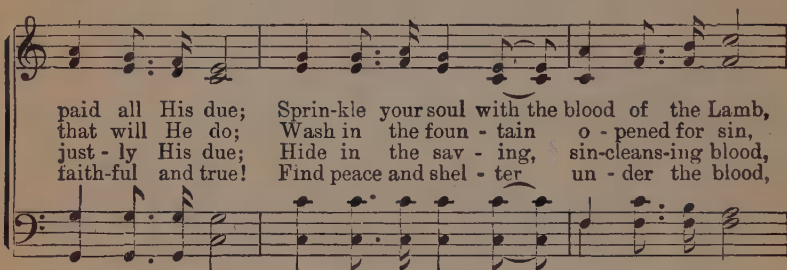
By Foot Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

JOHN and E. A. H.

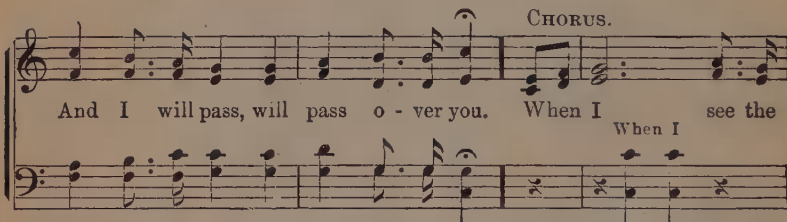
J. G. F.



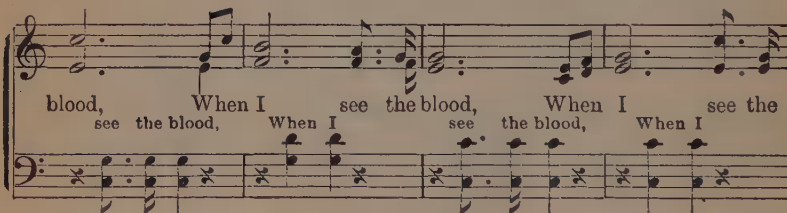
1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus will save; All He has prom-ised,
 3. Judgment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceive-ing
 4. Oh, great com-pas-sion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness,



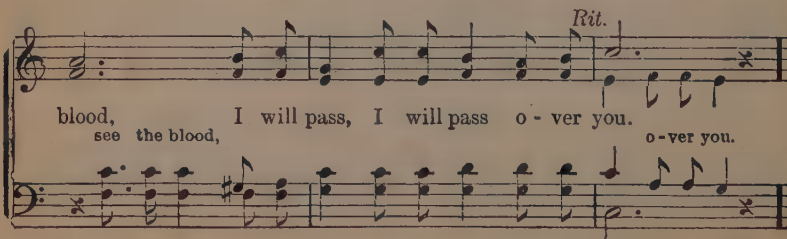
paid all His due; Sprin-kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
 that will He do; Wash in the foun-tain o-pened for sin,
 just-ly His due; Hide in the sav-ing, sin-cleans-ing blood,
 faith-ful and true! Find peace and shel-ter un-der the blood,



CHORUS.
 And I will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the
 When I



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I



Rit.
 blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you. o-ver you.
 see the blood,

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. O my brother, do you know the Sav - ior, Who is won - drous
 2. Have you "tast-ed that the Lord is gra - cious?" Do you walk in the
 3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have
 4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the

kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"
 way that's new? Have you drunk from the liv - ing fount-ain?
 me to do?" Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an - swer,
 ma - ny or few; Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth-er,

CHORUS.

There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my

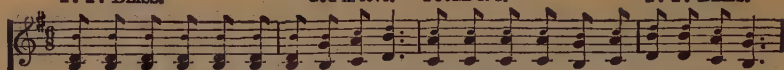
broth-er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you; Leave your
 my broth-er, for you;

sins for the blood to cov-er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
 for you.

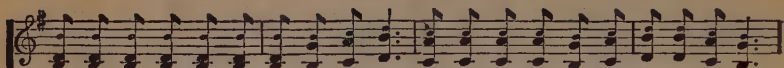
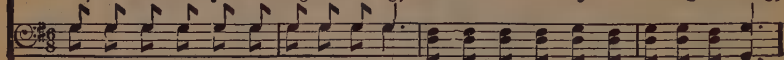
P. P. BLISS.

"God in love."—1 John 4: 8.

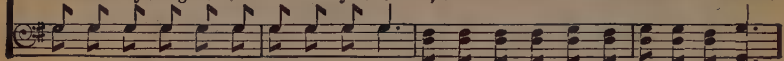
P. P. BLISS.



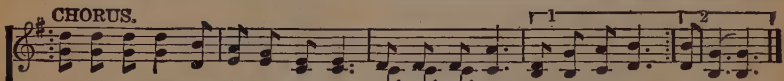
1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n,
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,



Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
 Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
 This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be: "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me.

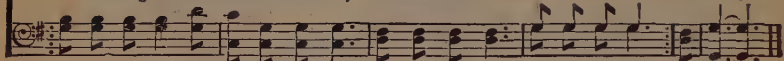


CHORUS.



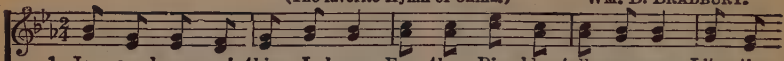
{ I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me:

{ I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves e - ven me.

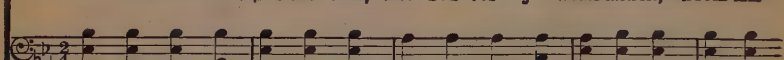


(The favorite Hymn of China.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



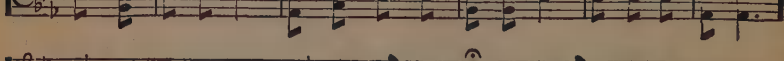
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gates to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His



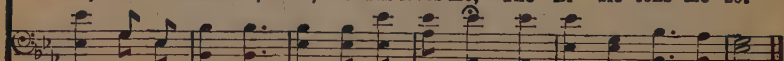
CHORUS.



ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He strong.
 wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
 shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.



Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.



Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior, And scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

P. P. B.

The John Church Co., owners.
Used by permission.

P. P. Bliss.

1. { Ho, my comrades! see the sig - nal Waving in 'the sky! }
 { Re - in - force - ments now appearing, [Omit] } Vic - to - ry is nigh.
 2. { See the might - y host advancing, Sa - tan leading on; }
 { Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, [Omit] } Cour - age al - most gone!
 3. { See the glorious ban - ner waving? Hear the bu - gle blow! }
 { In our Leader's name we'll triumph [Omit] } O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
 4. { Fierce and long the battle rag - es, But our help is near; }
 { Onward comes our great Commander, [Omit] } Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

CHORUS.

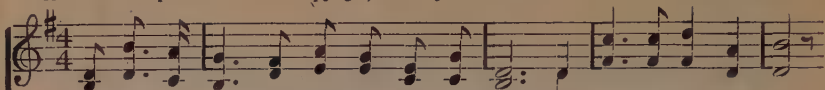
"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing!" Je - sus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

262 The Lord Will Shelter Thee

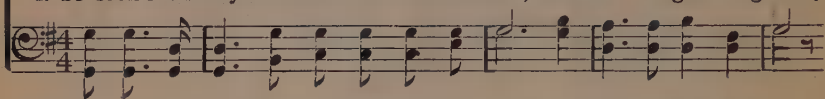
Herbert Temple

Copyright, 1931. by Thoro Harris

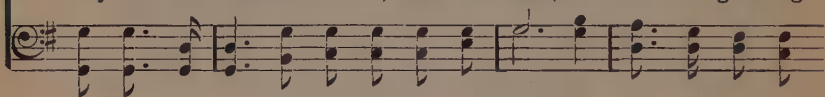
Thoro Harris



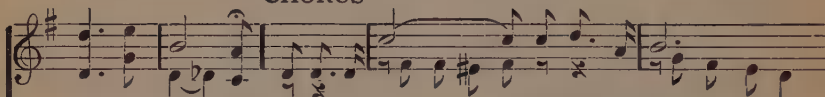
1. Be not a - fraid tho wild the storm may break! Thy God will shelter thee
2. When sorrows come and tears be-dim the way, The Lord will comfort thee;
3. When foes as-sail, fear not that thou wilt fall, For He is shield-ing thee;
4. So soon life's way will end and thou shalt rest, For He is guid-ing thee;



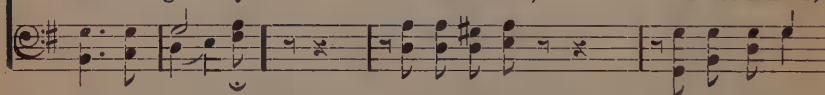
1. Se-cure from harm with-in His blest re-treat; The Lord will shel-ter
2. Fear not, but trust Him thru each try-ing day, For He will comfort
3. His hand will lead thee safe-ly thru it all, For He will shield thy
4. Thy home thou soon shalt reach, with all the blest, For God is guid-ing



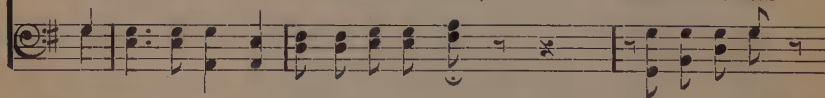
CHORUS



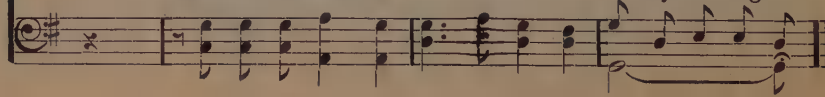
1. thee and keep thee. Be not a - fraid,..... Be not a - fraid,
2. thee and keep thee.
3. soul and keep thee.
4. thee to glo - ry. Be not a-fraid, Be not a-fraid,

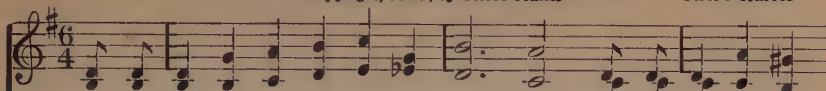


Thy life will He con - trol;..... When He is near..... Thou
will He con-trol; When He is near



needst not fear, For He will keep thy soul.....
Thou needst not fear, thy trusting soul.

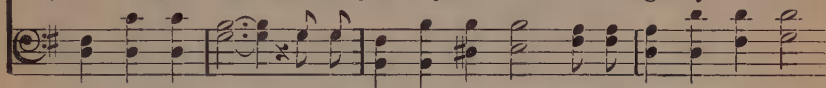




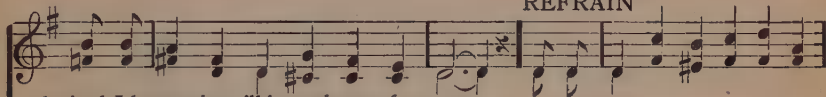
1. I am near-ing yon beau-ti - ful cit - y Where the King on His
2. Ev'-ry soul I have won for my Sav - ior Like a gem will a-
3. Man-y dear to my heart will em-brace me, From the bonds of mor-
4. We will sing in that homeland of glo - ry As we en - ter its
5. There's a place in that throng of re-deem'd ones For who - ev - er on



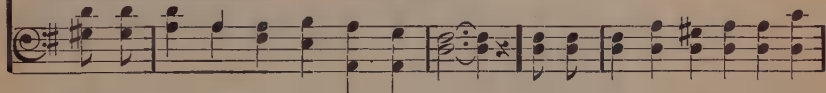
1. throne I shall see, Where the an-gels will sing, Where the glad anthems ring;
2. dorn His bright crown; 'Twill be glo-ry for me My Re-deem-er to see
3. tal - i - ty free, Sanc-ti-fied thru the blood Of my Sav-ior and God
4. por - tals of rest, With the saints rob'd in white In the pal-ace of light,
5. Je - sus will call; Bro-ther you may be there, Heaven's glo-ry to share



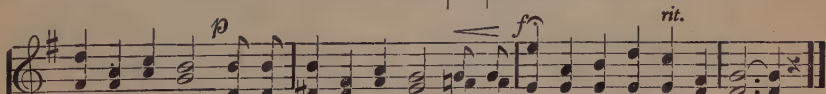
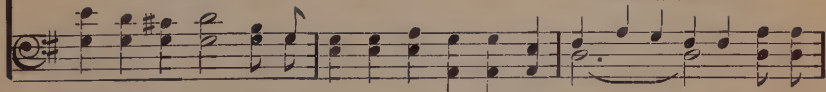
REFRAIN



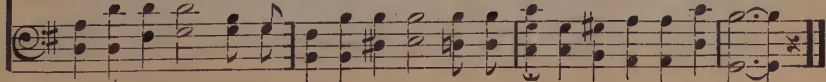
1. And I know there'll be welcome for me.
2. In that cit - y of fade-less re - nown. I shall walk with the King in His
3. When He languish'd on Cal - va - ry's tree.
4. The har - mo - ni - ous strains of the blest.
5. When we crown Him the highest of all.



glo - ry, some day, I shall look on His love-beaming face..... By His
what a vis-ion!



side I shall stand, See the prints in His hand, For I know I'm a child of His grace.




R. K. C.

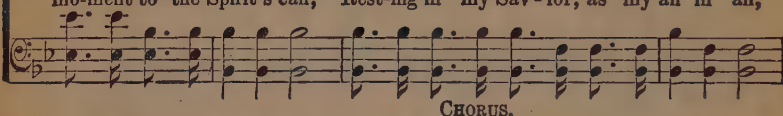
Kelso Carter.



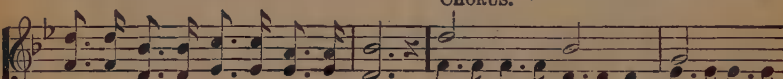
1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail, When the howl-ing
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es I can not fall, List-'ning ev-'ry

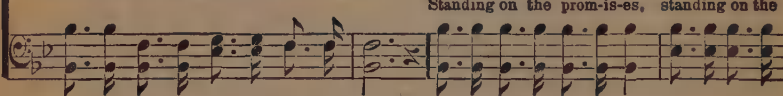
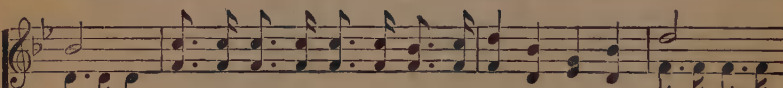
a-ges let His praises ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall prevail,
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spirit's sword,
 mo-ment to the Spirit's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,




CHORUS.



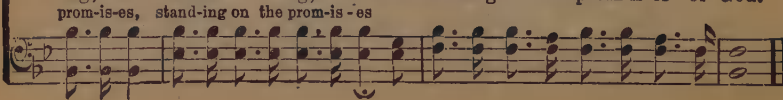
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,
 Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the

ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand-ing on the
 prom-is-es, Standing on the

ing, stand-ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
 prom-is-es, stand-ing on the prom-is-es



265 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more;
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea - man tem-pest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D. S. - Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wavel

266

Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
 Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus the
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
 Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen-tly, He will for-give if they
 3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
 Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness, Chords that were bro-ken will

1 2 CHORUS.
 sin and the grave; might-y to save.
 child to re-ceive; on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing;
 grace can re-store; vi-brate once more.

Je-sus is mer-ci-ful Je-sus will save.
 4 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it;
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them;
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

1. The Sav-ior came from heav'n a-bove To give His life for me, My sac-ri-
 2. With cruelspikes they nail'd Him there And watch'd the bloodstreams roll; He bare it
 3. I love this man of Cal - va - ry Who died that I might live, Who yielded

fice—O boundless love! Upon the shameful tree. As the fateful hour drew near When
 all, while deep despair Fell o'er His stainless soul. "Thou forsakest me, my God!" The
 up ■ throne for me And pled, "O God, forgive!" Now I claim Him for mine own, My

He the winepress trod, His dis-ci-ples fled for fear And mingled with the mob.
 suff'ring Savior cried While the jeering rabble stood Before the Cru-ci-fied.
 Lord and Master He; I am His and His a-lone Thru all e - ter - ni - ty,

REFRAIN

My heart o'erflows with love tonight For Jesus the Naz - a - rene,
 beau-ti-ful Naz - a - rene,

Whose face was lit by love's pure light, The fairest these eyes have seen.

In His presence my soul would live With never a veil between
me and Je-sus;

All my serv-ice to Him I give, The beau-ti - ful Naz - a - rene.

268

The Reason

T. H.

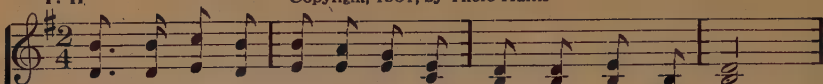
Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

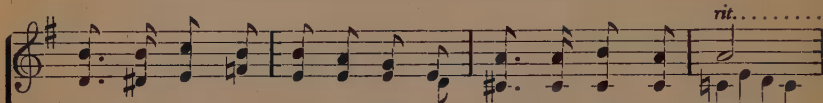
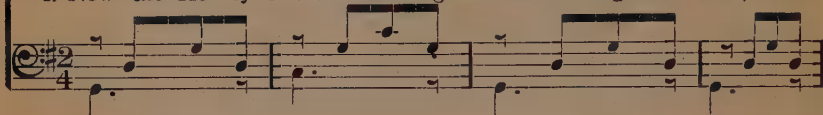
1. The wea - ry one found rest, The sick had joy that day, The
2. In some far dis - tant land The word was fraught with pow'r Be-
3. In times of stress re - liev'd, We mar - vel many a day How
4. O Thou who hear - est pray'r, To Thee all flesh shall come, In

1. faint - ing were re - fresh'd A - long their cheerless way; And all be-
2. cause a faith - ful band Had met to pray that hour; 'Twas on - ly
3. grace has been re - ceiv'd A - long our pil - grim way. Who watches
4. Thy pa - ter - nal care To find their rest and home. We know that

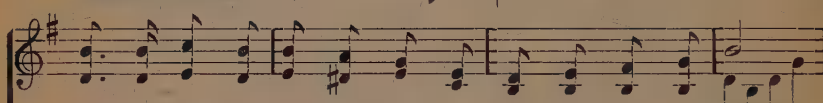
1. cause some saint had paus'd to pray, "Send help to - day.
2. "two or three," ob - scure, un - known - They touch'd God's throne.
3. o - ver all His own can see On bend - ed knee.
4. Thou art nigh and all is well Wher - e'er we dwell.



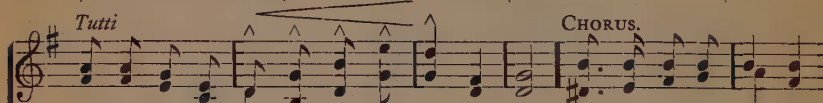
1. Hark! the prom-ise of Je-ho-vah Rings o'er sea and land;
 2. See the braz-en serpent lift-ed In the wil-der-ness;
 3. O the love of God is broad-er Than the wid-est sea,
 4. Now the Ho-ly Ghost re-ceive-ing With the tongues of fire,



1. Turn, re-pent, be-lieve the mes-sage, 'Tis the King's com-mand.
 2. So was Je-sus "lift-ed up" the Sons of earth to bless.
 3. And I'm sure His "who-so-ev-er" Still em-brac-es me.
 4. La-bor in the ri-pen'd harvest Till He calls you high'r.

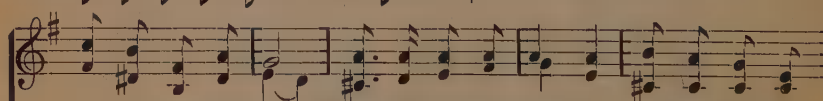


1. Now be-hold, all things are read-y And there yet is room.
 2. Look a-way to Him, be-liev-ing In the smit-ten One.
 3. Sick of self and tir'd of sin-n-ing, I am go-ing home.
 4. Till you en-ter thru the por-tals Your e-ter-nal home.

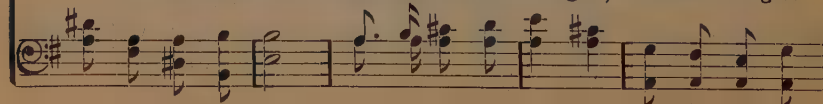


CHORUS.

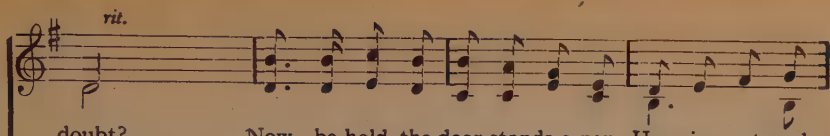
Who-so-ev-er, who-so-ev-er will may come," Who-so-ev-er com-eth,



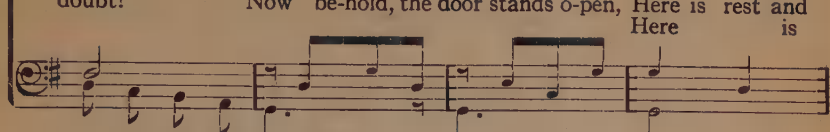
I will not cast out." Where-fore dost thou ling-er, Wherefore long-er



rit.

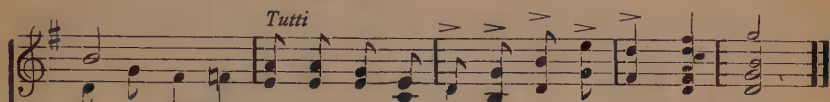


doubt? Now be-hold, the door stands o-pen, Here is rest and
Here is

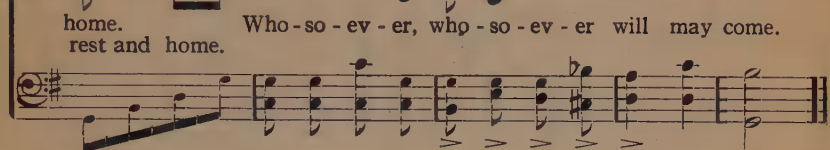


He calls thee, Come!

Tutti



home. Who-so-ev-er, who-so-ev-er will may come.
rest and home.



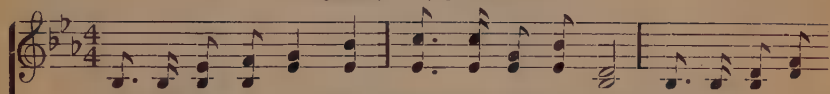
270

Choosing God's Way

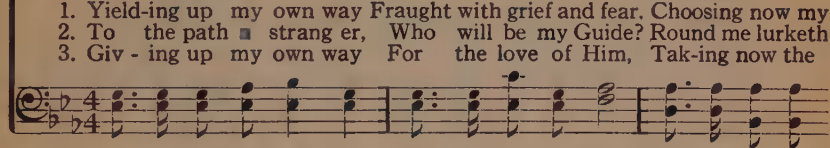
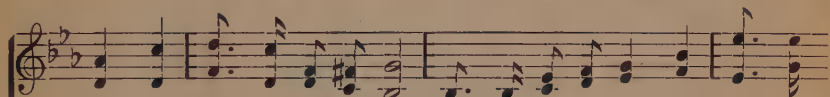
T. H.

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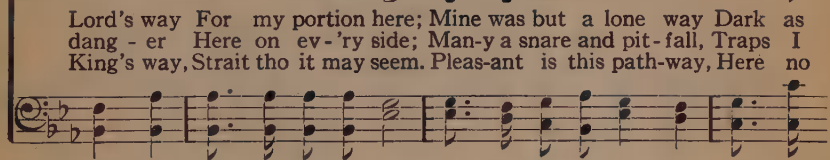

Thoro Harris



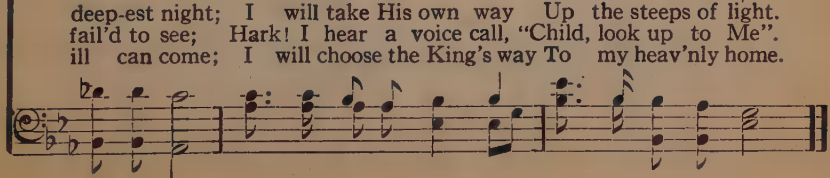
1. Yield-ing up my own way Fraught with grief and fear. Choosing now my
2. To the path a stran-ger, Who will be my Guide? Round me lurketh
3. Giv-ing up my own way For the love of Him, Tak-ing now the

Lord's way For my portion here; Mine was but a lone way Dark as
dang-er Here on ev-'ry side; Man-y a snare and pit-fall, Traps I
King's way, Strait tho it may seem. Pleas-ant is this path-way, Here no

deep-est night; I will take His own way Up the steep's of light.
fail'd to see; Hark! I hear a voice call, "Child, look up to Me".
ill can come; I will choose the King's way To my heav'nly home.



1. I shall soon be at rest o - ver yon - der In ■ land of e-
 2. There are few in es-tate who are poor - er, And the world on my
 3. In a whirl of tu-mul-tu-ous pleas-ure Ma - ny seek all their
 4. Ver - y soon on the mountains of Beu - lah Ev - 'ry bur - den I'll

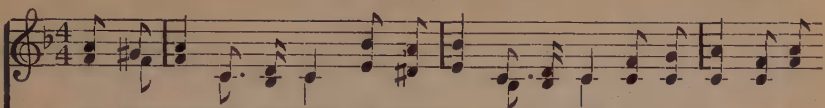
1. ter - nal re-nown, With mor-tal - i-ty's bonds rent a-sun - der, To ex-
 2. station may frown; But can an - y good fortune be sur - er Than to
 3. sorrows to drown; But a - bove is my heart's fondest treasure, Where we
 4. glad-ly lay down, In His pres-ence to live, hal - le - lu - jah! And to

REFRAIN

change the old cross for a crown. I'll ex-change the old cross for a

crown... In that ci - ty of fade-less re - nown; How I
 fadeless crown and wondrous renown;

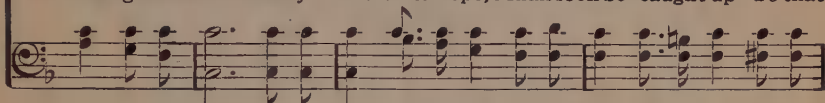
yearn for my mansion in glo - ry Where we change the old cross for a crown!
 rest In the home of the blest



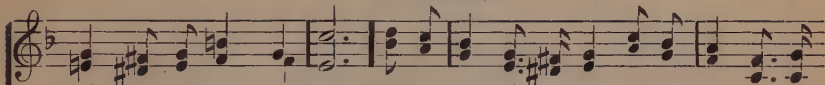
1. I am long-ing to-night For that ci - ty so bright In the land of per-
2. There are sweet scenes, I know, In this val-ley below, Earthly beauty brings
3. I would hast-en a-way To that king-dom of day, For my Fa-ther is



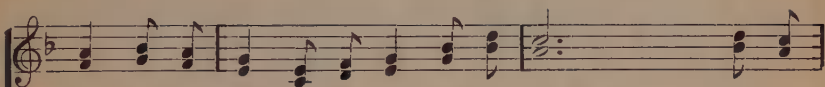
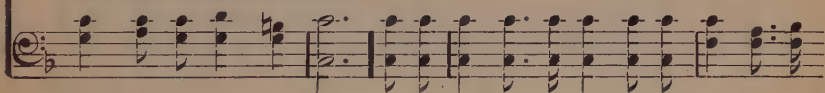
en - ni - al day, Where the saints never know Mortal sor-row or woe, In that pleasure and cheer; But no joy can compare With the joys over there In that calling me there. This my comfort and hope, I shall soon be "caught up" To that



REFRAIN



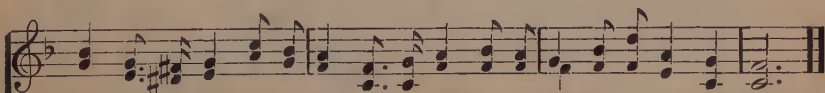
land of the far a-way. How I long to be there In that ci - ty so
land to my heart so dear.
coun-try be-yond compare.



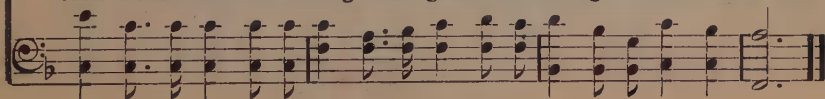
fair, In the man-sions fore-told in His word, There to

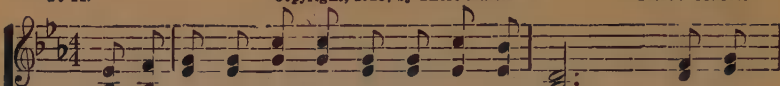


in His word!

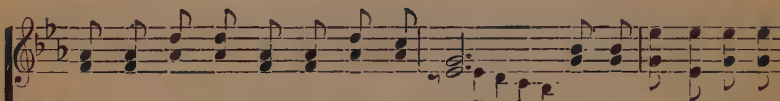
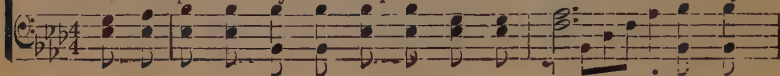


look on His face And to sing of His grace: How I long to be home with God!

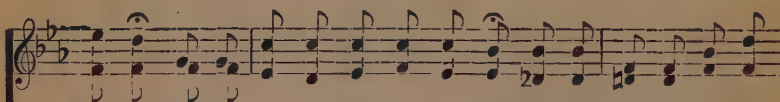
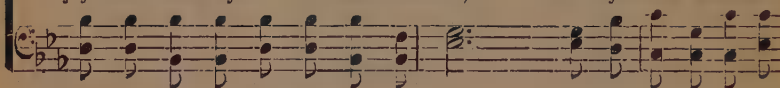




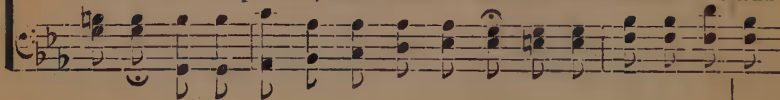
- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|----------|
| 1. There's a Stang-er | gent - ly knock-ing o'er and o'er, | See Him |
| 2. 'Tis the Sav-ior | sweet-ly plead-ing with your heart; | If you |
| 3. Bid the Christ a - | bide for - ev - er as thy Guest, | For of |
| 4. He will spread a | roy - al ban-quet; what a feast! | Ev - 'ry |



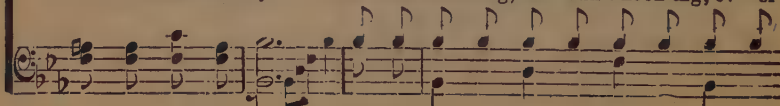
- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. stand-ing as so | oft He stood be - fore, | Broth-er mine, why notre |
| 2. wait too long | He sad - ly will de - part, | Quick-ly rise and bid Him |
| 3. all friends He is | dear - est, fair - est, best; | Could you en - ter - tain a |
| 4. joy that thrills thy | bos - om shall in-crease; | All thy life to Him sur- |



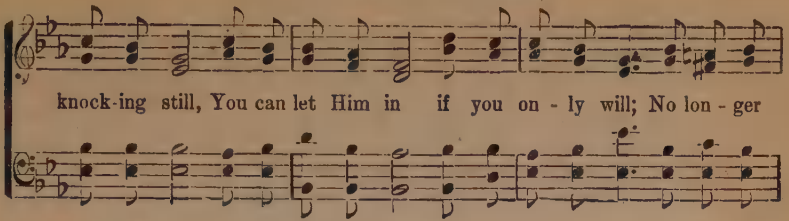
- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 1. ceive Him? Why con - | tin - ue thus to grieve Him? Keep Him out no more, But |
| 2. en - ter, Thine af - | fec-tions on Him cen - ter: He will peace im-part And |
| 3. great - er Than the | King, the world's Cre - a - tor? Yet He deigns to come And |
| 4. ren - der Who is | pa-tient, true and ten - der: He'll a - bide for aye And |



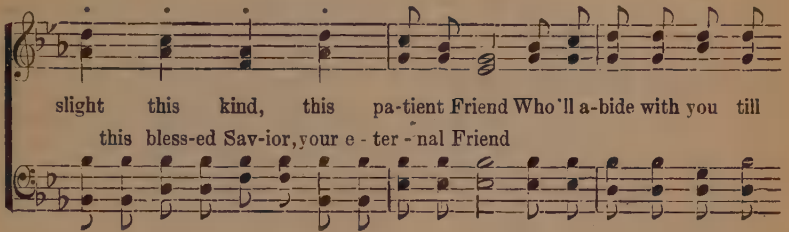
- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1. o - pen wide the door. | Hear Him knock - ing, knock - ing, |
| 2. heal the bro-ken heart. | |
| 3. share thy humble home. | |
| 4. drive all care a-way. | Hear Him knock-ing, hear Him knock-ing, ev - er |



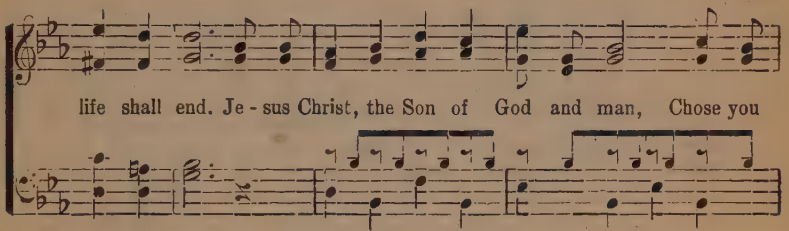
Hear Him Knocking



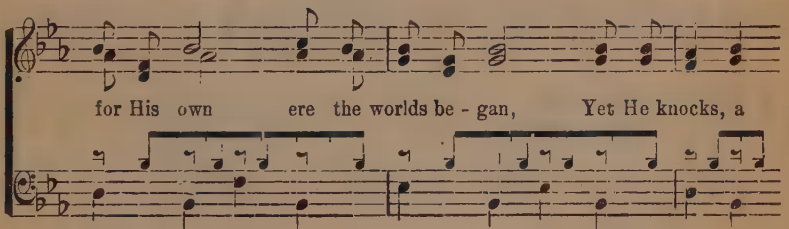
knock-ing still, You can let Him in if you on - ly will; No lon - ger



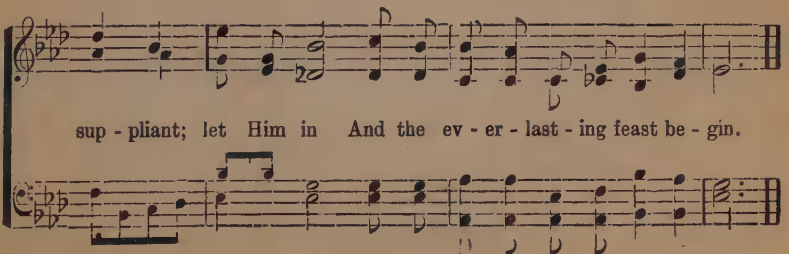
slight this kind, this pa-tient Friend Who'll a-bide with you till
this bless-ed Sav-ior, your e - ter - nal Friend



life shall end. Je - sus Christ, the Son of God and man, Chose you



for His own ere the worlds be - gan, Yet He knocks, a



sup - pliant; let Him in And the ev - er - last - ing feast be - gin.

THORO HARRIS

1. When boist'rous winds are blowing And storms are raging sore,
 2. The path be-set with dangers I will no longer fear;
 3. A - lone I need not wan-der Thru this dark land of woe;
 4. And when I cross the riv-er And reach the ver-nal shore,

1. I look be-yond the tempest, A - bove the o-cean's roar.
 2. My Shield and my Pro - tect - or Un - seen is standing near.
 3. The An - gel of His presence At - tends where'er I go.
 4. For - ev - er and for - ev - er His name I will a - dore.

1. The face of my Be - lov-ed Bends o'er me while I pray;
 2. He keeps my feet from stumbling, I shall not go a - stray;
 3. O'er moun-tain steep or val-ley Where'er my steps may stray,
 4. Then in a glorious mansion Of ev - er-last-ing day,

1. He speaks in tones of kind-ness, God is not far a - way.
 2. Al - might-y to de - liv-er, God is not far a - way.
 3. I hear a kind voice whisper, God is not far a - way.
 4. Re - joicing in His pre-sence, God is not far a - way.

REFRAIN

God is not far a-way, God is not far a-way,
 not far a-way, not far a-way;

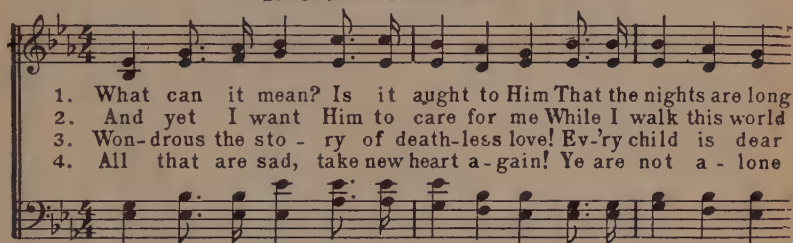


And watching o'er His child, He hears me when I pray.
He hears me when I pray.

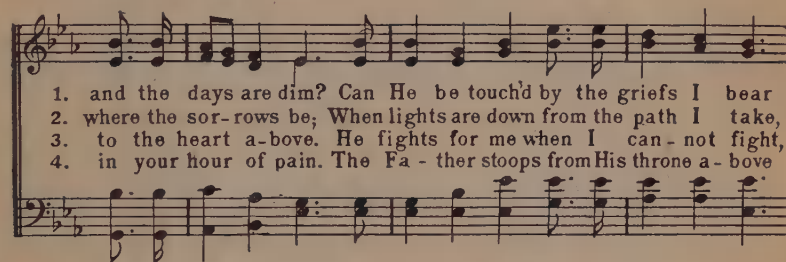
275

A God Who Cares

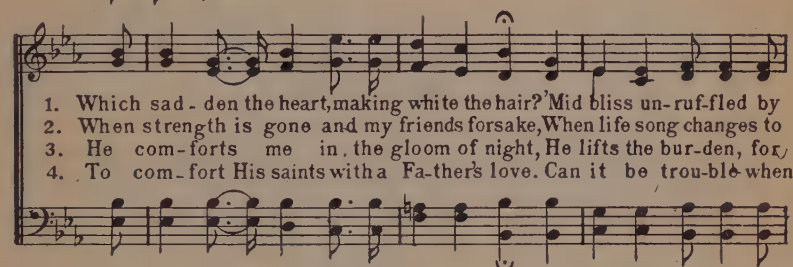
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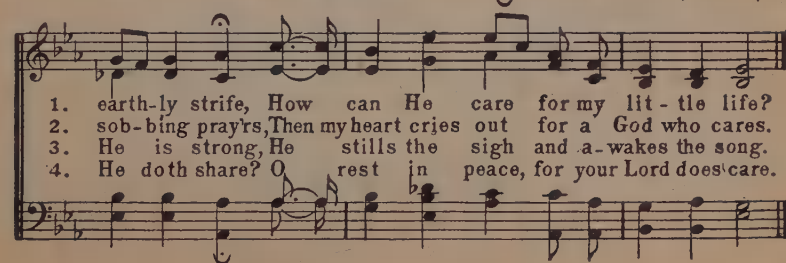
1. What can it mean? Is it aught to Him That the nights are long
2. And yet I want Him to care for me While I walk this world
3. Won-drous the sto - ry of death-less love! Ev'-ry child is dear
4. All that are sad, take new heart a-gain! Ye are not a - lone



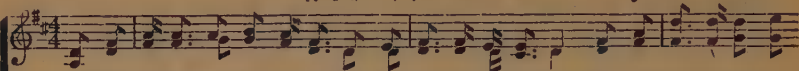
1. and the days are dim? Can He be touch'd by the griefs I bear
2. where the sor - rows be, When lights are down from the path I take,
3. to the heart a - bove. He fights for me when I can - not fight,
4. in your hour of pain. The Fa - ther stoops from His throne a - bove



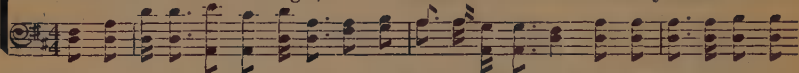
1. Which sad - den the heart, making white the hair? 'Mid bliss un - ruf - fled by
2. When strength is gone and my friends forsake, When life song changes to
3. He com - forts me in the gloom of night, He lifts the bur - den, for,
4. To com - fort His saints with a Fa - ther's love. Can it be trou - ble when



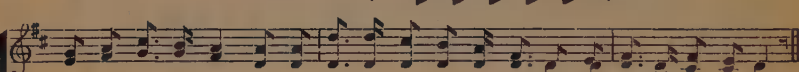
1. earth - ly strife, How can He care for my lit - tle life?
2. sob - bing pray'rs, Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.
3. He is strong, He stills the sigh and a - wakes the song.
4. He doth share? O rest in peace, for your Lord does care.



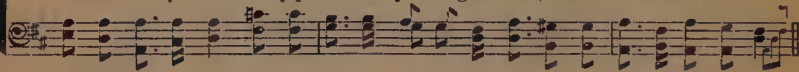
1. There is singing up in heaven, Such as we have nev-er known, Where the angels sing the
2. But I hear an-oth-er anthem, Blending voices clear and strong, "Unto Him who hath re-
3. Then the angels stand and listen, For they can-not join the song, Like the sound of many
4. So al-tho I'm not an an-gel, Yet I know that o-ver there I will join the blessed



1. prais-es Of the Lamb up - on the throne; Their sweet harps are ev - er tune-ful, And their
2. deemed us And hath bo't us," is their song; "We have come thru trib-u - la - tion To this
3. wa-ters, By that hap-py blood-washed throng; For they sing a-bout great tri-als, Bat-tles
4. cho-rus That the an-gels can-not share; I will sing a - bout my Sav-ior, Who up-

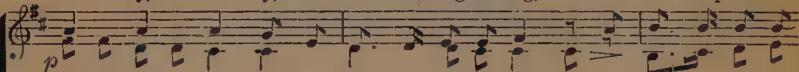


1. voic-es always clear: O, that we might be more like them While we serve the Master here!
2. land so fair and bright; In the foun-tain free-ly flowing, He hath made our gar-ments white."
3. fought and vict'ries won; And they praise their great Re-deem-er, Who hath said to them "well done."
4. on Mount Cal-v'ry's tree Freely pardoned my transgressions, Died to set the sin-ner free.

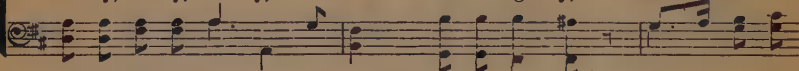


CHORUS.

"Ho - ly, ho - ly," is what the angels sing, And I ex-pect to

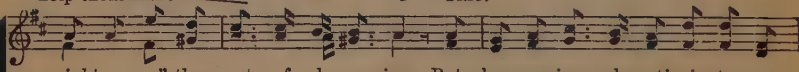


"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y, Lord God al-



help them make

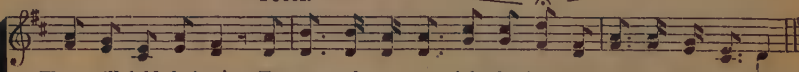
TRIO.



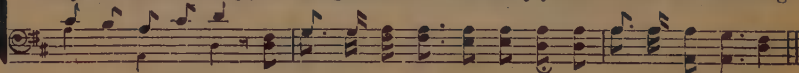
might - y," the courts of glo-ry ring; But when we sing redemption's sto-ry,



TUTTI.



They will fold their wings; For an - gels nev - er felt the joy That our sal-va-tion brings.



Somebody Prayed

Copyright, 1931, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

SOLO

1. A soul was bro't back from the pathway of sin When homeless, for years he had stray'd;
2. A heathen was won from the ranks of the foe, So man-y are sink-ing each day;
3. Lost souls by the thousand go down to sure doom, For Sa-tan is cunning al-way;

What caus'd him to turn and a new life be-gin? The ans-
 wer is, some-bo-dy pray'd.
 He heard the sweet sto-ry with face all a-glow, As an-gel said, see how they pray!
 But why must they land in a cold, cheerless tomb? Won't somebody, some-bo-dy pray?

mf *accel.*
 A suff'-rer is leav-ing the couch where he lay, Dis-ease o'er his form had u-
 A Christian discourag'd, down-hearted and sad, With tears and per-plex-i-ties
 The Mas-ter is call-ing to you and to me, My sheep from their pastures are

a tempo
 surp'd his dread sway, His strength this re-stor'd in a mar-vel-ous way, God touch'd him while
 worried, dismay'd; His bur-den grew light and his heav-y heart glad. The reason, there's
 wand'ring to-day; For them I met death on Mount Cal-va-ry's tree: Who'll seek them? will

QUARTET

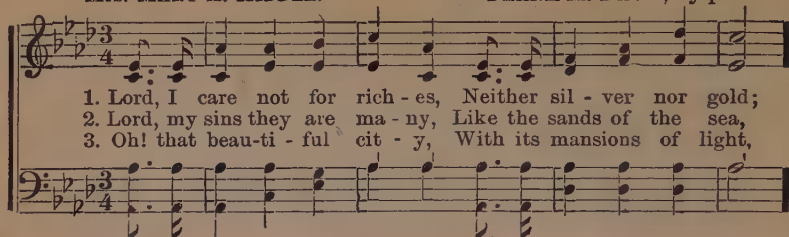
p
 some-bo-dy pray'd. 1. 2. Somebody pray'd; did you? did you? Somebody pray'd; did
 some-one who pray'd! 3. Somebody pray, will you? will you? Somebody pray, will
 no-bo-dy pray?

you? did you? Somebody carried the burden thru, Somebody pray'd, did you?
 you? will you? Surely the Spir-it will take you thru; Somebody pray, will you?

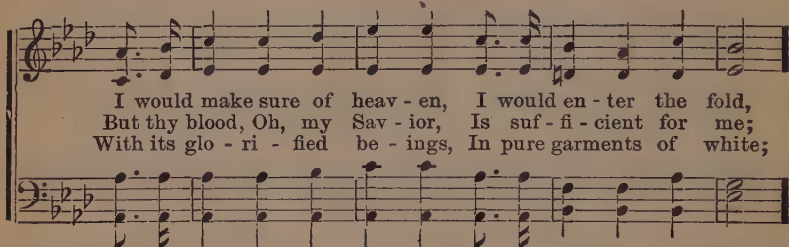
278 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

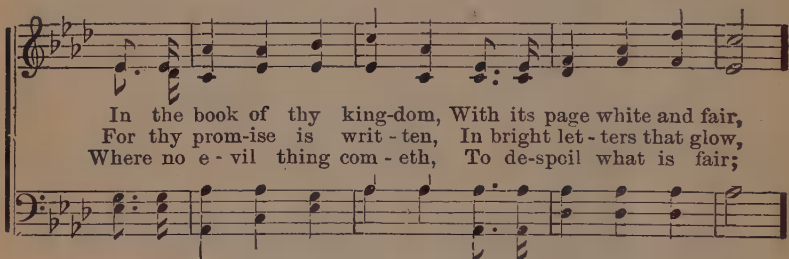
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



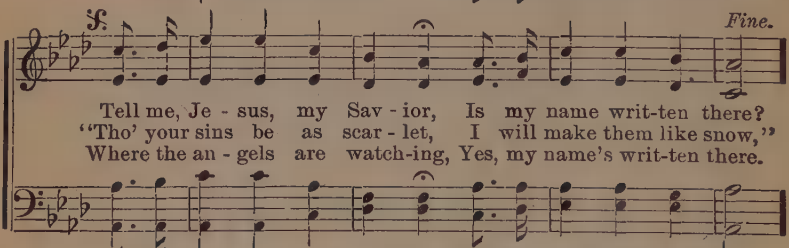
1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea;
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light,



I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold,
 But thy blood, Oh, my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
 With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white;



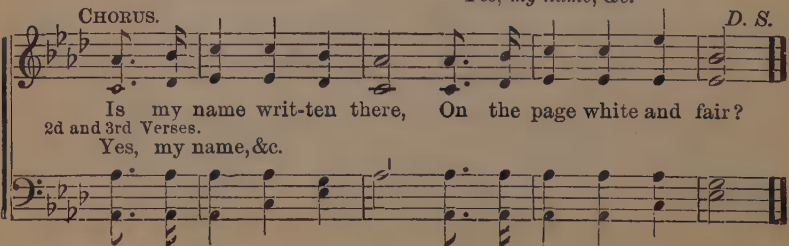
In the book of thy king - dom, With its page white and fair,
 For thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
 Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;



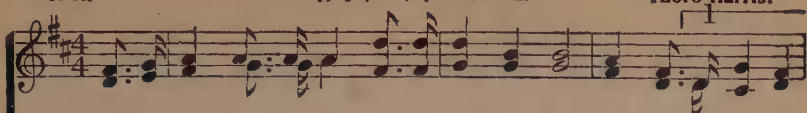
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?
 "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow,"
 Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
 Yes, my name, &c.

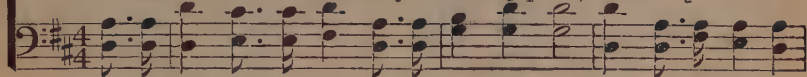
CHORUS.



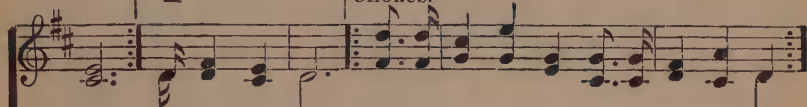
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
 2d and 3rd Verses.
 Yes, my name, &c.



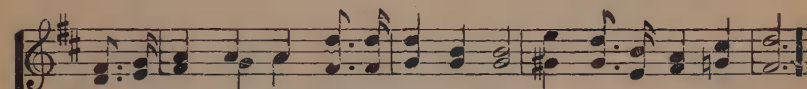
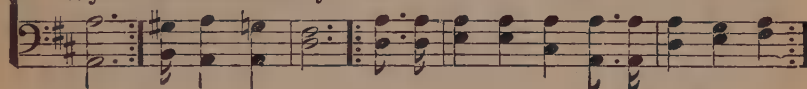
1. { There is hope for the world in the Cru - ci - fied, Je - sus the ho - ly
As a ran - som for sin on the cross He died, God's well - [Omit. .
2. { There is peace for the world in the Cru - ci - fied, Rest from all anxious
And the fountain of blood from His wounded side Yields ev - [Omit. .
3. { There is joy for the world in the Cru - ci - fied: Why do you yet de -
Be the blood of the Lamb to your soul ap - plied, Wash in [Omit. .



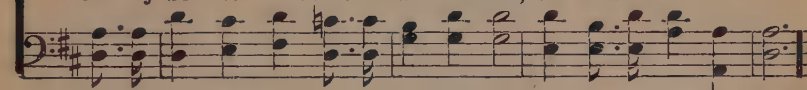
CHORUS.



One; be - lov - ed Son.
strife; er - last - ing life. { There is hope and rest, there is joy and peace, }
lay? the stream to - day. { And a life divine that will never cease; }



Glo - ry be to Him who has bo't release, Je - sus the Son of God!



INDEX

EASTER:—18, 27, 52, 125, 162, 248, 249. CHRISTMAS:—120, 131, 211.
FUNERAL HYMNS:—41, 42, 58, 149, 159, 250, 253, 274, 275.
HEALING:—28, 55, 69, 92, 113, 129, 137, 155, 164, 165, 173, 176.
156, 186, 198, 200, 201, 233, 251, 255, 264, 277.

A

A God who cares 275
A peculiar people 170
A sweet message 13
Abandoned 51
Abiding 252
Almost persuaded 65
Almost too good to be. 91
All hail the power .. 19, 71
All the way my Savior. 183
All things in Jesus ... 145
All to Christ I owe. 212
Are you certain you've. 160
Are you ready for the. 68
Are you washed in the. 36
Around the throne of. 213
Atonement 69
At the foot of the cro. 254
At the cross ■

B

Beautiful 167
Beautiful hills 250
Beautiful home 149
Beneath the cross. 187
Blessed be the fountal. 166
Blessed Jesus, Thou. 14
Blest be the tie 232
Bread of life 202
Break Thou the bread. 202
Breaking away 169
Bringing in the sheaves 23
By his stripes. 156

C

Caught up 25
Christ arose. 248
Choosing God's way 270
Cling to His mighty. 97
Cling to the Word. 33
Come Thou Almighty. 60
Come, sinner, some ... 67

Come to the Saviour. 106
Companionship with .. 76
Complete in Him 242
Countless are His bles. 83
Crown Him with ma. 18

D

Dare to do right 31
Deeper 37
Deeper, deeper 96
Don't let it be said .. 134
Down in the valley .. 180
Draw me nearer. 189

F

Faith in Jehovah 135
Follow on 117
For you and for me .. 47
Forward all 50
Forward, forward 4
Friendship with Jesus. 255
From Jerusalem to .. 247

G	
Gallant soldiers	123
Gather them into the	6
Glad tidings	102
Glory all the way	49
Glory to His name	144
God is not far away	274
God over all	88
God's protecting care	140
God will take care of	164
Gracious Spirit, love	216
Guide me, O Thou	152

H	
Hallelujah, 'tis done	64
Hallelujah! we shall	52
Happy day	105
Hark the glorious gos	111
Hark! 'tis the voice	9
Harp of a thousand	253
Hear Him knocking	273
He brought me out	190
Heavenly sunlight	199
Heavenly home	228
He healed them all	200
He is all I need	245
He is coming soon	172
He is my Lord	133
He never lost a case	173
He rose from the dead	162
He's coming again	53
He's coming soon	41
He was nailed to the	233
Hide you in the blood	114
Hold the fort	261
Holy Ghost! with light	230
Holy, holy, holy	56
Holy quietness	85
Honey in the rock	257
How firm a founda	197
How precious is the	143
How sweet are the	53
How sweet the name	219
How wonderful Jesus	226

I	
I am clinging to the	119
I am praying for you	82
I am trusting Thee	201
I do believe	61
I found my Lord	147
I gave my life for	73
I hear Thy welcome	218
I have been alone with	84
I know that my Rede	104
I'll go where you	132
I'll tell the wondrous	27
I love Him	224
I'm going through	21
I need thee every hour	122
I owe	238
In the Crucified	279
In the sweet by and by	237
Is my name written	278
Is your all on the altar	94
It is mine	128
It is well with my	126
It may be at noon	153
I wandered in the de	116
I want to be ready	174
I will arise	175
I will sing of my Re	192

J	
Jesus Christ can save	75
Jesus Christ is risen	249
Jesus, I my cross	220
Jesus is coming, hal	45
Jesus lives	125
Jesus loves even me	258
Jesus loves me	259
Jesus, lover of my	57
Jesus, my all	179
Jesus only	136
Jesus paid it all	212
Jesus saves	181
Jesus, Savior, I ador	7
Jesus will sing	210

Jesus, the light of the	203
Jewels	66
Joy to the world	211
Joy unspeakable	44
Just as I am	231

L	
Land of the far away	272
Latter rain	147
Launch out	127
Lead, kindly light	215
Lead me, Savior	10
Leaning on the ever	11
Leave it there	176
Let the lower lights	265
Let the Saviour in	235
Life's railway to	186
Looking for that blessed	95
Look to the Lamb of	165
Look on His face	182
Looking for the dawn	70

M	
Marching in the royal	188
Meet Mother in the	163
Mine at Last	158
My Bridegroom is	139
My burdens rolled	79
My faith looks up to	108
My heavenly home	228
My home is there	12
My Jesus, as Thou	58
My Jesus, I love Thee	110
My Redeemer	192
My Sabbath home	150

N	
Nearer, my God, to	225
Nearer today	154
Near the cross	217
'Neath the shadow of	162
Never alone	72
None but Thee	22
Nothing but the blood	195

O	
Oh, could I speak	124
O, for a thousand tong	109
Oh! wonderful day	178
On Carmel's Mount	148
Only a beam of sun	121
Only a step to Jesus	98
Only believe	198
Only trust Him	63
Onward Christ, Soldiers	90
Onward, forward	4
Onward and upward	54
Over the top	246

P	
Pass me not	81
Praise Him! praise	26
Praise the Lord	101
Pray and trust	251

R	
Rescue the perishing	266
Revive us again	260
Ring the bells of Hea	62
Rock of Ages	229
Rocked in the cradle	48

S	
Satisfaction	77
Saved to the uttermost	20
Savior, breathe an	99
Savior, more than life	205
Scatter seeds of	30
Send the fire	207
Set me apart	146
Shall we gather	209
Sharing His cross	243
Shining for Jesus	115
Singing for Jesus	184
Softly and tenderly	47
Somebody prayed	277
So near to the Savior	46
Sound the battle cry	32
Sowing for the Master	5
Sowing the seed	80
Spread the light	107

Standing on the prom	264
Stand up for Jesus	151
Stars for His crown	87
Sunshine in the soul	38
Sunlight, sunlight	1
Sweet by and by	42
Sweet is the promise	29
Sweet Rose of Sharon	131

T	
Take me as I am	142
Take my life and let	214
Take the name of Jes	193
Tell it to Jesus	129
The banquet of love	28
The beautiful Nazarene	267
The bird with a brok	86
The breaking of the	39
The center of His	171
The coming King	253
The cross that He	15
The exchange	271
The gospel bells	93
The grand excursion	244
The half was never told	89
The handwriting on	194
The haven of rest	130
The hem of His gar	137
The irresistible Christ	34
The Lamb is the light	113
The Lily of the valley	118
The Lord will shelter	262
The Master is at the	74
The Master stood in	196
The old time religion	204
The penitent's plea	240
The precious name	193
The reason	268
The Red Sea	223
The Savior with me	241
The silent hour	254
The solid rock	103
The song of redempt	276
The story of His love	157
The wondrous cross	208
There is a fountain	236
There is grace enough	161
There is joy	191
There is power	236
There's room at the	35
They come	24
This Redeemer of min	221
Throw out the life-line	92
Truth is on the mighty	112

V	
Victory	78
Victory ahead	155

W	
Walk by my side	40
Wells of salvation	206
We'll work till Jesus	17
We're marching to	59
What a friend we hav	55
What hast thou done	73
What shall the harv	80
When I see the blood	256
When I survey	208
When the King comes	3
When they ring the	159
When we all get to	227
Where are the reapers	168
Where He leads me	222
Where is my boy ton	16
While shepherds wat	120
Whiter than snow	138
Who'll be the next	100
Whosoever will	43
Whosoever will may	269
Why not be satisfied	177
Will there be any st	239
With the King in glo	263
Wonderful peace	141
Working out your own	8
Worthy the Lamb	185

AGE RARE

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460
66
Foursquare revival songs. -- Los Angeles :
Aimee Semple McPherson, Echo Park Evangelistic
Association, [193-?]
lv. (unpaged) : music, port. ; 21cm.

279 hymns.
Includes index.

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Gospel--Hymns. 2. Hymns, English. 3. Revivals--
Hymns. I. McPherson, Aimee Semple, 1890-1944. II.
International Church of the Foursquare
Gospel.

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